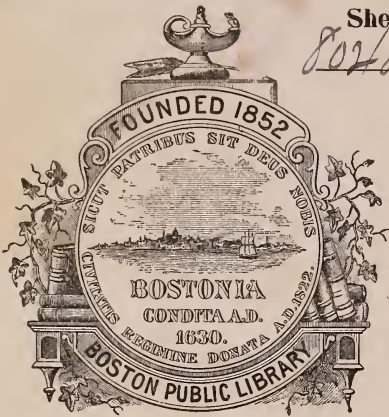


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Engraved by J. C. Butler.

Geo. W. Clark.

Supp

THE

HARP OF FREEDOM.

Where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free?—MILTON.



BY
GEO. W. CLARK.

“Go forth with a trumpet’s sound,
And tell to the nations round—
On the hills which our heroes trod,
In the shrines of the saints of God,
In the ruler’s hall and captive’s prison,
That the slumber is broke, and the sleepers are risen;
That the day of the scourge and the fetter is o’er,
And earth feels the tread of the Freeman once more.”

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GEO. W. CLARK,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of
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JOHN J. REED,

PRINTER AND STEREOTYPED,
16 Spruce-St., N. Y.

PREFACE.

IN presenting to the American people a volume of POETRY AND MUSIC adapted to the great struggle now pending between Freedom and Slavery in this country, the author believes he will be rendering to the cause of humanity, a timely and efficient service. Music has ever been the faithful hand-maid of Liberty, attending and celebrating her triumphal marches, or singing in mournful numbers her defeats

And now, when the spirit of '76 is again abroad—kindling anew in the hearts of thousands the determination to stand manfully by the principles of Freedom for which our Fore-fathers sacrificed their fortunes and their lives, the emotions thus awakened, gush forth as naturally in song, as the morning orisons of the Lark, who soars up in the sunshine like a thing of light and melody.

Who does not desire to see the day, when music of a chaste and elevated style, shall go forth with its angel voice, like a spirit of love upon the wind, exerting upon all classes of society a pure and healthful moral influence? When its wonderful power over the sentiments and passions, shall be made to subserve every righteous cause—to aid every humane effort for the promotion of man's social, civil and religious well being?

That music is capable of accomplishing vast good, and is also a source of the most elevated and refined enjoyment, when rightly cultivated and practiced, no one who understands its power or has observed its effects, will for a moment deny.

'There is a charm—a power that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel, or be still :
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves ;
Can soothe *destruction*, and *almost soothe despair*."
'Thou, O music ! canst assuage the pain and heal the wound
That hath defied the skill of sager comforters ;
Thou dost restrain each wild emotion,
Thou dost the rage of fiercest passions chill,
Or lightest up the flames of holy fire,
As through the soul thy strains harmonious thrill '

It has been observed by travellers, that after a short residence in almost any of the cities of the eastern world, one would fancy "every second person a

musician." During the night, the streets of these cities, particularly Rome, are filled with all sorts of minstrelsy, and the ear is agreeably greeted with a perpetual confluence of sweet sounds. A Scotch traveller, in passing through one of the most delightful villas of Rome, overheard a stone-mason chanting something in a strain of peculiar melancholy; and on inquiry, ascertained it to be the "*Lament of Tasso*." He soon learned that this celebrated piece was familiar to all the common people. Torquato Tasso was an Italian poet of great merit, who was for many years deprived of liberty, and subjected to severe trials and misfortunes by the jealousy and cruelty of his patron, the Duke of Ferrara. That master-piece of music, so justly admired and so much sung by the high and low throughout all Italy, had its origin in the wrongs of Tasso.—An ardent love of humanity—a deep consciousness of the injustice of slavery—its outrages upon human rights, upon free thought, free speech, a free press, free soil and free men—a heart full of sympathy for the outraged and down trodden, as well as a true and ardent love of Liberty and its blessings, has given birth to the poetry comprising this volume. I have long desired to see these sentiments of love, and of liberty, of sympathy, of justice and humanity—so beautifully expressed in poetic measure, embalmed in sweet and stirring music. So that the rich, the poor, the high, the low—the young, the old—who have hearts to feel and tongues to move, may sing of the cruel wrongs and outrages of Slavery, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty, until every human being shall be recognized as "A MAN AND A BROTHER;" until the arm of the oppressor shall be broken, the all-grasping and tyrannical Slave power dethroned, our country redeemed, *justice established*, and the "blessings of liberty" secured to us and our posterity."

The music in this volume is arranged as solos, duetts, trios, quartettes, choruses, &c., &c., adapted to use in the domestic circle, the social gathering, the school, the club-room, the mass-meeting, and in short, wherever music is loved and appreciated—Slavery abhorred, and Liberty held sacred.

Let singers, having the love of liberty in their hearts, be banded together in clubs in every town, and scatter the "Harp of Freedom" like leaves of the forest, from Maine to Kansas, and let the heavens resound with the songs of a people

"Not only free themselves,
But foremost to make free!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 1856.

GEO. W. CLARK.

THE
HARP OF FREEDOM.

FLING TO HEAVEN YOUR SIGNAL FIRES !

Freedom's light is breaking
On kindred, tongues, and people,
Whose slumbering millions at the sight
In glory and in strength are waking !

WHITTIER

Our beacon-fires are lighted
Refulgent as the sun !
On Slavery's servile minions
Their rays are pouring down.
The noxious creeds of error,—
The damning deeds of shame,
Shall shrink away in terror,
Before the burning flame !
Right onward then victorious
Bright beacons, onward haste,
Till Freedom's banner glorious,
Shall stream o'er every waste !

The oligarchs have foundered !
The tyrants gasp for breath ;
Their march shall now be downward
To the depths of endless death.
The freemen all united
In one strong, conquering band
Shall sweep the despots, frightened,
From fair Columbia's land.
Right onward then victorious ! &c.

Be up ! be firm ! untiring !
Strike at the monster's heart !
Take thought—take aim—*keep firing* !
He dreads your well-aimed dart.
Your deeds, we'll pray—God bless them !—
Oppression's power to quell :
Fight nobly, men, for freedom,
Your country's *page* shall tell.
Right onward then victorious !
Bright beacons, onward haste,
Till Freedom's banner glorious !
Shall stream o'er every waste.

G. W. C.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Words by Charles Mackey, L. L. D.

Music by G. W. C.

1. Men of thought be up and stirring, Night and

2. Once the wel - come light has bro - ken, Who shall

The first system of the musical score for 'Clear the Way'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics are: '1. Men of thought be up and stirring, Night and' and '2. Once the wel - come light has bro - ken, Who shall'.

day, Night and day! Sow the seed, Withdraw the

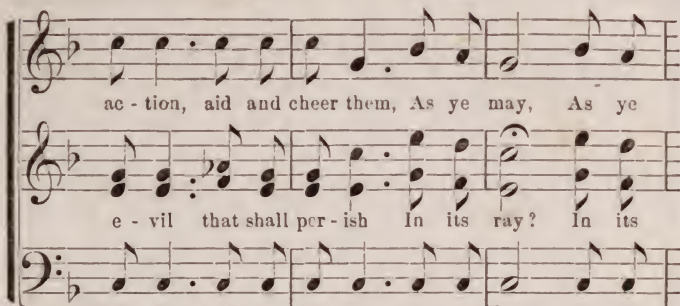
say, Who shall say, What the un - im - imagined

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: 'day, Night and day! Sow the seed, Withdraw the' and 'say, Who shall say, What the un - im - imagined'.

cur - tain— Clear the way, Clear the way! Men of

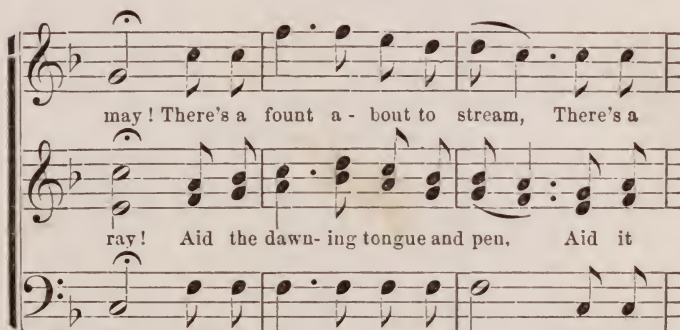
glories— Of the day? Of the day? What the

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'cur - tain— Clear the way, Clear the way! Men of' and 'glories— Of the day? Of the day? What the'.



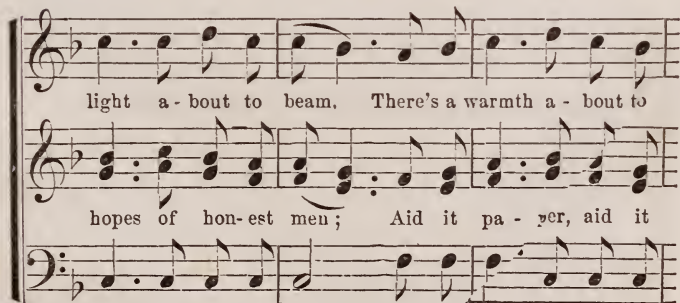
ac - tion, aid and cheer them, As ye may, As ye
e - vil that shall per - ish In its ray? In its

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



may! There's a fount a - bout to stream, There's a
ray! Aid the dawn - ing tongue and pen, Aid it

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



light a - bout to beam, There's a warmth a - bout to
hopes of hon - est men; Aid it pa - yer, aid it

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

glow, There's a flower a-bout to blow; There's a
type— Aid it for the hour is ripe, And our

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across measures.

mid - night blackness chang-ing In - to
earn - est must not slack-en, In - to

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across measures.

gray, In - to gray! Men of thought, and men of
play, In - to play; Men of thought, and men of

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across measures.

ac - tion CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.

ac - tion CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.

- 3 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish,
 From the day, from the day ;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble,
 Into clay, into clay.
 Lo! the right's about to conquer,
 CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.
 With that right shall many more
 Enter, smiling, at the door ;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey, for their prey ;
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.

THE BREAKING DAWN.

By permission of J. H. Hidley, Esq.

Composed by C. M. Traver.

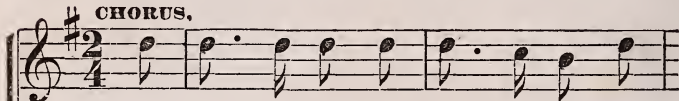
1. With joy we see the breaking morn Now
 2. O! 'twas a glori - ous morning when O'er
 3. For then shall Freedom's ban - ner wave, Be -
 4. Then sound the toc - sin loud and long ; Through

glimm'ring thro' the mis - ty gloom Whose bright un -
 this fair land shone Freedom's sun ; But bright - er
 yond Co - lum - bia's blood bought shore : And Freedom's
 ev' - ry land, o'er isle and sea ; And let its



- - clouded sun shall light Earth's haughty tyrants to their doom.
 far will be the day Whose breaking morn is now be - gun.
 Star, with brilliant ray, Undimm'd shine on for ev - er - more.
 echo-ing strains proclaim The Earth is on - ly for the Free.

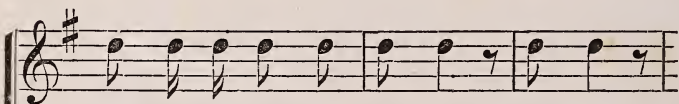
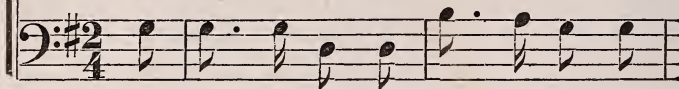
CHORUS.



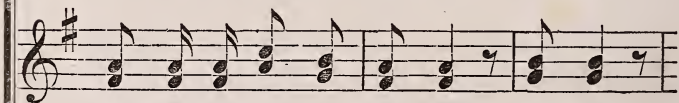
Then hail the dawn so bright and clear, The



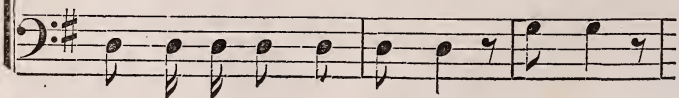
Then hail the dawn so bright and clear, The



dawn of the good time com - ing! com - ing!



dawn of the good time com - ing! com - ing!



coming! When Freedom's foes shall quake with fear At the
coming! When Freedom's foes shall quake with fear At the

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are a two-part accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

dawn of the good time coming, Then hail to the glori-ous
dawn of the good time coming, Then hail to the glori-ous

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are a two-part accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

dawn, Then hail to the glori - ous dawn, Then
dawn, Then hail to the glori - ous dawn, Then

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are a two-part accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

hail to the dawn of the good time coming, coming,

hail to the dawn of the good time coming, coming,

coming, The dawn of the good time coming.

coming, The dawn of the good time coming.

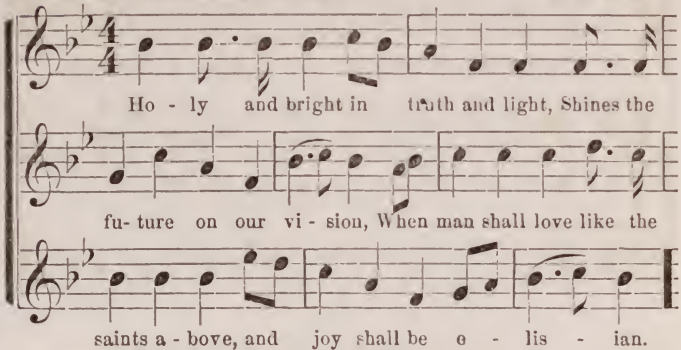
3, For then shall Freedom's banner wave,
 Beyond Columbia's blood-bought shore;
 And Freedom's Star, with brilliant ray,
 Undimm'd shine on for evermore

4. Then sound the tocsin loud and long,
 Through ev'ry land, o'er isle and sea :
 And let its echoing strains proclaim—
 The Earth is only for the Free.

THE DAY SPRING BRIGHT.

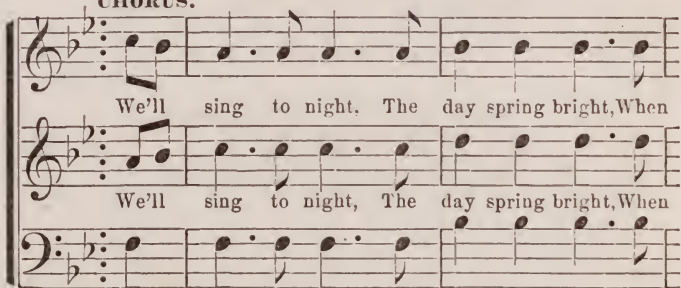
Arranged from Sparkling and Bright.

By G. W. C.

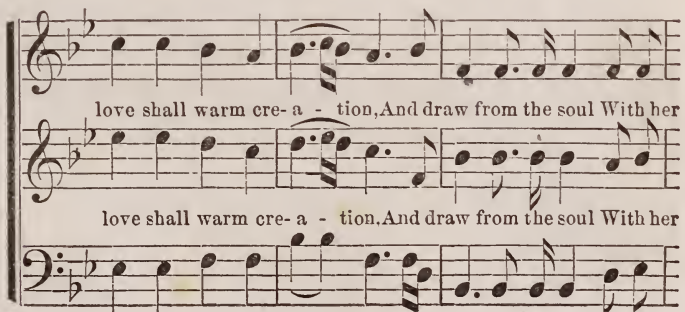


Ho - ly and bright in truth and light, Shines the
fu - ture on our vi - sion, When man shall love like the
saints a - bove, and joy shall be e - lis - ian.

CHORUS.



We'll sing to night, The day spring bright, When
We'll sing to night, The day spring bright, When



love shall warm cre - a - tion, And draw from the soul With her
love shall warm cre - a - tion, And draw from the soul With her

sweet control The dew of the heart's o - ra - tion.

sweet control The dew of the heart's o - ra - tion.

Too long hath might oppressed with blight,
 The hope that virtue cherished ;
 Too long hath dearth o'erspread the earth,
 Till famished love hath perished.
 Yet sing to night, &c.

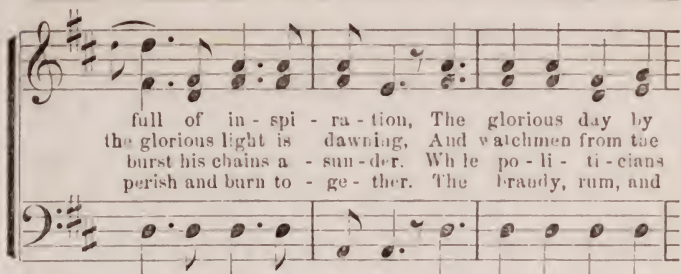
For why affright with dreams of might,
 The morning's golden slumbers,
 Or sadly wear the chains of care,
 That now our thought encumbers '
 Then sing to night, &c.

THE DAY OF PROMISE COMES.

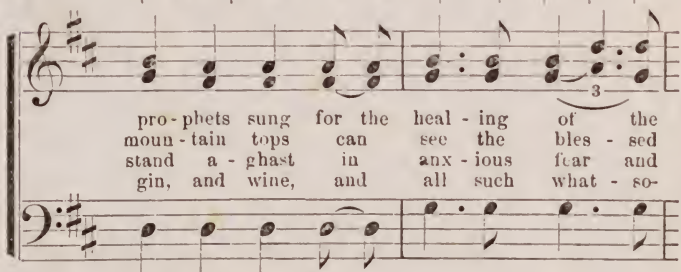
By permission of Horace Waters.

Arranged from the Hutchinsons by G. W. O.

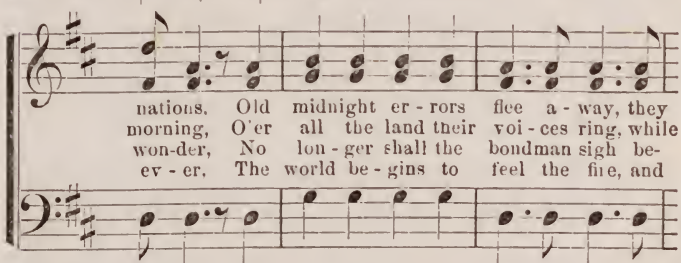
1. Be - hold the day of pro - mise comes
 2. Al - rea - dy in the gold - en east
 3. The cap - tive now be - gins to rise and
 4. And all the old dis - til - leries shall



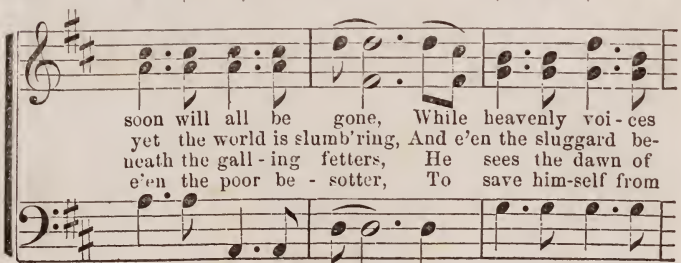
full of in - spi - ra - tion, The glorious day by
the glorious light is dawning, And watchmen from the
burst his chains a - sun - der. While po - li - ti - cians
perish and burn to - ge - ther. The brandy, rum, and



pro - phets sung for the heal - ing of the
moun - tain tops can see the bles - sed
stand a - gha - st in anx - ious fear and
gin, and wine, and all such what - so -



nations. Old midnight er - rors flee a - way, they
morning, O'er all the land their voi - ces ring, while
won - der, No lon - ger shall the bondman sigh be -
ev - er. The world be - gins to feel the fire, and



soon will all be gone, While heavenly voi - ces
yet the world is slumb'ring, And e'en the sluggard be -
neath the gall - ing fetters, He sees the dawn of
e'en the poor be - sotter, To save him - self from

seem to say the Good Time's com - ing on.
 gins to spring, as he hears the thunders rumbling.
 freedom nigh, and reads the gol - den letters.
 burning up, jumps in the cool - ing water.

CHORUS.

The good time, the good time, the good time's coming on. The

The good time, the good time, the good time's coming on. The

Good time, the good time, the good time's coming on.

Good time, the good time, the good time's coming on.

ACRES AND HANDS.

By Duganne.

By permission of Horace Waters,

Music by T. Wood.

1. The earth is the Lord's and the
The wa - - ter hath fish and the

2. Sun - light and breeze and
And the good God gave these

fullness thereof Says God's most ho-ly word:
land hath flesh. And the air hath many a

1st. 2nd.

gladsome flowers Are o'er the earth spread wide,
gifts to men, To men who on earth a—

earth bath number - less lands, Yet
shack - el'd with i - ron bands, While

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the staves, with 'Yet' and 'While' at the end of the system.

mill - ions of hands want a - cres, While mill - ions of
mill - ions of hands want a - cres, While mill - ions of

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated across the staves. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

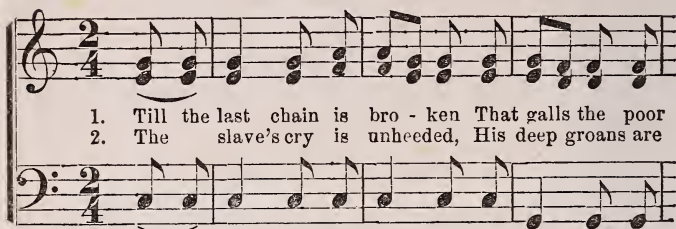
a - cres want hands, While millions of a - cres want hands.
a - cres want hands, While millions of a - cres want hands.

This system concludes the piece. The melody and piano accompaniment end with a final cadence. The lyrics are repeated across the staves.


- 3 Never a rood hath the poor man here,
 To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot where his child may cull
 Fresh flowers in the dewy morn;
The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank,
 But idle the poor man stands,
Ah! millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands.
- 4 'Tis writ that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
 That treadeth out the corn"
Yet, behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
 Who hath all Earth's burdens borne.
The land is the gift of the bounteous God,
 And the labor his word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands.
- 5 Who hath ordained that the few shall hoard
 Their millions of useless gold;
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
 While profitless soil they hold.
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
 Shall fence around miles of Land;
While millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands.
- 6 'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day,
 'Tis robbery of men's rights:
'Tis a Lie that the word of the Lord disowns—
 'Tis a curse that burns and blights.
And 'twill burn and blight 'till the people rise,
 And swear—while they burst their bands—
That the hands henceforth shall have acres,
 And the acres henceforth have hands.

TILL THE LAST CHAIN IS BROKEN.

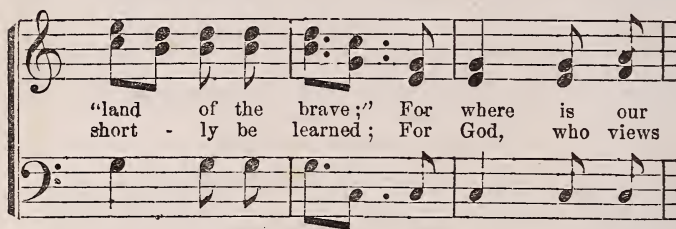
AIR—The last link is broken. Arranged by G. W. C.



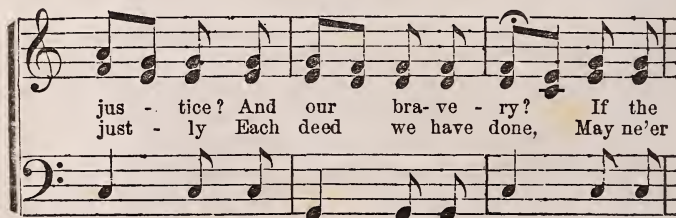
1. Till the last chain is bro - ken That galls the poor
2. The slave's cry is unheeded, His deep groans are



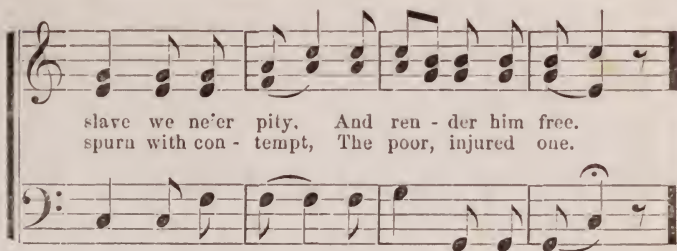
slave, Let us ne'er boast of free - dom, And the
spurned, But a les - son of ven - geance May



"land of the brave;" For where is our
short - ly be learned; For God, who views



jus - tice? And our bra - ve - ry? If the
just - ly Each deed we have done, May ne'er



slave we ne'er pity, And ren - der him free.
spurn with con - tempt, The poor, injured one.

CHORUS.



May each fel - low be - ing Be free as the
May each fel - low be - ing Be free as the



wave, And the fair rays of free - dom En -
wave, And the fair rays of free - dom En -

- light - en the slave ; Then shall the glad

- light - en the slave ; Then shall the glad

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part harmony in treble and bass clefs respectively. The lyrics are split across the staves: '- light - en the slave ;' is under the first two staves, and 'Then shall the glad' is under the last two staves.

sto - ry Be borne o'er the sea, And

sto - ry Be borne o'er the sea, And

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part harmony in treble and bass clefs respectively. The lyrics 'sto - ry Be borne o'er the sea, And' are written under the first two staves.

tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then

tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part harmony in treble and bass clefs respectively. The lyrics 'tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then' are written under the first two staves.

shall the glad sto - ry Be borne o'er the sea And

tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE!

3. Then up to the effort!
 Endeavor to save,
 From soul-galling bondage,
 The down-trodden slave ;
 Afford him the pleasures
 Designed by his Lord,
 And the richest of treasures
 Shall be thy reward.
4. When the last chain is broken
 That galls the poor slave,
 Then the words shall be spoken,
 "The land of the brave ;"
 For then we'll have freedom,
 And *true* bravery,
 When the poor slave we've pitied
 And rendered him free.

DAY IS BREAKING.

Words by Rev. Nelson Brown. By permission of J. H. Hildey. Music by T. Wood

1. Day is breaking! day is breaking, Soon will
 2. Day is breaking! up each sleep-er! Ho! to

3. Hark the shouting! hark the shouting, hast - en
 4. Tears are flowing, tears are flowing, Love shall

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

pass the gloom of night, Ro - sy morn is now a-
 work, there's work to do; Up each sow-er, up each

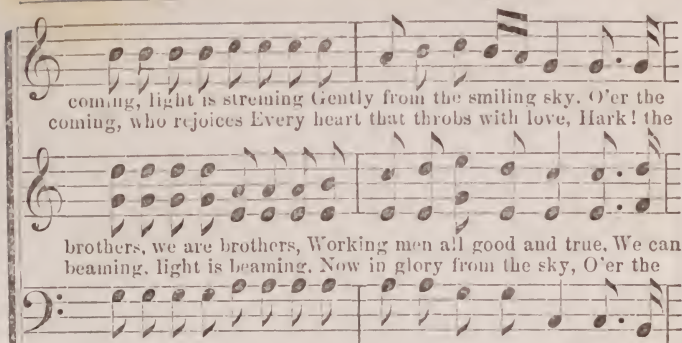
on with sword and shield, Truth old er - ror now is
 wipe them all a - way, Brok - en hearts its power are

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

wa - king, Ho! she comes in robes of light, Day is
 reap - er, Up each broth-er good and true, Morn is

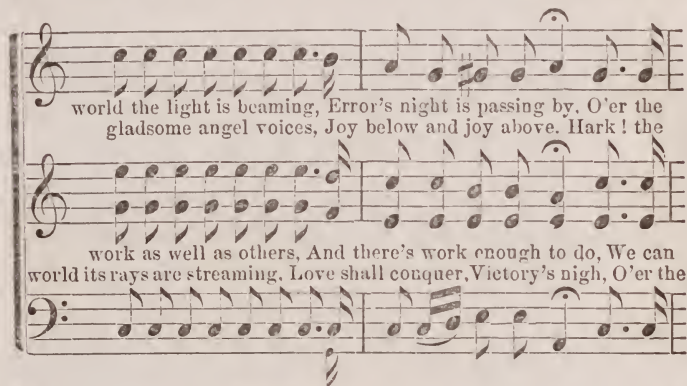
rout - ing, Soon we'll win the bat - tle field; We are
 know - ing, Sor - row's night is chang'd to day. Light is

The third system concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment continue until the final note. The lyrics are written below the notes.



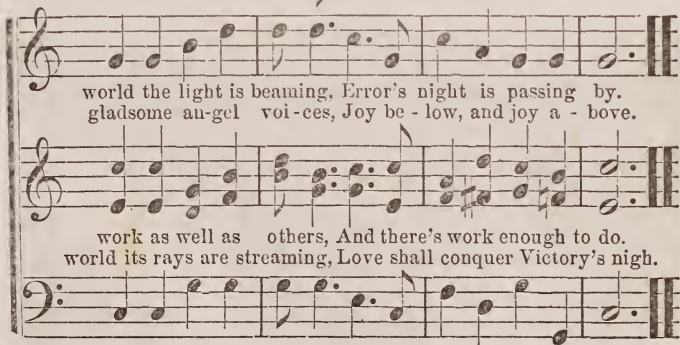
coming, light is streaming Gently from the smiling sky. O'er the
coming, who rejoices Every heart that throbs with love, Hark! the

brothers, we are brothers, Working men all good and true. We can
beaming, light is beaming, Now in glory from the sky, O'er the



world the light is beaming, Error's night is passing by. O'er the
gladsome angel voices, Joy below and joy above. Hark! the

work as well as others, And there's work enough to do, We can
world its rays are streaming, Love shall conquer, Victory's nigh, O'er the



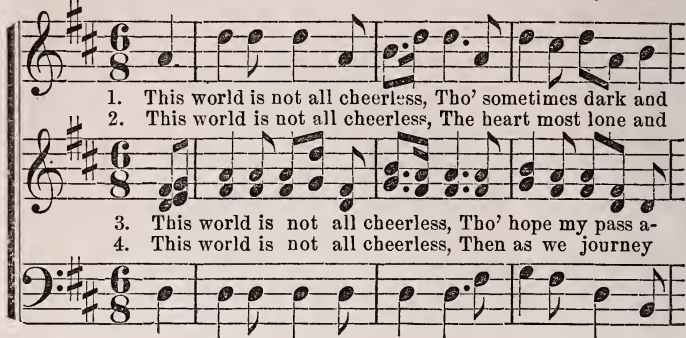
world the light is beaming, Error's night is passing by.
gladsome an-gel voi-ces, Joy be-low, and joy a-bove.

work as well as others, And there's work enough to do.
world its rays are streaming, Love shall conquer Victory's nigh.

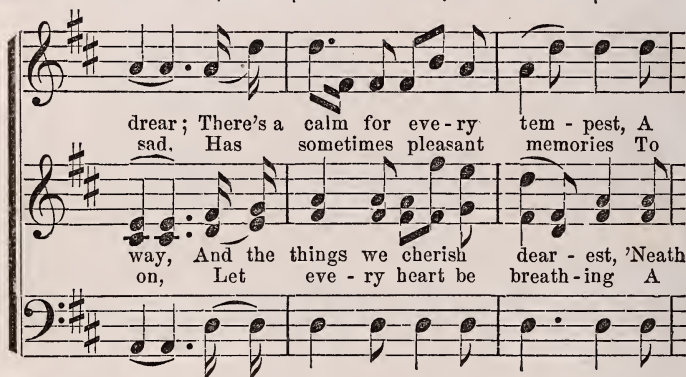
THIS WORLD IS NOT ALL CHEERLESS.

Words by Emma Garrison.

Music by G. W. C.



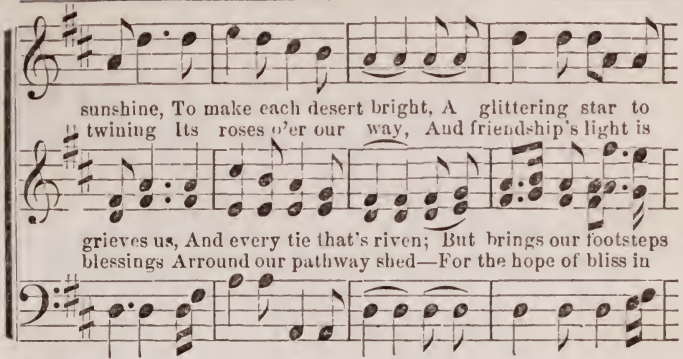
1. This world is not all cheerless, Tho' sometimes dark and
 2. This world is not all cheerless, The heart most lone and
 3. This world is not all cheerless, Tho' hope my pass-a-
 4. This world is not all cheerless, Then as we journey



drear; There's a calm for eve-ry tem-pest, A
 sad. Has sometimes pleasant memories To
 way, And the things we cherish dear-est, 'Neath
 on, Let eve-ry heart be breath-ing A



smile for eve-ry tear; There's a ray of gol-den
 cheer and make it glad; For love is ev-er
 time's cold hand de-cay; For eve-ry pang that
 grateful, gladsome song, For the rich and countless



sunshine, To make each desert bright, A glittering star to
twining Its roses o'er our way, And friendship's light is
grieves us, And every tie that's riven; But brings our footsteps
blessings Arround our pathway shed—For the hope of bliss in



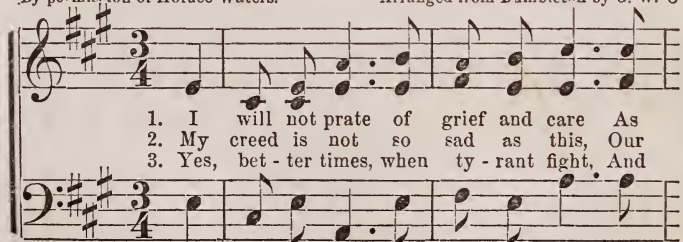
glad - den, The deep - est, dark - est night.
shin - ing With pure un - chang - ing ray.

near - er To hap - pi - ness and heaven.
heav - en, When life's short dream has fled.

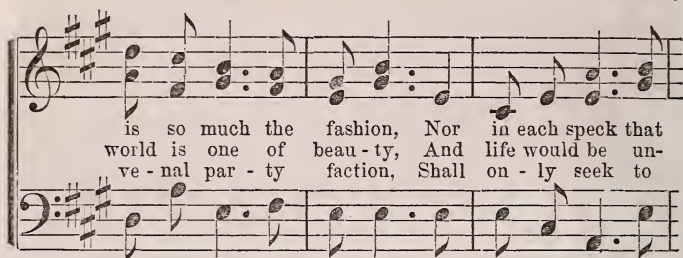
BETTER TIMES ARE COMING FRIENDS.

By permission of Horace Waters.

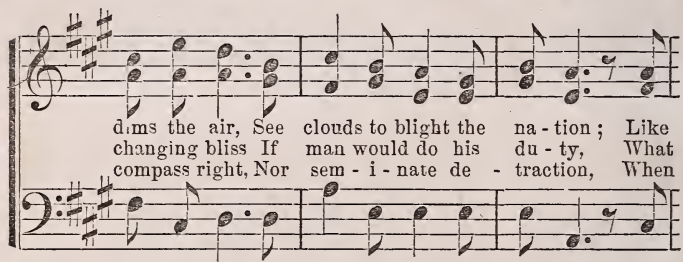
Arranged from Dumbleton by G. W. C



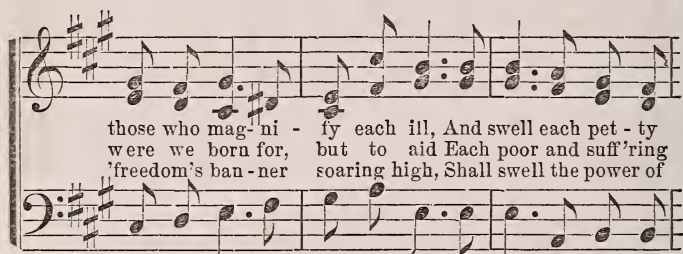
1. I will not prate of grief and care As
2. My creed is not so sad as this, Our
3. Yes, bet - ter times, when ty - rant fight, And



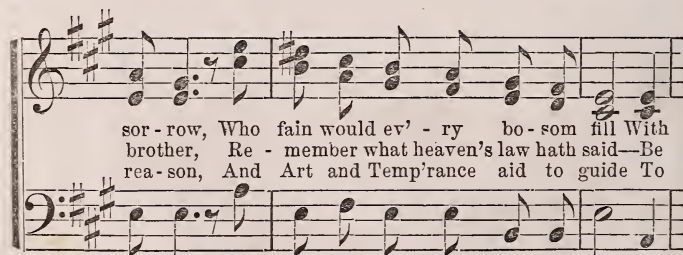
is so much the fashion, Nor in each speck that
world is one of beau - ty, And life would be un-
ve - nal par - ty faction, Shall on - ly seek to



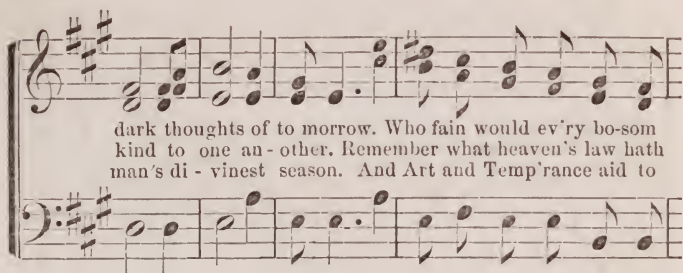
dims the air, See clouds to blight the na - tion ; Like
changing bliss If man would do his du - ty, What
compass right, Nor sem - i - nate de - traction, When



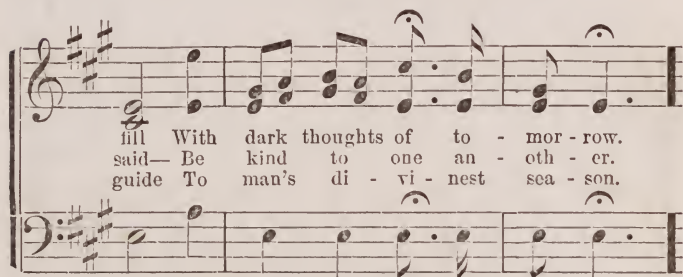
those who mag - ni - fy each ill, And swell each pet - ty
were we born for, but to aid Each poor and suff'ring
'freedom's ban - ner soaring high, Shall swell the power of



sor - row, Who fain would ev' - ry bo - som fill With
brother, Re - member what heaven's law hath said—Be
rea - son, And Art and Temp'rance aid to guide To

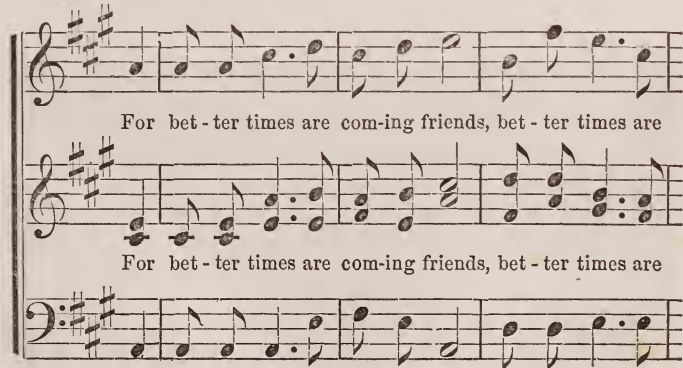


dark thoughts of to morrow. Who fain would ev'ry bo-som
kind to one an - other. Remember what heaven's law hath
man's di - vinest season. And Art and Temp'rance aid to



ill With dark thoughts of to - mor - row.
said— Be kind to one an - oth - er.
guide To man's di - vi - nest sea - son.

CHORUS.



For bet - ter times are com-ing friends, bet - ter times are
For bet - ter times are com-ing friends, bet - ter times are

com-ing, For er - rors past, to make amends,

com-ing, For er - rors past, to make amends,

This system consists of three staves in G major (one sharp). The top staff is the melody, the middle is the right-hand accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

bet - ter times are com-ing, Yes, bet - ter times are

bet - ter times are com-ing, Yes, bet - ter times are

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

com-ing, friends, Yes, bet - ter times are com-ing.

com-ing, friends, Yes, bet - ter times are com-ing.

This system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

Words altered and adapted from the Hutchinsons. Music by G. W. C.

1. One hundred years hence what a change will be

2. Our laws then will be just and e - qui - tous

made, In pol - i - tics, morals, re - ligion and trade, In

rules, Our pri - sons, con - verted to na - tional schools ; The

statesmen who wrangle and ride on the fence, These

pleasures of sin - ning—'tis all a pre - tence, And

things shall be altered one hundred years hence, one hundred years

the people will find it so a hundred years hence, a hundred years

hence—These things shall be altered one hundred years hence.

hence—The people will find it so a hundred years hence.

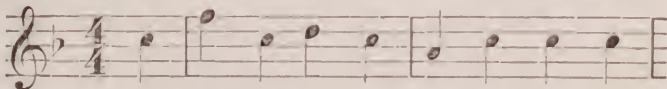
- 3 Oppression and war shall be heard of no more,
Nor the foot of a slave, leave its print on our shore ;
Conventions will then be a needless expense,
For mankind shall be brothers a hundred years hence.
- 4 Instead of speech making to justify wrong,
All shall join in the chorus swelling freedoms glad song ;
The Maine Law shall then be a temperance defense,
We'll keep time to that music a hundred years hence.
- 5 Lying, cheating and fraud, shall be laid on the shelf,
Men will neither get drunk or be wrapt up in self ;
But all live together as neighbors and friends,
Just as good people ought to one hundred years hence.
- 6 Then Woman man's equal a partner shall stand,
And beauty and harmony govern the land ;
To think for one's self shall not be an offence,
For the world will be thinking a hundred years hence.

MY OLD MASSA TELLS ME SO.

Arranged from Air, Dandy Jim, with chorus,

Words from Fred Douglass's Paper.

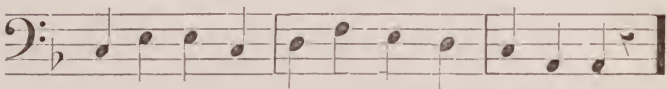
By G. W. C.



1. Come all ye bond-men far and near, Let's
 2. He tells us of that glo-rious one, I
 3. And he informs us that there was A

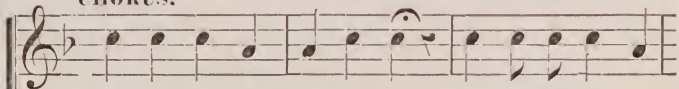


put a song in massa's ear, It is a song for
 think his name was Washington; How he did fight for
 Con- sti - tu - tion, with this clause, That all men e - qual

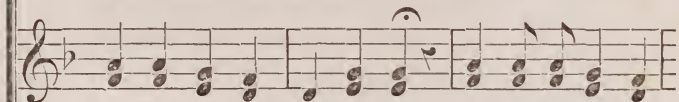


our poor race, Who're whipped and trampled with disgrace.
 li - ber - ty, To save a threepence tax on tea.
 were created, How of - ten have we heard it sta - ted.

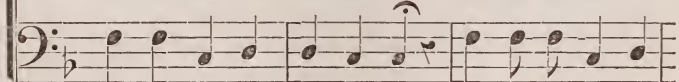
CHORUS.



My old mas - sa tells me, O. This is a land of



My old mas - sa tells me, O. This is a land of



free - dom O ; Let's look a - bout and

see if its so, Just as mas - sa tells me, O !

4. But now we look about and see,
That we poor blacks are not so free ;
We're whipped and thrashed about like fools,
And have no chance at common schools.

CHO. Still my old massa tells me, O,
This is a land of freedom O ;
Let's look about and see if 'tis so,
Just as massa tells us O.

5. They take our wives, insult and mock,
And sell our children on the block,
They choke us if we say a word,
And say that niggers shant be heard.

CHO. Still my old massa, &c.

6. Our preachers, too, with whip and cord,
Command obedience to the Lord ;
They say they learn it from the book.
But for ourselves we dare not look.

CHO. My old massa tells me O,
This is a Christian country O,
Let's look about and see if 'tis so,
Just as massa tells me O.

7. There is a country far away—
Friend Hopper says 'tis Canada,
And if we reach Victoria's shore,
He says that we are slaves no more.

CHO. Now hasten bondsmen, let us go,
And leave this Christian country O ;
Haste to the land of the British Queen
Where whips for negroes are not seen.

8. Now if we go, we must take the night—
We're sure to die if we come in sight—
The bloodhounds will be on our track,
And wo to us if they bring us back.

CHO. Now haste all bondmen, let us go,
And leave this Christian country O ;
God help us to Victoria's shore,
Where we are free and slaves no more.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail Co - lum - bia, hap - py land!
 2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots! rise once more! De -

Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in
 - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with

free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand,

And when the storm of war was gone, En -
 In - vade the shrine, where sa - cred lies Of

- - joyed the peace your va - lor won. Let In - de - pen - dence
toil and blood, the well - earned prize ; While offering peace sin -

be our boast, Ev - er mind ful what it cost.
- - cere and just, In heaven we place a man - ly trust, That

Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - ery scheme of

reach the skies. Firm u - nit - ed let us be.
bon - dage fail. Firm u - nit - ed, &c.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting (treble and bass clef) in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: "Ral - lying round our li - ber - ty! As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find." The score includes triplets in the second line of the treble part.

Ral - lying round our li - ber - ty! As a band of

bro - thers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

3.

Sound, sound the tramp of fame,
 Let Washington's great name
 :: Ring through the world with loud applause ! ::
 Let every clime, to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear ;
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
 The happier time of honest peace.
 Firm united, &c.

4.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands,
 :: The rock on which the storm will beat ! ::
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on heaven and you ;
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or Liberty.
 Firm, united, &c.

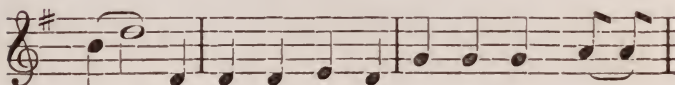
HAPPY DAYS ARE COMING RIGHT ALONG.*

NETTIE.

Arranged and adapted from "Few Days," by G. W. C.



1. The days are com-ing, hap-py days; Com-ing right a -
2. The days of pro-gress and re-form are Coming right a -
3. Thus while we sing in Free-dom's praise; Sing right a -



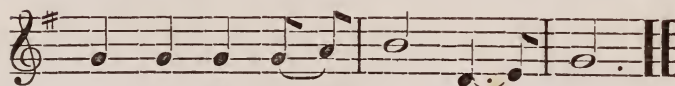
long! We'll sing of them in joy-ful lays; The
 long! Days un-darkened by a storm, In the
 long! We'll work to hast-en on the days, The



good, good times! When wrong shall yield to sov'reign right,
 good, good times! Peace shall smile up-on our land;
 good, good times! When wrong shall yield to sov'reign right;



Yield right a-long, And Truth shall join her
 Smile right a-long, E-ven now 'tis
 Yield right a-long, And Truth shall join her



hand with Might, In the good, good times.
 close at hand, The good, good times.
 hand with Might, In the good, good times.

* By permission of FIRTH, POND & Co.

CHORUS.

O what's the use of wait-ing, Hur - ra!

Hur - ra! O what's the use of wait-ing,

Hur - ra! Hur - ra! Hur - ra! The hap - py

days are near-ing, Hur-ra! Hur-ra! The hap-py

days are near-ing, Hur-ra! Hur-ra! The hap-py

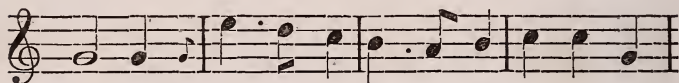
days are near-ing, With the good, good times.

days are near-ing, With the good, good times.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., 1798.

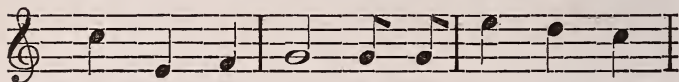
Ye sons of Co-lum-bia, who brave-ly have



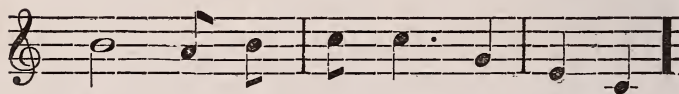
fought For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires have de -



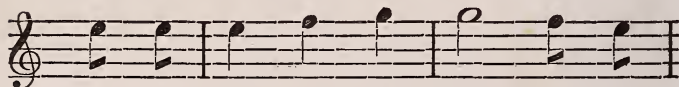
- scend - ed, May you long taste the bless - ings your



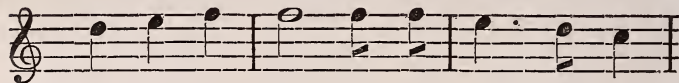
val - or has bought, And your sons reap the



soil which their fa - thers de - fend - ed.



'Mid the mild reign of Peace May your

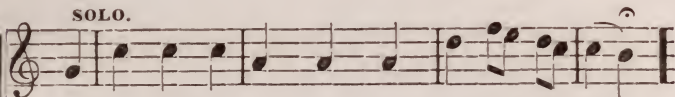


na - tion in - crease, With the glo - ry of



Rome, and the wis - dom of Greece.

SOLO.



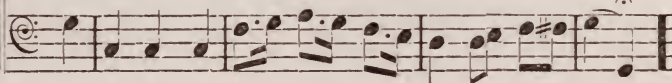
And ne'er shall the sons of Co - lum - bia be slaves,

CHORUS. Tenor.

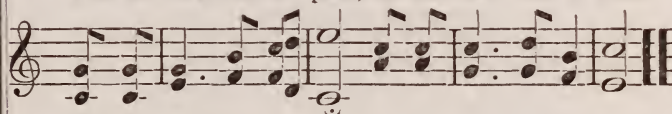


Alto an Octave higher.

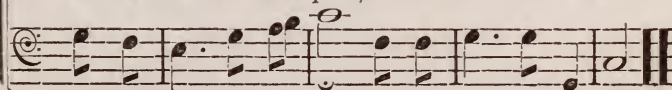
And ne'er shall the sons of Co - lum - bia be slaves,



While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.



While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.



2.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
 Has justly ennobled our nation in story,
 Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
 And enveloped the Sun of American glory—
 But let traitors be told,
 Who their country have sold,
 And bartered their God for his image in gold,
 That ne'er shall, &c.

3.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
 Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
 But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
 Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
 Should invasion impend,
 Every grove would descend,
 From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend,
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

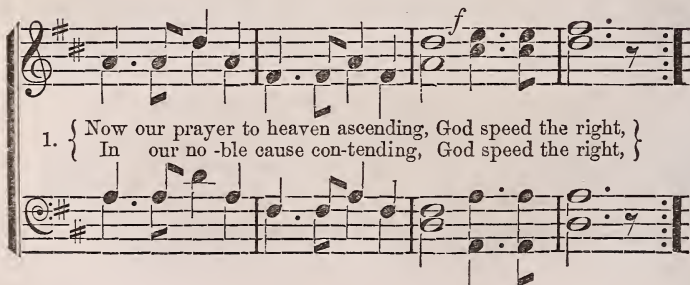
4.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
 Its bolts ne'er could rend Freedom's temple asunder;
 For, unmoved at its portal, would Washington stand,
 And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
 His sword from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct with its point every flash to the deep,
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

5.

Fear nought from *without*—the whole world may combine,
 In a futile attempt at that temple's o'erthrowing—
 But ah, there's one blemish corroding the shrine,
 Which eats from *within*, and is ceaselessly growing;
 Oh check it in time,
 Let it spread not its slime
 O'er the structure which now glitters proudly sublime;
 And then shall the standard of liberty wave
 O'er a land on whose bosom there breathes not a slave.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.



The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system of music corresponds to the lyrics: "Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on". The second system begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and corresponds to the lyrics: "earth rewarded; God speed the right, God speed the right." The music concludes with a double bar line.

p

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on

ff

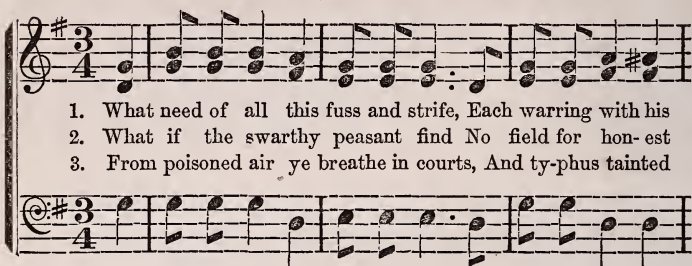
earth rewarded; God speed the right, God speed the right.

2. May this truth be kept before us,
 God speed the right!
 Freedom's cause is just and glorious,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If we fail, we fail with glory,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!
3. Patient, firm and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right!
 Pain, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 Millions in their chains are bleeding,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!
4. Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Freedom's foes at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it;
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

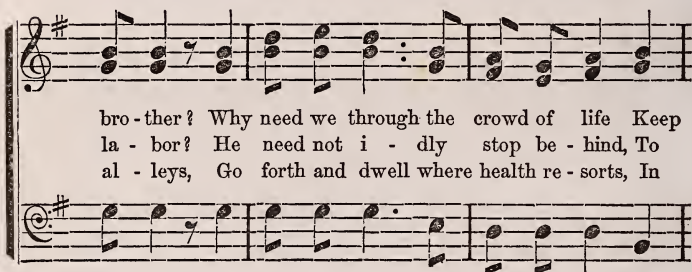
THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Words by L. F. BLANCHARD.

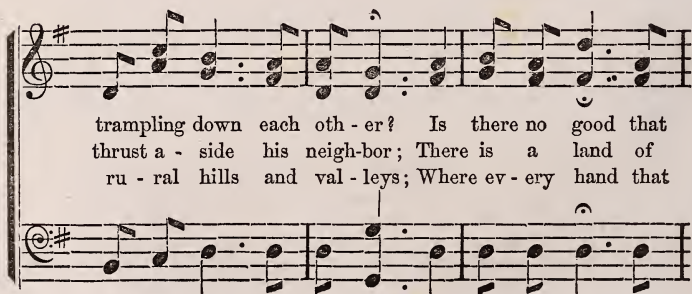
Music by G. W. C.



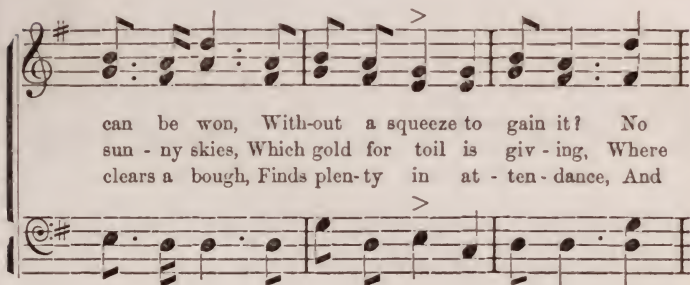
1. What need of all this fuss and strife, Each warring with his
 2. What if the swarthy peasant find No field for hon-est
 3. From poisoned air ye breathe in courts, And ty-phus tainted



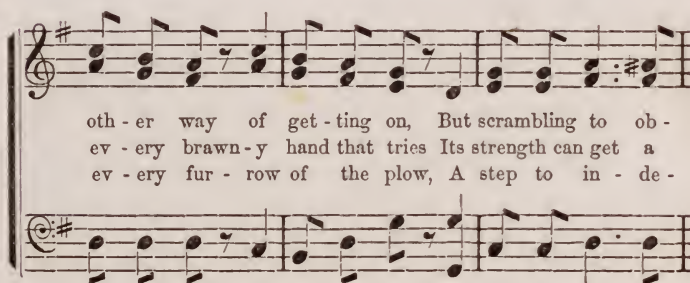
bro - ther? Why need we through the crowd of life Keep
 la - bor? He need not i - dly stop be - hind, To
 al - leys, Go forth and dwell where health re - sorts, In




trampling down each oth - er? Is there no good that
 thrust a - side his neigh-bor; There is a land of
 ru - ral hills and val - leys; Where ev - ery hand that



can be won, With-out a squeeze to gain it? No
 sun - ny skies, Which gold for toil is giv - ing, Where
 clears a bough, Finds plen-ty in at - ten - dance, And



oth - er way of get - ting on, But scrambling to ob -
 ev - ery brawn - y hand that tries Its strength can get a
 ev - ery fur - row of the plow, A step to in - de -



- - tain it; Oh! fel - low - men, re - mem - ber then, What
 liv - ing; Oh! fel - low - men, re - mem - ber then, What
 - - pen - dence, Oh! hast - en then from fe - vered den, And

ev - er chance be - fall— The world is wide in
 ev - er chance be - fall— The world is wide where
 lodg - ing cramped and small—The world is wide in

lands be - side, There's room e - nough for all.
 those a - bid, There's room e - nough for all.
 lands be - side, There's room e - nough for all.

4.

In this fair region far away,
 Will labor find employment ;
 A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
 And toil will earn enjoyment.
 What need then of this daily strife,
 Each warring with his brother !
 Why need we in the crowd of life
 Keep trampling down each other !
 Oh ! fellow-men, remember then,
 Whatever chance befall,
 The world is wide where those abide,
 There's room enough for all !

WHILE 'TIS DAY-TIME LET US WORK.

SONG OR QUARTETTE.

Con Animo.

By T. Wood. Expressly for G. W. CLARK, Esq.

1. Ev - ery mor - tal has his mis - sion In this

2. Life's a bark up - on the o - cean, Tossed and

world of act - ive strife, Whe - ther in a high po -

rocked by ev - ery gale: Now scuds on with spee - dy

si - tion, Or a low - ly walk in life.

mo - tion, Now with rent and tat - tered sail.

He it is who, now ful - fill - ing Ev - ery
Life's a bright and sun - ny morn - ing, With some

du - ty day by day, Shows the mind and spi - rit
light re - freshing showers, Fol - lowed by dark cloud-y

will - ing To per - form its on - ward way.
warn - ing Of the storm that o'er us lowers.

3.

Life's the cord of silver, binding
 Man in contact with his kind;
 Death is but that bond unwinding,
 Setting free the earth bound mind.
 Life's the pitcher of the fountain,
 Where immortal rills descend;
 'Tis the fragile wheel surmounting
 Cistern where pure waters blend.

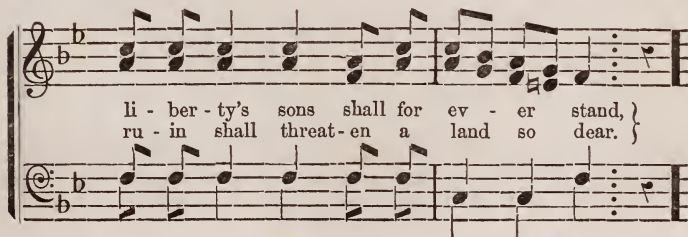
4.

Life's the day and deed for action,
 Death the rest, the time of night,
 He who works with satisfaction,
 Works while yet the hour is light.
 Forward, then! the day is waving,
 Westward sinks the setting sun;
 Onward! on! without complaining,
 Work, while yet it may be done.

FOR FREEDOM, HONOR, AND NATIVE LAND.



1. { For free - dom, hon - or, and na - tive land, Each
 The host of the foe he will nev - er fear, When



li - ber - ty's sons shall for ev - er stand, }
 ru - in shall threat - en a land so dear. }

Chorus.

All u - nit - ed, un - af - frighted, { March we on in
Bound in love to

free - dom's cause, }
free - dom's laws ; } Free - dom's sa - cred band, True..

..... to free - dom's land, True to free - dom's land.

True to free - dom's land, True to free - dom's land.

2. Abuse of power will the free repel,
The flame of sedition they'll strive to quell;
Alike are they friendly to equal rights,
And hostile to anarchy's deadly blights.
Cho.—All united, &c.
3. For equal laws and for Heaven's pure word,
The hosts of the free have their life's blood poured;
And never shall freedom's pure spirit die,
Till earth, under bondage, shall cease to die.
Cho.—All united, &c.

FREE KANSAS.

G. W. C.

1. Hark! on the winds we hear a cry, To
 2. Her pin - ions spread from shore . to shore, 'Tis
 3. Shame! Ruf - fians, shame! to try to drown With

which the heavens and earth re - ply, Our ea - gle, sing - ing
 heard a - bove the o - cean's roar, Now list - en! would you
 can - non's mu - sic, ev - ery sonnd, As it is ech - oed

as she flies, "Free..... Kan - sas."
 hear it more? "Free..... Kan - sas."
 round and round, "Free..... Kan - sas."

4.

The Northern hills re-echo shame !
 Though well they know, 'twere more than vain
 To try to still the voice—again,
 “Free Kansas.”

5.

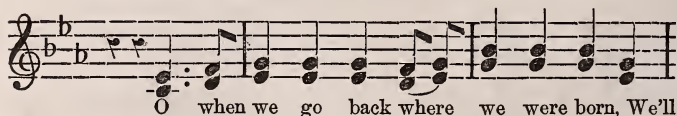
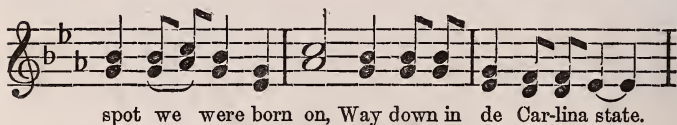
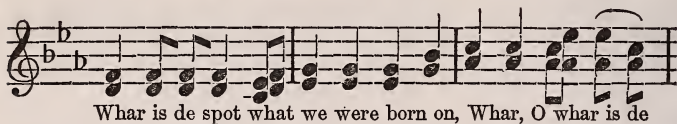
Now speed thee on, thou noble bird,
 Till every Freeman brave, has heard
 You sing in loudest tones the words,
 “Free Kansas.”

6.

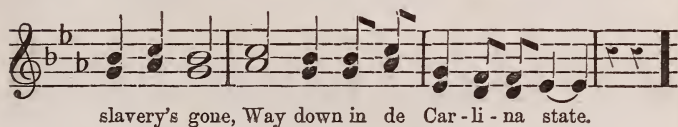
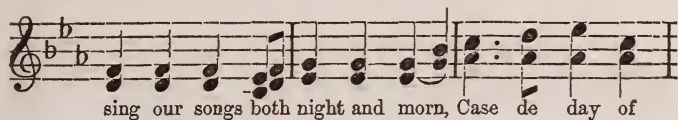
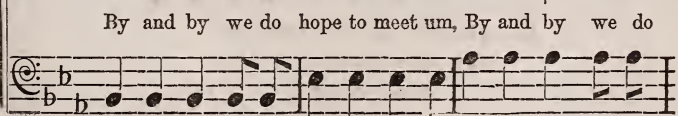
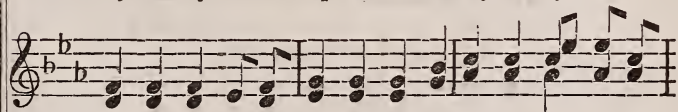
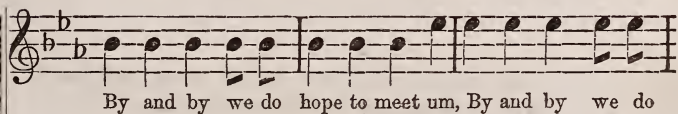
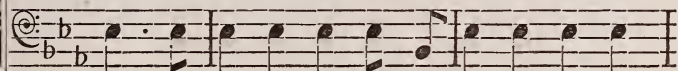
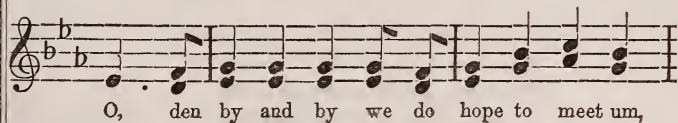
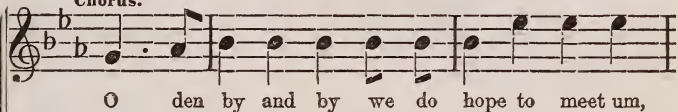
And let the “Border Ruffians” hear,
 And while they listen, note their fear,
 As whispered round from ear to ear,
 “Free Kansas.”

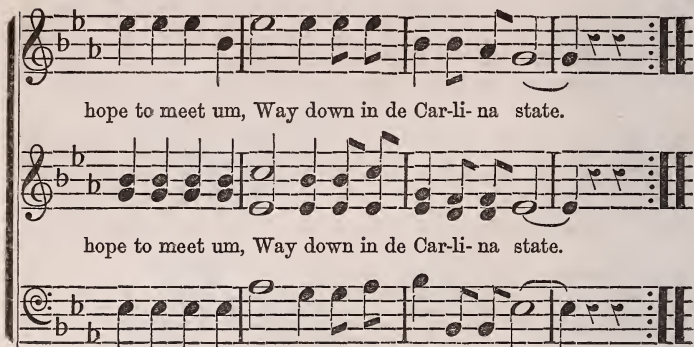
O WHEN WE GO BACK DAR.*

Parodied and arranged from a Negro Melody, by G. W. C.



* Slaves anticipating the day of deliverance from slavery, and their return to the loved ones, and loved spot where they were born.

**Chorus.**



2.

O thar lives father, and thar lives mother,
 Thar lives sister, and thar lives brother,
 When shall we all meet each other,
 Way down in de Carlina state.

O when we go back where we were born,
 We'll sing our songs both night and morn,
 Case de day of slavery's gone,
 Way down in de Carlina state.

Cho.—O, den by and by, &c.

3.

We'll have de grand times, de best we ever had dere,
 We'll work no more for de tyrant lords dere,
 We'll work no more for de tyrant lords dere,
 Way down in de Carlina state.

O, father verry glad when he know dat it be us,
 Mother verry glad too, case she can see us,
 All de Massas goine for to free us,
 Way down in de Carlina state.

Cho.—O, den by and by, &c.

THE JOYS OF FREEDOM.

Arranged and harmonized by G. W. C.

1. Mer-ri - ly ev - ery bo - som boundeth, Mer-ri - ly

2. Wea-ri - ly ev - ery bo - som pin - eth, Wea-ri - ly

O! mer-ri - ly O! Where the song of free-dom

O! wea-ri - ly O! Where the chains of slave-ry

sound - eth, Mer-ri - ly O! mer-ri - ly O!

bind - eth, Wea-ri - ly O! wea-ri - ly O!

There the pa-rents' smile hath more brightness, There the

There the pa-rents' smile yields to sad-ness, There the

youthful heart hath more light-ness, Ev-ery joy the home sur-

youthful heart hath no glad-ness, Ev-ery flower of life de-

- roundeth, Mer-ri-ly O! mer-ri-ly O! Mer-ri-ly,

- clin-eth, Wea-ri-ly O! wea-ri-ly O! Wea-ri-ly,

merri-ly, merri-ly O! Merri-ly O! merri-ly O!

weari-ly, weari-ly O! Weari-ly O! weari-ly O!

3.

Cheerily then awake the chorus,
 Cheerily O! cheerily O!
 Liberty and peace before us,
 Cheerily O, cheerily O!
 Now the parent's smile beams the dearest,
 Now the parent's hopes are the clearest,
 Every joy is now before us,
 Cheerily O, cheerily O!
 Cheerily, &c.

HO! FOR KANSAS.*

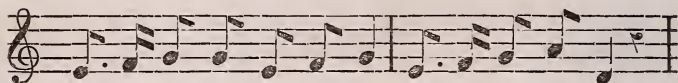
Words by LUCY LARCOM.

Air—*Nelly Bly.*

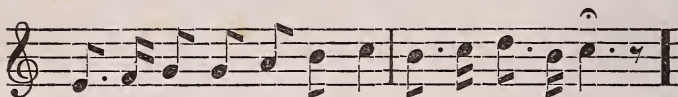
1. Yeo-men strong, hith-er throng! Na-ture's hon-est men!

We will make the wil-der-ness Bud and bloom a-gain;

* By permission of FIRTH, POND & Co.

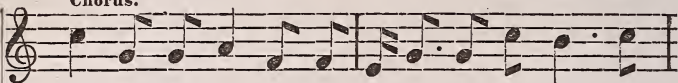


Bring the sic - kle, speed the plow, Turn the rea - dy soil !



Free - dom is the no - blest pay For the true man's toil.

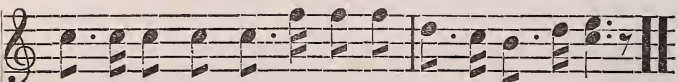
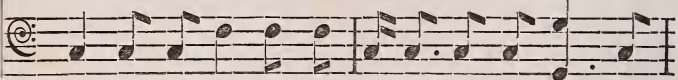
Chorus.



Ho ! bro - thers ! come, brothers ! Hasten all with me ; We'll



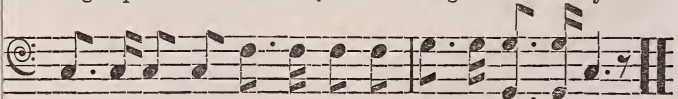
Ho ! bro - thers ! come, brothers ! Hasten all with me ; We'll



sing up-on the Kan-sas plains A song of lib - er - ty !



sing up-on the Kan-sas plains A song of lib - er - ty !



-
2. Father, haste ! o'er the waste
Lies a pleasant land,
There your firesides—altar stones,
Fixed in truth shall stand ;
There your sons, brave and good,
Shall to freemen grow,
Clad in triple mail of right,
Wrong to overthrow.
Ho ! brothers ! come, brothers !
Hasten all with me,
We'll sing, &c.
3. Mother, come ! here's a home
In the waiting west,
Bring the seeds of love and peace,
You who sow them best ;
Faithful hearts, holy prayers,
Keep from taint the air ;
Soil a mother's tears have wet,
Golden crops shall bear.
Come, mother ! fond mother !
List, we call to thee,
We'll sing, &c.
4. Brother brave, stem the wave !
Firm the prairies tread !
Up the dark Missouri flood
Be your canvas spread ;
Sister true, join us, too,
Where the Kansas flows ;
Let the northern lily bloom,
With the southern rose.
Brave brothers ! true sisters !
List ! we call to thee,
We'll sing, &c.
5. One and all, hear our call
Echo through the land !
Aid us with a willing heart,
And the strong right hand !
Feed the sparks the pilgrims struck,
On old Plymouth Rock !
To the watch-fires of the free
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho ! brothers ! come, brothers !
Hasten all with me,
We'll sing, &c.

UNCLE TOM'S RELIGION.*

Arranged from C. G. HOWARD, by G. W. C.

1. Far a - way from wife and chil-dren, Still I plod my

2. Shall I turn a-against my broth-er, Raise the hand of

way a - long. Mas - sa Clare has gone to E - va,
cru - el - ty. No: we must love one an - oth - er,
Leav - ing friend-less poor old Tom. Yet with trust and
Then we'll get where all am free. Pa - tience here, I'll

* By permission of HORACE WATERS.

strength in hea-ven, I re-main a faith-ful slave,
go to glo-ry, There is com-fort for the slave,

When the whip to me am given, I'll think of Him who died to save.
When the lash makes this flesh gory, I'll pray to Him who died to save.

3.

Good-bye, Chloe ! farewell, children !
 Poor old Tom you'll see no more :
 Mind, be good, and have religion ;
 'Twill bear you to the faithful shore.
 Do not weep, nor feel dejection,—
 Suffering's over in the grave ;
 But at the glorious resurrection,
 We'll meet with Him who died to save.

THE BULLY BROOKS. HIS CANADA SONG.

Words by BRYANT.

Music arranged from "Cork Leg." By G. W. C.

1. To Can - a - da Brooks was asked to go, To

2. Those Jer - sey railroads I can't a - bide, 'Tis a

waste of pow - der a pound or so, He

dan - ger - ous thing in the trains to ride; Each

sighed as he an - swered, No, no, no, They might

brake-man car - ries a knife by his side, They'd

take my life on the way, you know, Ri tu di nu di

cut my throat, and they'd cut it wide, Ri tu di nu di

nu di na, ri tu di ni nu, ri tu di nu di na.

There are savages haunting New York Bay,
 To murder strangers that pass that way ;
 The Quaker, Garrison, keeps them in pay,
 And they kill at least a score a day. Ri tu di nu, &c.

Beyond New York, in every car,
 They keep a supply of feathers and tar ;
 They daub it on with an iron bar,
 And I should be smothered ere I got far. Ri tu, &c.

Those dreadful Yankees talk through the nose ;
 The sound is terrible, goodness knows,
 And when I hear it, a shiver goes
 From the crown of my head to the tip of my toes. Ri tu, &c.

So, dearest Mr. Burlingame,
 I'll stay at home if 'tis all the same,
 And I'll tell the world 'tis a burning shame
 That we did not fight, and you're to blame. Ri tu, &c.

THE POOR UNHAPPY SLAVE.*

G. W. H. GRIFFIN.

Arranged by G. W. C.

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to-day, That I re-mem-ber

2. She took my arm, we walked a - long In - to an o - pen

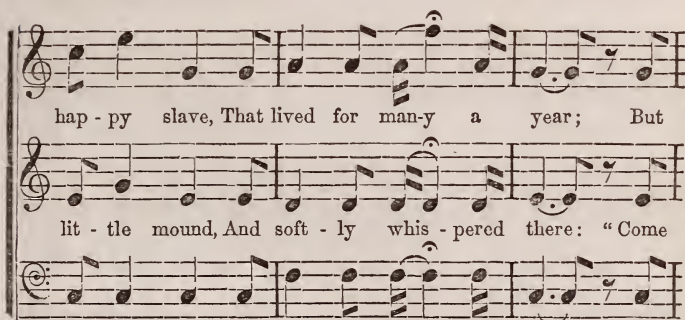
well, I sat down by poor Nel-ly's side, And a

field, And there she paused to breathe a - while, Then

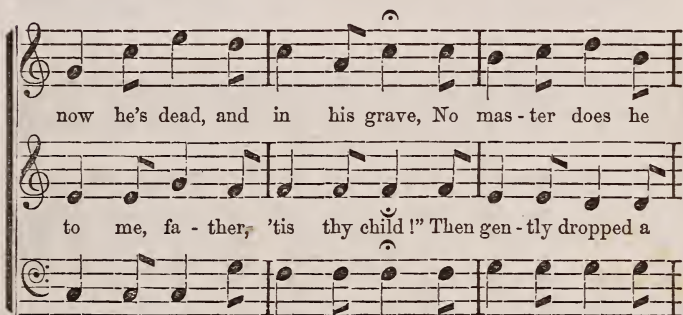
sto - ry she did tell: 'Twas 'bout a poor un -

to his grave did steal. She sat down by that

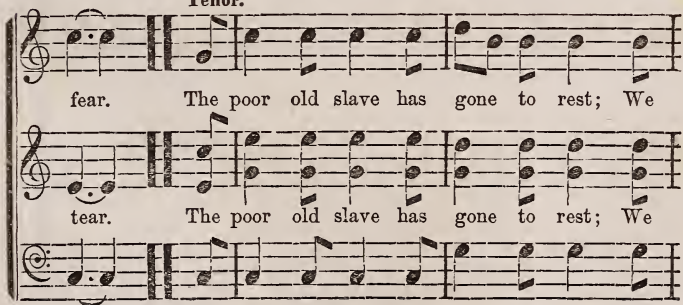
* By permission of W. HALL & SON.



hap - py slave, That lived for man - y a year; But
lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - pered there: "Come



now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas - ter does he
to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child!" Then gen - tly dropped a

Tenor.


fear. The poor old slave has gone to rest; We
tear. The poor old slave has gone to rest; We

know that he is free: Dis - turb him not, but

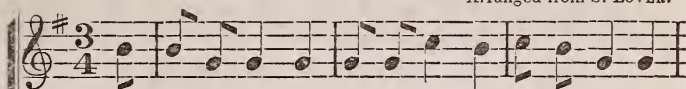
let him rest, Way down in Ten - nes - see.

3.

But since that time how things have changed!
 Poor Nelly, that was my bride,
 Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
 With her father by her side.
 I planted there, upon her grave,
 The weeping willow-tree;
 I bathed its roots with many a tear,
 That it might shelter me.
 CHORUS. The poor old slave, &c.

THE STOLEN BOY.

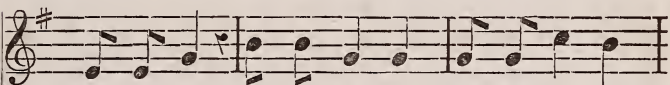
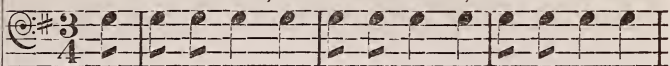
Arranged from S. LOVER.



1. A mother came, when stars were paling, Wailing out in



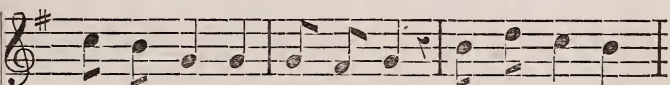
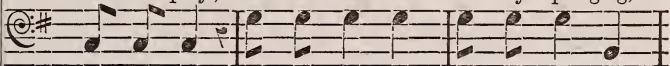
2. "O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood, Where his childhood



ac - cents wild; Thus she cried, while tears were fall - ing,



loved to play; Where the flowers are fresh - ly springing,

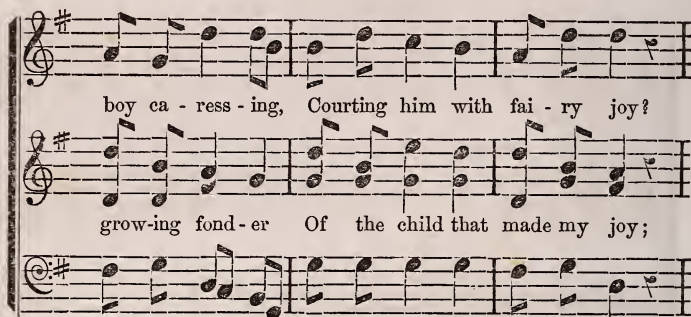


Call - ing for her sto - len child; "Why with spell my



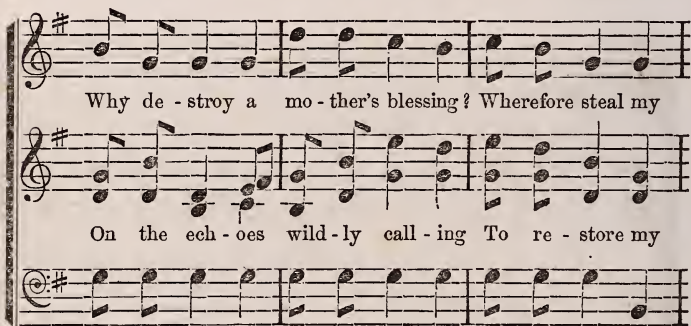
There I wan - der day by day; There I wan - der,





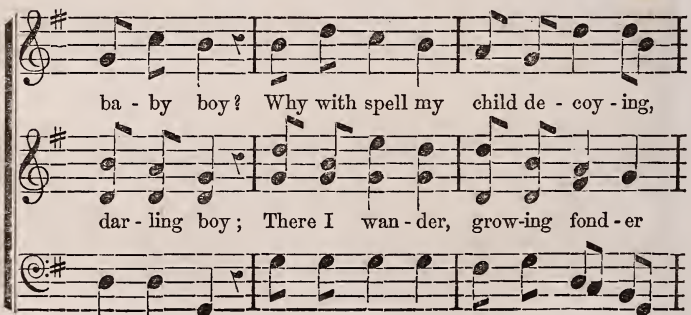
boy ca - res - ing, Courting him with fai - ry joy?
grow-ing fond-er Of the child that made my joy;

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes.



Why de - stroy a mo - ther's blessing? Wherefore steal my
On the ech - oes wild-ly call - ing To re - store my

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues with a similar folk-like style.



ba - by boy? Why with spell my child de - coy - ing,
dar - ling boy; There I wan - der, grow-ing fond-er

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music concludes with a similar folk-like style.

Lur-ing him with gau - dy toys? Why de - stroy a

Of the child that made my joy; On the ech - oes

mo-ther's bless-ing? Wherefore steal my ba - by boy?

wild - ly call - ing To re - store my sto - len boy.

3.

“But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He is gone for ever from me,
I no more my boy shall see;
Fare thee well, my child, for ever!
In this world I’ve lost my joy;
But in heaven we ne’er shall sever,
There I’ll find my angel boy.”

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.*

Words by CHARLES MACKAY

Arranged by EDWARD L. WHITE.

1. There's a good time coming boys, A good time coming, There's a

2. There's a good time coming boys, A good time coming, There's a

good time com-ing boys, Wait a lit - tle long-er. We

good time com-ing boys, Wait a lit - tle long-er. The

may not live to see the day, But earth shall glisten

pen shall su - per-sede the sword, And right not might shall

* By permission of OLIVER DITSON.

in the ray, Of the good time com-ing.
be the lord, In the good time com-ing.

Can - non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a wea-pon
Worth, not birth, shall rule man-kind, And be acknowledged

stronger; We'll win our battle by its aid— Wait a lit-tle
stronger; The pro-per impulse has been given—Wait a lit-tle

long-er. Oh! There's a good time coming, boys, A good time

long-er. Oh! There's a good time coming, boys, A good time

coming, There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a little longer.

coming, There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a little longer.

3.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 There's a good time coming, boys,
 Wait a little longer.
 Hateful rivalries of creed,
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And charity shall trim her lamp—
 Wait a little longer. Oh!
 There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

4.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 There's a good time coming, boys,
 Wait a little longer.
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel, then,
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
 Wait a little longer. Oh!
 There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

TO ONE AS WELL AS ANOTHER.

G. W. C.

1. "Keep it be - fore the peo - ple," That the

1. "Keep it be - fore the peo - ple," That

earth was made for man, That the flowers were strown, And the

famine, and crime, and woe, For ever a - bide, Still

fruits were grown, To bless and never to ban;
side by side, With lux-ury's daz-zling show;

That the sun and rain, And the corn and grain, Are
That Laz-arus crawls From Di-ves' halls, And

yours and mine, my bro-ther; Free gift from heaven, And
starves at his gate, my bro-ther, Yet life was given, By

free - ly given, To one as well as an - o - ther,
 God from heaven, To one as well as an - o - ther,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with lyrics underneath.

To one as well as an - o - ther.
 To one as well as an - o - ther.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are repeated for each staff.

3.

"Keep it before the people,"
 That the laborer claims his meed—
 The right of soil,
 And the right to toil,
 From spur and bridle freed;
 The right to bear,
 And the right to share,
 With you and me, my brother—
 Whatever is given
 By God from heaven,
 To one as well as another.

DO GOOD—THERE'S EVER A WAY.

G. W. C.

1. Do good, do good, there's ev - er a way, A

way where there's ev - er a will; Don't

word, or a smile true and soft; In the

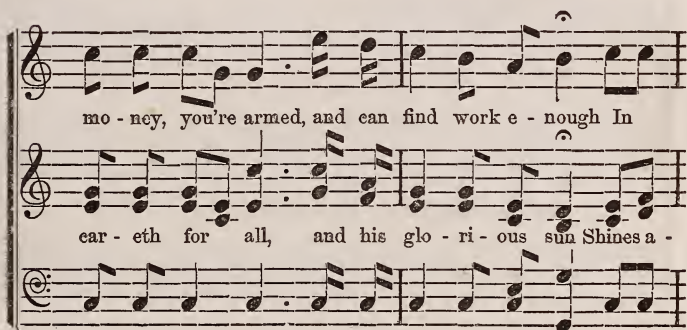
wait till to - mor - row, but do it to - day,

name of a bro - ther con - fer it, and that



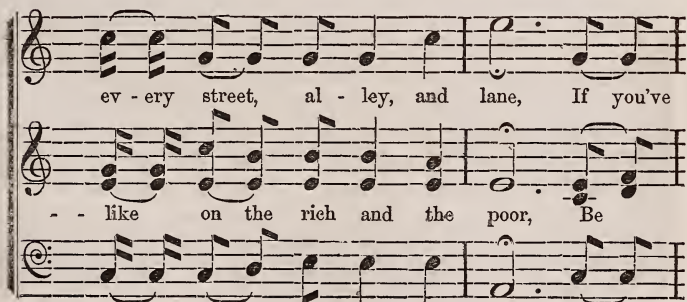
And to - day when the mor - row comes still, If you've
Shall be count - ed as gold up a - loft, God

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.



mo - ney, you're armed, and can find work e - nough In
car - eth for all, and his glo - ri - ous sun Shines a -

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.



ev - ery street, al - ley, and lane, If you've
- - like on the rich and the poor, Be

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

bread, cast it off, and the wa - ters, tho' rough,
 thou like him, and bless ev - ery one,

Will be sure and re - turn it a - gain.
 And thou'lt be re - ward - ed sure.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOR EVER!*

Words by GEO. P. MORRIS, Esq.

Arr. and harmonized by G. W. C

1. "A song for our ban - ner," the watchword re-call,
 2. What God in his wis - dom and mer - cy de-signed,

* By permission of WM. HALL & SON.

Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion; U -

And armed with his weap-on of thun-der, Not

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

- - nit - ed we stand—di - vid - ed we fall! It

all the earth's despots and fac-tions combined, Have the

This system contains three staves of music, continuing the key signature of one flat. The lyrics continue across the staves.

made and preserves us a nation! The u - nion of lakes, the

power to con-quer or sun-der! The u - nion of lakes, the

This system contains three staves of music. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) starting from the second staff. The lyrics conclude this system.

HARP OF FREEDOM.

u - nion of lands, The u - nion of states none can

u - nion of lands, The u - nion of states none can

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

se - ver, The u - nion of hearts, the u - nion of hands,

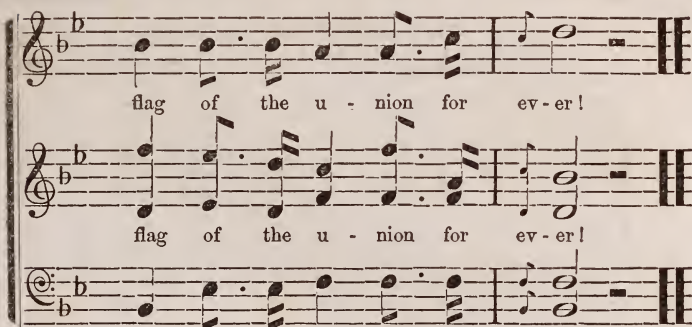
se - ver, The u - nion of hearts, the u - nion of hands,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

And the flag of the u - nion for ev - er, The

And the flag of the u - nion for ev - er, The

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

**ROUSE, BROTHERS, AROUSE!**

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Tune—*Flag of our Union.*

1.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! and arm for the fight!
 A darkness broods over our land—
 Wrong crushes the right,—arm, arm for the fight!
 For freedom lift up a strong hand.
 For freedom! for freedom! hark! old Bunker Hill
 Echoes back the wild shout that you raise;
 There our brave fathers sleep, and shall we not keep
 The banner their valor did praise?

2.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! look now at our flag,
 The flag of the free and the brave,
 And see its black stain,—say, shall it remain
 To shadow the land of the slave?
 That flag is the crown of liberty's height,
 But mark where 'tis trailing to-day!
 Rouse, brothers, arouse! and hoist it once more
 Where its stars with the eagle may play.

3.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! the good God above
 Will lend his strong arm to the right,
 As he did in the days when Washington prayed,
 Ere trusting his sword in the fight.
 The God of the right will watch o'er the fight!
 Rouse! brothers, arouse and go forth,
 And believe that at night the conqueror's might
 Will be with the *sons of the North!*

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Kathleen O'Moore."

Oh deep was the an - guish of the

The first line of musical notation is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics "Oh deep was the an - guish of the" are written below the notes.

slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for

The second line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for" are written below the notes.

ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that

The third line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that" are written below the notes.

heart broken mother, In sor - - - row and woe.

The fourth line of musical notation concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "heart broken mother, In sor - - - row and woe." are written below the notes.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block;
Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,
While the sound of their wailings together arise;
They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold;
While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild;
Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,
Of sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
While the mother was left in anguish to pine;
But reason departed, and she sank broken hearted,
In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
Soon ended her sorrows and sank cold in death:
Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

Oh! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave;
The parents and children implore you to save;
Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
From sorrow and woe.

HEARD YE THAT CRY.

From "Wind of the Winter night."

Heard ye that cry! 'Twas the
As he sank in de-spair, to the

wail of a slave, } Be - - hold him where
rest of the grave;

bleed - ing and pros - trate he lies, Un-

friend - ed he lived, and un - pit - ied he died.

The white man oppressed him—the white man for gold,
Made him toil amidst tortures that cannot be told;
He robbed him, and spoiled him, of all that was dear,
And made him the prey of affliction and fear.

But his anguish was seen, and his wailings were heard,
By the Lord God of Hosts; whose vengeance deferred,
Gathers force by delay, and with fury will burst,
On his impious oppressor—the tyrant accurst!

Arouse ye, arouse ye! ye generous and brave,
Plead the rights of the poor—plead the cause of the slave;
Nor cease your exertions till broken shall be
The fetters that bind him, and the slave shall be free.

Sleep on my Child.

BY R. J. H.

Sleep on, my child, in peaceful rest,
While lovely visions round thee play;
No care or grief has touched thy breast,
Thy life is yet a cloudless day.

Far distant is my childhood's home—
No mother's smiles—no father's care!
Oh! how I'd love again to roam,
Where once my little playmates were!

Sleep on, thou hast not felt the chain;
But though 'tis yet unmingled joy,
I may not see those smiles again,
Nor clasp thee to my breast, my boy.

And must I see thee toil and bleed!
Thy manly soul in fetters tied;
'Twill wring thy mother's heart indeed—
Oh! would to God that I had died!

That soul God's own bright image bears—
But oh! no tongue thy woes can tell;
Thy lot is cast in blood and tears,
And soon these lips must say—farewell!

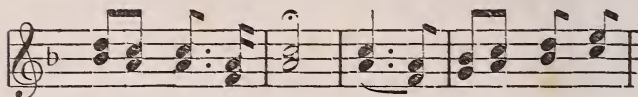
ZAZA—THE FEMALE SLAVE

Words by Miss Ball.

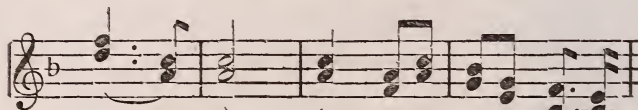
Music by G. W. C.



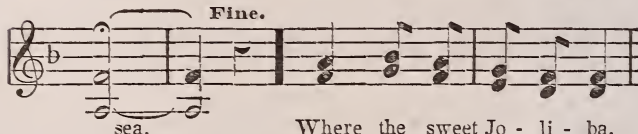
1. O my coun - try, my coun - try! how



long I for thee, Far o - ver the



moun - - tain, Far o - - ver the



sea.

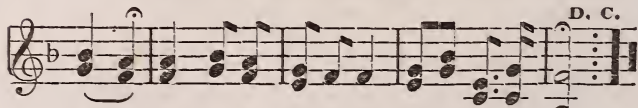
Where the sweet Jo - li - ba,



kiss - es the shore, Say, shall I wan - der by



thee nev - er more? Where the sweet Jo - li - ba Kiss - es the



shore, Say, shall I wander by thee nev - er more.

Say, O fond Zurima,
Where dost thou stay ?
Say, doth another
List to thy sweet lay ?
Say, doth the orange still
Bloom near our cot ?
Zurima, Zurima,
Am I forgot ?

O, my country, my country ! how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Under the baobab
Oft have I slept,
Fanned by sweet breezes
That over me swept.
Often in dreams
Do my weary limbs lay
'Neath the same baobab,
Far, far away,

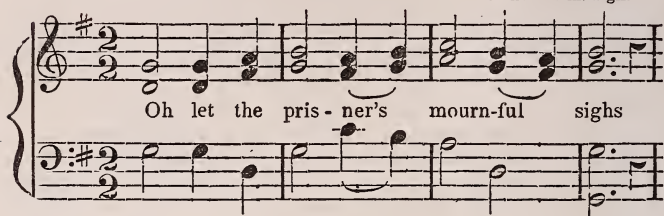
O my country, my country. how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

O for the breath
Of our own waving palm,
Here, as I languish,
My spirit to calm—
O for a draught
From our own cool-ing lake,
Brought by sweet mother,
My spirit to wake.

O my country, my country, how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

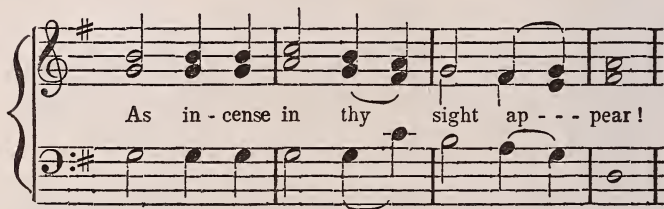
PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

Tune—Hamburg.



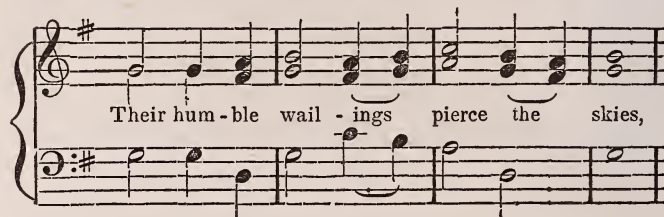
Oh let the pris - ner's mourn-ful sighs

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.



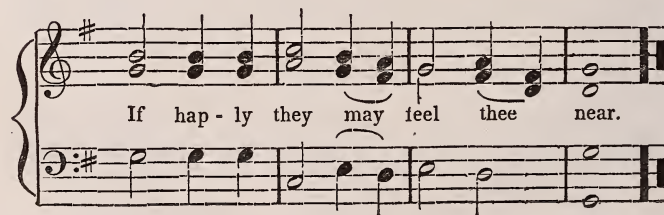
As in - cense in thy sight ap - - - pear!

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.



Their hum - ble wail - ings pierce the skies,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.



If hap - ly they may feel thee near.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the hymn. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free ;
 Call home, call home, thy banished ones !
 Lead captive their captivity !

Out of the deep regard their cries,
 The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,
 Oh, Son of Righteousness, arise,
 And scatter all their doubts and fear.

Stand by them in the fiery hour,
 Their feebleness of mind defend ;
 And in their weakness show thy power,
 And make them patient to the end.

Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
 For whom thy suffering members mourn :
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
 And break the yoke so meekly borne !

Remembering that God is just.

Oh righteous God ! whose awful frown
 Can crumble nations to the dust,
 Trembling we stand before thy throne,
 When we reflect that thou art just.

Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,
 Which Afric's injured race sustains ?
 And wilt thou not arise ere long,
 To plead their cause, and break their chains ?

Must not thine anger quickly rise
 Against the men whom lust controls,
 Who dare thy righteous laws despise
 And traffic in the blood of souls ?

- NEVER GIVE UP!

Words by Tupper—author of "The Crock of Gold."

Music by G. W. C.

1. Nev - er! nev - er give up! it is wi - ser
 2. Nev - er! nev - er give up! there are chan - ces
 3. Nev - er! nev - er give up! tho' the grape - shot

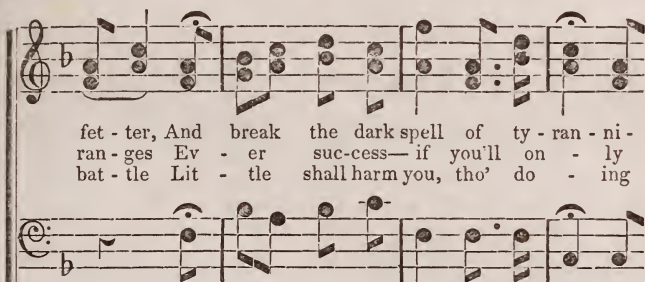
The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with three verses of text.

and bet - ter, Al - ways to hope than once to
 and changes, Help - ing the hope - ful a hundred
 may rat - tle, O! the full thunder-cloud o - ver

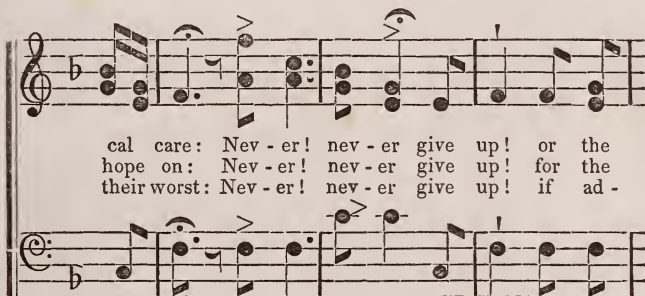
The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves.

de - spair; Fling off the load of doubt's canker-ing
 to one, And thro' the cha - os, high Wisdom ar
 you burst, Stand like a rock, and the storm or the

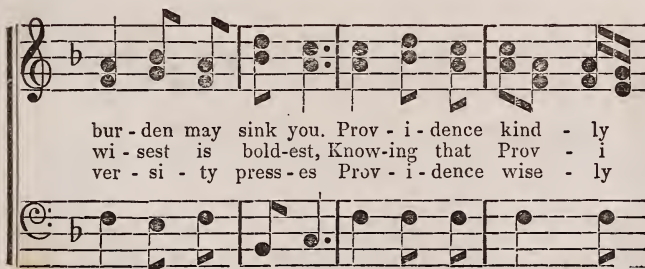
The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics conclude below the staves.



fet - ter, And break the dark spell of ty - ran - ni -
 ran - ges Ev - er suc-cess—if you'll on - ly
 bat - tle Lit - tle shall harm you, tho' do - ing



cal care: Nev - er! nev - er give up! or the
 hope on: Nev - er! nev - er give up! for the
 their worst: Nev - er! nev - er give up! if ad -



bur - den may sink you. Prov - i - dence kind - ly
 wi - sest is bold-est, Know-ing that Prov - i
 ver - si - ty press-es Prov - i - dence wise - ly

has mingled the cup, And in all tri - als
 dence mingles the cup, And of all max-ims
 has mingled the cup, And the best coun-sel

or trou-bles be - think you, The watchword of
 the best as the old-est, Is the true watch -
 in all your dis - tress - es Is the stout watch

life must be nev - er! nev - er give up!
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!

THE FUGITIVE.

Words by L. M. C.

Air "Bonny Doon."

A no - ble man of sa - - - ble brow Came
With cautious, wea - ry step and slow, And
He begged if I had ought to give, To

to my hum - ble cot - - tage door,
asked if I could feed the poor;
help the pant - ing fu - - - gi - - - - tive.

He begged if I had ought to give, To

help the pant - - ing fu - - - gi - - - - tive.
D. C.

I told him he had fled away
From his kind master, friends, and home;
That he was black—a slave astray,
And should return as he had come;
That I would to his master give
The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee
And claimed he was a brother man,
That I was bound to set him free,
According to the gospel plan;
And if I would God's grace receive,
That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,
The festering wound—the sightless eye,
The common badges of the slave,
And said he would be free, or die;
And if I nothing had to give,
I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,
That which his Maker first had given;
But mine would be a darker sin,
That would exclude my soul from heaven;
And if I would God's grace receive,
I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,
And gave him meat, and drink, and rest,
I hope that God forgave my sin,
And made me with that brother blest;
I am resolved, long as I live,
To help the panting fugitive.

AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER?

Words by A. C. L.

Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Am I not a man and broth-er?
Sell me not one to an - oth - er,

Christ our Sa - viour, Christ our Sa-viour, *Fine.*
Ought I not, then, to be free?
Take not thus my lib - er - ty.
Died for me as well as thee.

Christ our Sa - viour, Christ our Sa - viour.

D. C.
Died for me as well as thee.

Am I not a man and brother ?
Have I not a soul to save ?
Oh, do not my spirit smother,
Making me a wretched slave :
God of mercy, God of mercy,
Let me fill a freeman's grave !

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
Though thou long hast groaned a slave,
Bound with cruel cords and tether
From the cradle to the grave !
Yet the Saviour, yet the Saviour,
Bled and died all souls to save.

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
Though we long have told thee nay :
And are bound to aid each other,
All along our pilgrim way.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Join with us to praise and pray !

Am I not a Sister ?

BY A. C. L.

Am I not a sister, say ?
Shall I then be bought and sold
In the mart and by the way,
For the white man's lust and gold ?
Save me then from his foul snare,
Leave me not to perish there !

Am I not a sister say,
Though I have a sable hue !
Lo ! I have been dragged away,
From my friends and kindred true,
And have toiled in yonder field,
There have long been bruised and peeled .

Am I not a sister, say ?
Have I an immortal soul ?
Will you, sisters, tell me nay ?
Shall I live in lust's control,
To be chattled like a beast,
By the Christian church and priest ?

Am I not a sister, say ?
Though I have been made a slave ?
Will you not then for me pray,
To the God whose power can save,
High and low, and bond and free ?
Toil and pray and vote for me !

YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Music by Kingsley.

Ye her - alds of free-dom, ye no - ble and brave,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Who dare to in - sist on the rights of the slave,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

go on - ward, go on-ward, your cause is of God,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

And he will soon sev - er the oppressor's strong rod.

The fourth and final system of musical notation on the page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;
And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,
May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;
The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,
O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride,
His gracious protection will be to you given,
And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

I would not live alway.

BY PIERPONT.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where I must bear the burden and heat of the day:
Where my body is cut with the lash or the cord,
And a hovel and hunger are all my reward.

I would not live alway, where life is a load
To the flesh and the spirit:—since there's an abode
For the soul disenthralled, let me breathe my last breath,
And repose in thine arms, my deliverer, Death!—

I would not live alway to toil as a slave:
Oh no, let me rest, though I rest in my grave;
For there, from their troubling, the wicked shall cease,
And, free from his master, the slave be at peace.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont.

Music from "Minstrel Boy," by G. W. C.

Our Pil - grim Fath - ers— where are they? The
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they

The first system of the musical score for 'Our Pilgrim Fathers'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

waves that brought them o'er,
break a - long the shore; } Still

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'waves that brought them o'er, break a - long the shore;' are written below the middle staff, followed by a closing brace and the word 'Still'. The music ends with a double bar line.

roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody. The lyrics 'roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the' are written below the middle staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

May - flower moored be - low; When the

This system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'May - flower moored be - low; When the' are written below the middle staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are fermatas over the final notes of the first and third staves.

sea a - round was black with storms, And

This system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'sea a - round was black with storms, And' are written below the middle staff. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, including beamed notes and fermatas.

white the shore with snow.

This system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'white the shore with snow.' are written below the middle staff. The music concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the last note of the top staff.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dresse
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day,
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled—
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by J. G. Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Is this the land our fa-thers loved, The freedom

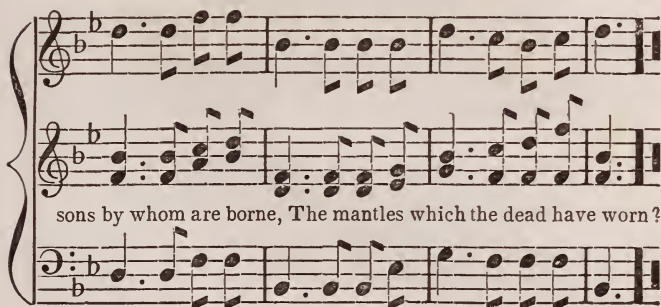
The first system of music contains measures 1 through 4. It features a grand staff with three staves: two treble staves and one bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the upper treble staves, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics 'Is this the land our fa-thers loved, The freedom' are aligned with measures 1-4.

which they toiled to win? Is this the soil whereon they

The second system of music contains measures 5 through 8. It continues the grand staff format. The melody and harmony progress through the second line of the song. The lyrics 'which they toiled to win? Is this the soil whereon they' are aligned with measures 5-8.

moved? Are these the graves they slumber in? Are we the

The third system of music contains measures 9 through 12, which conclude the stanza. It maintains the same musical structure. The lyrics 'moved? Are these the graves they slumber in? Are we the' are aligned with measures 9-12.



And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
 The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 The Truth—our Country—and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Round which the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idol prayed—
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
 And must we yield to Freedom's God
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest Hell?
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?
 Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set—
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above—around—below—
Be ours the indignant answer—no !

No—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians may—as freemen can !
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

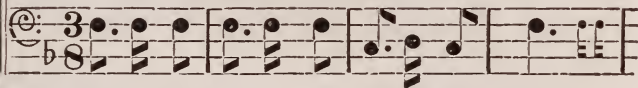
THE SLAVE'S WAIL.

Parody by Jesse Hutchinson.

Old Air—"Over the mountain."



1. { O - ver the mountain and o - ver the moor,
 { The father—the mother—the children, are poor,
 Give us our free - dom—ye friends of E - quality,

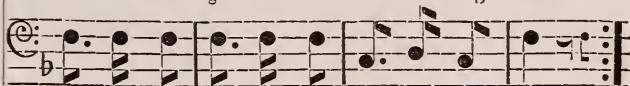


2. { Call us not ig - no - rant, vile and de - graded,
 { Parents and children—the young and the aged,
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of E - quality,
3. { God in His mercy will crown your en - deavor,
 { The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of Hu - manity,

Fine

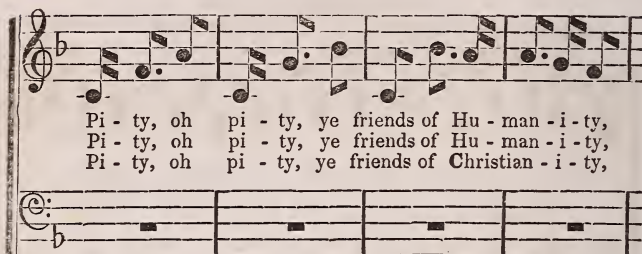


Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave; }
 And they sigh for the day they their freedom shall have. }
 Give us our Rights—for we ask noth - ing more.



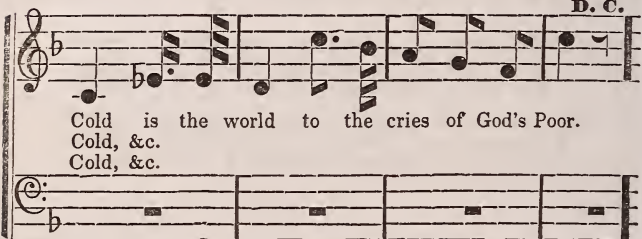
White men have robbed us of all we hold dear, }
 Are scourg'd by the lash of the rough O - ver - seer. }
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.

The blessings of Hea - ven shall be your re - ward, }
 En - ter, ye faith - ful, the joy of your Lord. }
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.



Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Christian - i - ty,

D. C.



Cold is the world to the cries of God's Poor.
 Cold, &c.
 Cold, &c.

TO THOSE I LOVE.

Words by Miss E. M. Chandler.

Music from an old air by G. W. C.

Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a - way, though

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

I should some-times seem Too much to press up-

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

on your ear, an oft re - - peat - ed

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

theme; The sto - ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

The musical score is written for a piano, with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

heav - y at my heart, And can I choose but
wish from you a sym - pa - thiz - ing part?

I turn to you to share my joy,—to soothe me in my grief—
In wayward sadness from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief:
And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,
Locked darkly in my secret heart, unshared and silently?

If I had been a friendless thing—if I had never known,
How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,
I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from its stem,
But clinging as I do to you, can I but feel for them?

I could not brook to list the sad sweet music of a bird,
Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear hath heard,
If cruel hands had quenched its light, that in the plaintive song,
It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.

And can I give my lip to taste the life-bought luxuries, wrung
From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—
Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,
While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and forgot?

Oh no!—so blame me not, sweet friends, though I should some-
times seem
Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme;
The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,—
And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast!

ROUSE UP, NEW ENGLAND.

Words by a Yankee.

Music by G. W. C.

First system of musical notation for 'Rouse Up, New England'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment in the middle staff features a steady eighth-note pattern. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic foundation.

Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof sub-

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. The piano accompaniment and bass staff continue their respective parts. The lyrics 'lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an - ny, your' are aligned with the notes.

lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an - ny, your

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the phrase with a half note A5, followed by quarter notes G5, F#5, and E5. The piano accompaniment and bass staff continue. The lyrics 'deep con-tempt of crime; A trai - tor plot is' are aligned with the notes.

deep con-tempt of crime; A trai - tor plot is

hatching now, more full of woe and shame, Than
 ev-er from the i-ron heart of bloodiest des-pot came.

The musical score is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the alto and bass clefs. The lyrics are placed below the staves, corresponding to the notes.

More slave States added at a breath ! One flourish of a pen,
 And fetters shall be rivited on millions more of men !
 One drop of ink to sign a name, and slavery shall find
 For all her surplus flesh and blood, a market to her mind !

A market where good Democrats their fellow men may sell !
 O, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and round thro' hell !
 How all the damned leap up for joy and half forget their fire,
 To think men take such pains to claim the notice of God's ire.

Is't not enough that we have borne the sneer of all the world,
 And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of us are curled ?
 Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chattels back,
 And cheer the hungry bloodhounds on, that howl upon their track ?

Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they decree,—
 These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of slavery ?

That we must yield our conscience up to glut Oppression's maw,
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of Man's law?

But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain and whip
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's bloody grip!
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame endure,
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and blood secure?

Is water running in our veins? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth rock, and Lexington, and glorious Bunker Hill?
The debt we owe our Father's graves? and to the yet unborn,
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of pride or scorn?

Grey Plymouth rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb,
And voices from our father's graves, and from the future come;
They call on us to stand our ground, they charge us still to be
Not only free from chains ourselves, but foremost to make free!

Awake, New England! While you sleep the foes advance their
lines;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines;
Awake! and hurl them back again in terror and despair,
The time has come for earnest deeds, we've not a man to spare.

RISE, FREEMEN, RISE

Music by G. W. C.

Rise, freemen rise! the call goes forth, Attend the high com-

mand; O - be-dience to the word of God, Through-

out this guil - ty land: Throughout this guilty land.

Rise, free the slave; oh, burst his
chains,
And cast his fetters down;
Let virtue be your country's pride,
Her diadem and crown.
Then shall the day at length arrive,
When all shall equal be,
And Freedom's banner, waving
high,
Proclaim that all are free.

Remember Me.

O Thou, from whom all goodness
flows!
I lift my heart to thee;

In all my wrongs, oppressions,
woes,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Afflictions sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Lord! let my strength be as my
day,
And still remember me.

Oppressed with scourges, bonds,
and grief,
This feeble body see;
Oh! give my burdened soul relief,
Hear, and remember me.

THE PRIZE SONG.

C. S. WEYMAN.

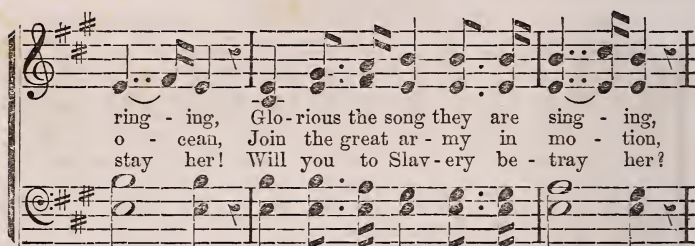
Air—Souvi la Tromba. Arranged by G. W. C.

1. Men of the North, who re - mem - ber The deeds of your
 2. Come from your for - est-clad moun - tains, Come from the
 3. Far in the West rolls the thun - der, The tu - mult of

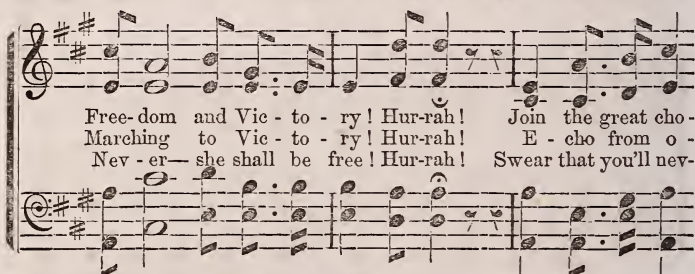
sires, ev - er glo - rious, Join in our pæ - an vic -
 fields of your till - age, Come forth from ci - ty and
 bat - tle is rag - ing, Where bleed - ing Kan - sas is

to - rious, The pæ - an of Li - ber - ty. Hark! on the
 vil - lage, Come join the hosts of the free! As from their
 wag - ing War - fare with Sla - ver - y! Struggling with

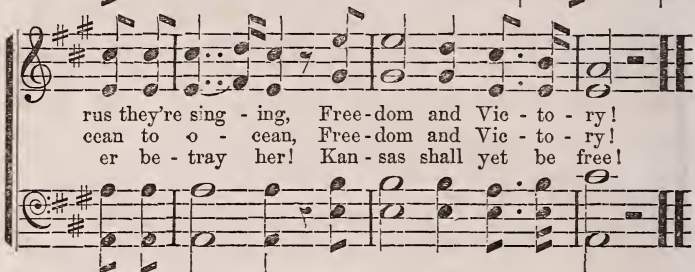
gales of No - vem - ber, Mil - lions of voic - es are
 cav - ern - ous fount - ains Roll the deep floods of the
 foes who sur - round her, Lo! she im - plores you to



ring - ing, Glo - rious the song they are sing - ing,
o - cean, Join the great ar - my in mo - tion,
stay her! Will you to Slav - ery be - tray her?



Free - dom and Vic - to - ry! Hur - rah! Join the great cho -
Marching to Vic - to - ry! Hur - rah! E - cho from o -
Nev - er she shall be free! Hur - rah! Swear that you'll nev -



rus they're sing - ing, Free - dom and Vic - to - ry!
cean to o - cean, Free - dom and Vic - to - ry!
er be - tray her! Kan - sas shall yet be free!

4.

March! we have sworn to support her;
The prayers of the righteous shall speed us;
A chief never conquered shall lead us
Right on to Victory!
Then from those fields, red with slaughter,
Slavery's hordes shall be driven,
Freedom to Kansas be given,
We're bound to make her free!
Hurrah!
To Kansas shall Freedom be given;
A glorious Victory!

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Voice of New England'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, with the lyrics 'Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping' written below the middle staff.

cit - i - zen; Summon out the might of men!

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'cit - i - zen; Summon out the might of men!' are written below the middle staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Like a li - on growling low, Like a night-storm

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the second system. The lyrics 'Like a li - on growling low, Like a night-storm' are written below the middle staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.



It is coming—it is nigh !
 Stand your homes and altars by ;
 On your own free thresholds die.
 Clang the bells in all your spires ;
 On the gray hills of your sires
 Fling to heaven your signal fires.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
 Whoso to the yoke would bow,
 Brand the craven on his brow.
 Freedom's soil hath only place
 For a free and fearless race—
 None for traitors false and base.

Take your land of sun and bloom ;
 Only leave to Freedom room
 For her plough, and forge, and
 loom.

Take your slavery-blackened
 vales ;

Leave us but our own free gales,
 Blowing on our thousand sails.

Onward with your fell design ;
 Dig the gulf and draw the line ;
 Fire beneath your feet the mine :

Deeply, when the wide abyss
 Yawns between your land and this,
 Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,
 Shaken by a look or tread,
 Ye shall own a guilty dread.
 And the curse of unpaid toil,
 Downward through your generous
 soil,
 Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
 Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
 Plenty in our valleys flow ;—
 And when vengeance clouds your
 skies,

Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
 As the damned on Paradise !

We but ask our rocky strand,
 Freedom's true and brother band,
 Freedom's strong and honest hand,
 Valleys by the slave untrod,
 And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
 Blessed of our fathers' God !

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Words by Whittier.

"Beatitude," by T. Hastings.

Our fel - low coun - try - men in
Slaves—crouch-ing on the ve - - - ry

By eve - ry shrine of pat - - - riot

chains, Slaves in a land of light and law!
plains Where rolled the storm of Free - dom's war!

blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jas - per's well.

A groan from Eu - tau's haunt - - - ed

wood— A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—

D. C.

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
 The groan of breaking hearts is there—
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
 Slaves—~~SLAVES~~ are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
 The whip on ~~WOMAN'S~~ shrinking flesh!
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
 What! mothers from their children riven!
 What! God's own image bought and sold!
~~AMERICANS~~ to market driven,
 And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
 To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
 The paltry menace of a chain;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light—
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of wrong,
 Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's
 mirth—
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking Earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to
 bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood;

No longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood:
 But rear another altar there,
 To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

Myron Holley.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Yes—fame is his:—but not the fame
 For which the conqueror pants and
 strives,
 Whose path is tracked through blood and
 flame,
 And over countless human lives!
 His name no armed battalions hail
 With bugle shriek or thundering gun—
 No widows curse him, as they wail
 For slaughtered husband and for son.

Amid the moral strife alone,
 He battled fearlessly and long,
 And poured, with clear, untrembling tone,
 Rebuke upon the hosts of Wrong—
 To break Oppression's cruel rod,
 He dared the perils of the fight,
 And in the name of FREEDOM'S God
 Struck boldly for the TRUE and RIGHT!

With faith, whose eye was never dim,
 The triumph, yet afar, he saw,
 When, bonds smote off from soul and limb,
 And freed alike by Love and Law.
 The slave—no more a slave—shall stand
 Erect—and loud, from sea to sea,
 Exultant burst o'er all the land
 The glorious song of jubilee!

Why should we mourn, thy labor done,
 That thou art called to thy reward;
 Rest, Freedom's war-worn champion!
 Rest, faithful soldier of the LORD!
 For oh, not vainly hast thou striven,
 Through storm, and gloom, and deepest
 night—
 Not vainly hath thy life been given
 For God, for FREEDOM, and for RIGHT.

THE MAN FOR ME.

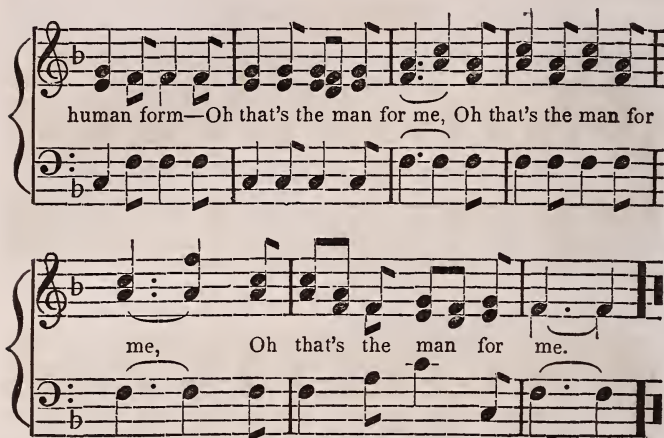
Air, "The Rose that all are praising."

Oh, he is not the man for me, Who buys or sells a

slave, Nor he who will not set him free, But

sends him to his grave; But he whose noble heart beats warm For

all mens life and lib - - er - ty; Who loves a-like each



He's not at all the man for me,
 Who sells a man for gain,
 Who bends the pliant servile knee,
 To Slavery's God of shame!
 But he whose God-like form erect
 Proclaims that all alike are free
 To think, and speak, and vote, and act,
 Oh that's the man for me.

He sure is not the man for me
 Whose spirit will succumb,
 When men endowed with Liberty
 Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;
 But he whose faithful words of might
 Ring through the land from shore to sea,
 For man's eternal equal right,
 Oh that's the man for me.

No, no, he's not the man for me
 Whose voice o'er hill and plain,
 Breaks forth for glorious liberty,
 But binds himself, the chain!
 The mightiest of the noble band
 Who prays and toils the world to free,
 With head, and heart, and voice, and vote—
 Oh that's the man for me.

PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Geo. Lunt.

Air "Troubadour."

O - - ver the mountain wave See where they come ;

Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale
Pilgrims and wan-der - ers,

Howls to the sea, There their song peals a-long, Deep toned and free.
Hith-er we come ; Where the free dare to be, This is our home.

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume :
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land—
Home far away !
Pilgrims, &c.

Dim grew the forest path,
 Onward they trod:
 Firm beat their noble hearts,
 Trusting in God!
 Gray men and blooming maids,
 High rose their song—
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep
 Ever along!
 Pilgrims, &c.

Not their's the glory-wreath,
 Torn by the blast;
 Heavenward their holy steps,
 Heavenward they passed!
 Green be their mossy graves!
 Ours be their fame,
 While their song peals along,
 Ever the same!
 Pilgrims, &c.

The Bondman.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.

Feebly the bondman toiled,
 Sadly he wept—
 Then to his wretched cot
 Mournfully crept:
 How doth his free-born soul
 Pine 'neath his chain!

Slavery! Slavery!
 Dark is thy reign.

Long ere the break of day,
 Roused from repose,
 Wearily toiling
 Till after its close—
 Praying for freedom,
 He spends his last breath:
 Liberty! Liberty!
 Give me, or death.

When, when, oh Lord! will right
 Triumph o'er wrong?
 Tyrants oppress the weak,
 Oh Lord! how long?
 Hark! hark! a peal resounds
 From shore to shore—
 Tyranny! Tyranny!
 Thy reign is o'er.

E'en now the morning
 Gleams from the East—
 Despots are feeling
 Their triumph is past—
 Strong hearts are answering
 To freedom's loud call—
 Liberty! Liberty!
 Full and for all.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

We have a good - ly clime, Broad
vales and streams we boast; Our
moun - tain fron - tiers frown sub - - lime,
Old O - - - cean guards our coast.

Suns bless our harvests fair,
With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there,
What can its blackness mean?

We have a birth-right proud,
For our young sons to claim—
An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,
In freedom and in fame.

We have a scutcheon bright,
By our dead fathers bought;
A fearful blot distains its white—
Who hath such evil wrought?

Our banner o'er the sea
Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,
A letter on the sky—

What hand with shameful stain,
Hath marred its heavenly blue?
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
Say, are these emblems true?

This day doth music rare
Swell through our nation's bound,
But Afric's wailing mingles there,
And Heaven doth hear the sound.

O God of power! we turn
In penitence to thee,
Bid our loved land the lesson learn—
To bid the slave be free.

YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

1. Ye spir - its of the free, Can ye for

2. In pride and pomp to roll, Shall ty - rants

ev - er see Your broth - er man A yoked and

from the soul God's im - age tear, And call the

scour - ged slave, Chains drag - ging to his grave,

wreck their own,—While, from th'e - - ter - nal throne,

And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

They shut the sti - fled groan, And bit - ter prayer?

Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crowned
Creation's lord ?
Shall men of Christian name,
Without a blush of shame,
Profess their tyrant claim
From God's own word ?

No ! at the battle cry,
A host prepared to die,
Shall arm for fight—
But not with martial steel,
Grasped with a murderous zeal;
No arms their foes shall feel,
But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
They march to save.
And vain the tyrant's mail,
Against their battle-hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
Of tortured slave !

Sing Me a Triumph Song.

Sing me a triumph song,
Roll the glad notes along,
Great God, to thee !
Thine be the glory bright,
Source of all power and might !
For thou hast said, in might,
Man shall be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Let all the sound prolong,
Air, earth, and sea,
Down falls the tyrant's power,
See his dread minions cower ;
Now, from this glorious hour,
Man will be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Sing in the mighty throng,
Sing Jubilee !
Let the broad welkin ring,
While to heaven's mighty King,
Honor and praise we sing,
For man is free.

WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Air—"M'Gregor's Gathering."



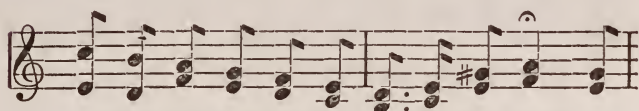
Wake sons of the Pilgrims, and look to your right! The



des - pots of Slav - 'ry are up in their might; In-



dulge not in sleep, it's like dig-ging the graves Of



blood-purchased freedom—'tis yield-ing like slaves. Then



hal- loo, halloo hal-loo to the contest, A-



wake from your slum-bers, no long-er de - lay, But



strug-gle for free-dom, while strug-gle you may— Then

ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly,

ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly, While our

for - ests shall wave or while rush-es a riv-er, Oh,

yield not your birth-right! maintain it for ev - er!

Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims! why slumber ye on?
 Your chains are now forging, your fetters are done;
 Oh! sleep not, like Samson, on Slavery's foul arm,
 For, Delilah-like, she's now planning your harm.
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
 Awake from your sleeping—nor slumber again,
 Once bound in your fetters, you'll struggle in vain;
 Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
 While your eye-balls may move, O wake up now, or never—
 Wake, freemen! awake, or you're ruined forever!

Yes, freemen are waking! we fling to the breeze,
 The bright flag of freedom, the banner of Peace;
 The slave long forgotten, forlorn, and alone,
 We hail as a brother—our own mother's son!
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
 For freedom we rally—for freedom to all—
 To rescue the slave, and ourselves too from thrall.
 We rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
 While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,
 We will never disband, but strive harder and longer

COME, JOIN THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY.

Air—"When I can read my title clear."

1. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

2. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

young men bold and strong, And with a warm and

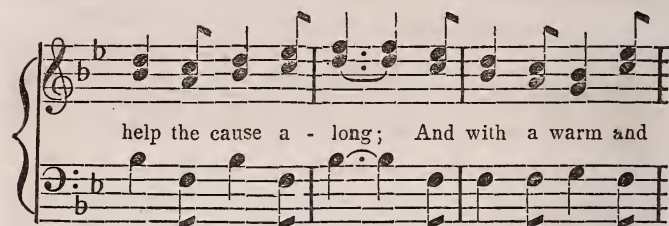
men of ri - per years, And save your wives and

cheer-ful zeal, Come, help the cause a - long: Come

child-ren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears: From

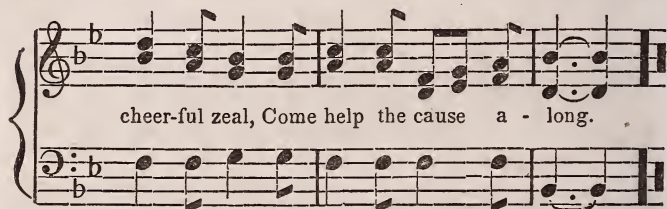
help the cause a - - - long, Come

grief and bit - - - ter tears, From



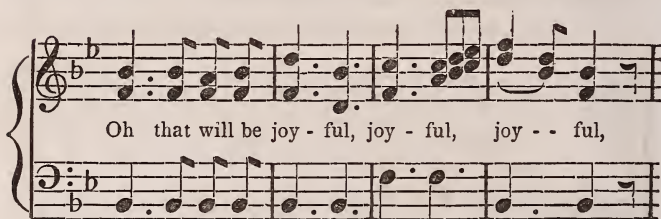
help the cause a - long; And with a warm and

grief and bit - ter tears; And save your wives and



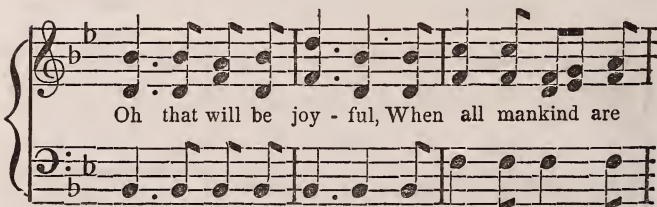
cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a - long.

chil-dren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears.



Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,

Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,



Oh that will be joy - ful, When all mankind are

Oh that will be joy - ful, When all mankind are

free, When all man-kind are free, When
free, When all man-kind are free, When
all man-kind are free: 'Tis then we'll sing, and
all man-kind are free: 'Tis then we'll sing, and
off'rings bring, When all mankind are free.
off'rings bring, When all mankind are free.

Come, join the friends of liberty,
Ye dames and maidens fair;
And breathe around us in our path,
Affection's hallowed air.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on,
To conquests not yet won;
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings
bring,
When woman cheers us on.

Come join the friends of liberty,
Ye sons and daughters all,
Of this our own America;
Come at the friendly call.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
When all shall proudly say,
This, this is freedom's day,
Oppression flee away!
'Tis then we'll sing and offerings
bring,
When Freedom wins the day.

WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

By G. W. C.

We are come, all come, with the crowded throng, To

We are come, all come, with a hal - lowed vow, At

join our notes in a plaintive song; For the bond man sighs, and the

the shrine of slavery never to bow, For the despots reign o'er

scalding tear Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.

hill and plain, Spreads grief and woe in his hor - rid train.

We are come, all come, a determined band,
 To rescue the slave from the tyrants hand;
 And our prayers shall ascend with our songs to Him
 Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

We are come, all come, in the strength of youth,
 In the light of hope and the power of truth;
 And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,
 The honored locks of the good and grey.

We are come, all come, in our holy might,
 And freedom's foes shall be put to flight;
 Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,
 Our songs shall soon chant the victor

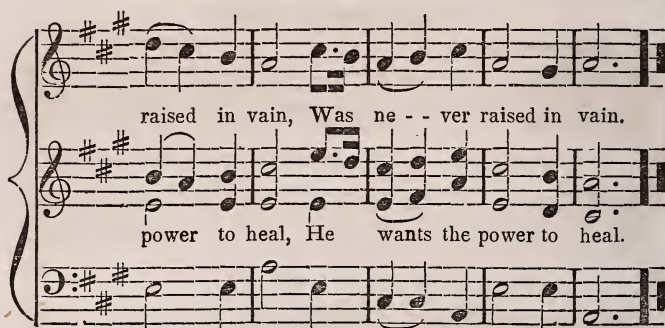
THE LAW OF LOVE.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features three systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Blest is the man whose ten - - der heart Feels
Whose breast expands with gen - erous warmth, A
all a - noth - er's pain, To whom the
stran - ger's woe to feel, And bleeds in
sup - pli - cat - - - ing eye Was nev - - - er
pi - - ty o'er the wound, He wants the



He spreads his kind supporting arms,
 To every child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in his foe.

To him protection shall be shown,
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those, who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.

Oh! Charity!

Oh charity! thou heavenly grace,
 All tender, soft, and kind,
 A friend to all the human race,
 To all that's good inclined.

The man of charity extends
 To all his helping hand;
 His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends,
 His pity may command.

The sick, the prisoner, deaf, and blind,
 And all the sons of grief,
 In him a benefactor find;
 He loves to give relief.

'Tis love that makes religion sweet
 'Tis love that makes us rise,
 With willing minds, and ardent feet,
 To yonder happy skies.

THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by C. W. C.

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows,
There is a place where Je - - sus sheds

The first system of the musical score for 'The Mercy Seat'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

From eve - ry swell - ing tide of
The oil of glad - ness on our

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

woes, There is a calm a sure re-
heads, A place than all be - side more

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staves.

treat—Our re - - - fuge is the Mer - cy seat.

sweet—We seek the blood - bought Mer-cy - seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When hunted, scourged, oppressed, dismayed,—
Or how our bloody foes defeat,
Had suffering slaves no Mercy-Seat !

Oh ! let these hands forget their skill,
These tongues be silent, cold, and still,
These throbbing hearts forget to beat,
If we forget the Mercy-Seat.

Friend of the Friendless.

God of my life ! to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God forgets me not ;
And he is safe, he must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis.

Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye num-bers! from your slum-bers,
 Flags are wav-ing, all ty - rants brav-ing,

Chorus.

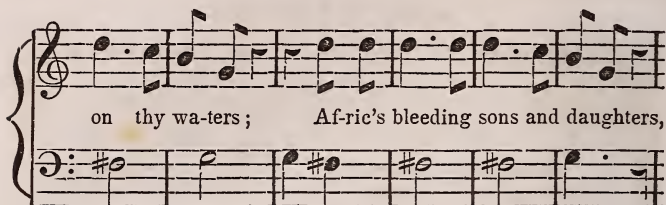
Hear the song of free-dom pour! By its shaking,
Proudly, free - - ly, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking, Eve - ry chain up - on our shore. }
check our pinions, While a sin - gle grief re-mains. }

Solo 1mo. **Solo 2d.**

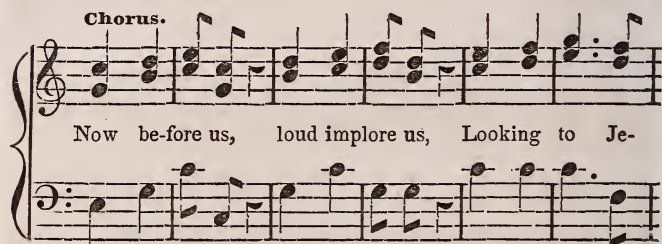
Proud ob-lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up-

The image shows a musical score for two solo voices. The first staff is for the first soloist (Solo 1mo.) and the second staff is for the second soloist (Solo 2d.). The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The first soloist's part consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the second soloist's part consists of a series of quarter and half notes.



on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,

Chorus.



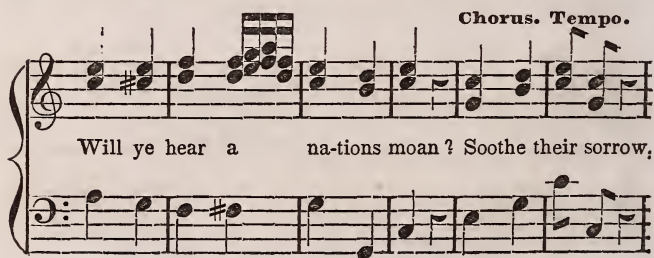
Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-

Trio. Lento.



ho - vah's throne, Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,

Chorus. Tempo.



Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,

Solo.

ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone : Then the

This system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a fermata. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the

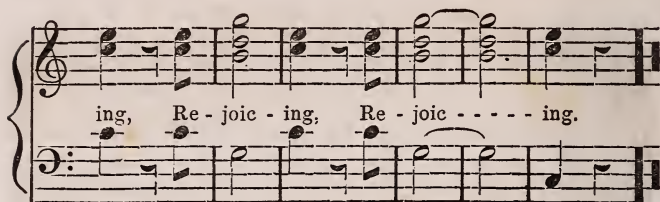
The second system continues the melody in the treble staff and the accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs ; De

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. The treble staff has a more active melodic line, while the bass staff uses sustained chords. The lyrics are centered between the staves.

light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic-

The final system on this page concludes with a repeat sign in the treble staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves.



Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
 Glory's pillar fills the air;
 Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,
 Freedom bids her sons prepare:
 O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
 Incense rises to the skies;
From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
 See, our Eagle proudly flies!
 What deploring impedes his soaring?
 Millions still in bondage sighing!
 Long in deep oppression lying!
 Shall their story mar our glory?
 Must their life in sorrow flow?
 Tears are falling! fetters galling!
 Listen to the cry of woe!
 Still oppressing! never blessing!
 Shall their grief no ending know?
Yes! our nation yet shall feel;
 Time shall break the chain of steel;
 Then the slave shall nobly stand;
 Peace shall smile with lustre bland;
 Glory shall crown our happy land—
 Forever.

COMFORT FOR THE BONDMAN.

Air—"Indian Philosopher."

First system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in this" are written below the treble staff.

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in this

Second system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "wil - der - ness, Who groan beneath your chains; A" are written below the treble staff.

wil - der - ness, Who groan beneath your chains; A

Third system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "while for - get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this" are written below the treble staff.

while for - get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "vale of tears, To yon ce - les - tial plains." are written below the treble staff.

vale of tears, To yon ce - les - tial plains.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
Which mortals never trod ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
Work out your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

If, like our Lord, we suffer here,
We shall before his face appear,
And at his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
For all who to the end endure
Shall wear a glorious crown.

Thrice blessed, exalted, blissful hope !
It lifts our fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead ;
Our bondage here will soon be past,
Then we shall rise and reign at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

Come and see the Works of God.

Lift up to God the shout of joy,
Let all the earth its powers employ,
To sound his glorious praise ;
Say, unto God—"How great art thou !
Thy foes before thy presence bow !
How gracious are thy ways !"

To thee all lands their homage bring,
They raise the song, they shout, they sing
The honors of thy name."
Come ! see the wondrous works of God ;
How dreadful is his vengeful rod !
How wide extends his fame !

He made a highway through the sea,
His people, long-enslaved, to free,
And give them Canaan's land ;
Through endless years his reign extends,
His piercing eye to earth he bends—
Ye despots ! fear his hand.

O ! bless our God, lift up your voice
Ye people ! sing aloud—rejoice—
His mighty praise declare ;
The Lord hath made our bondage cease,
Broke off our chains, brought sure release,
And turned to praise our prayer.

HARK! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Words by Oliver Johnson.

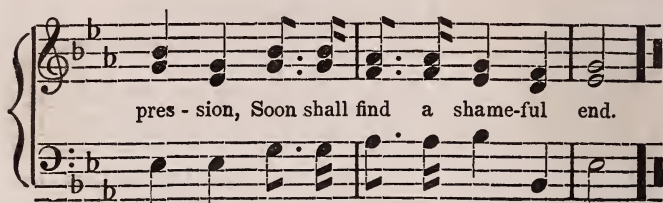
Music—"Zion."

Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming, Com - fort

to the mourn-ing slave; God has heard him long com-

plain - ing, And ex - tends his arm to save; Proud op-

pres-sion Soon shall find a shame-ful grave; Proud op-



See, the light of truth is breaking
 Full and clear on every hand;
 And the voice of mercy speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land :
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of freedom stand,

Lo! the nation is arousing
 From its slumber long and deep ;
 And the friends of God are waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman,
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame :
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim—
 Till exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

THE PLEASANT LAND WE LOVE.

Words by N. P. Willis.

Air, Carrier Dove.

The musical score is written for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a gentle, flowing accompaniment. The lyrics are: Joy to the plea - sant land we love, The / The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her / land our fa - thers trod ! Joy to the land for / in - - fant child be - side ; The fa - ther on his / which they won " Free - dom to wor - ship God." For / no - ble boy Looks with a fear - less pride. The

Joy to the plea - sant land we love, The

The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her

land our fa - thers trod ! Joy to the land for

in - - fant child be - side ; The fa - ther on his

which they won " Free - dom to wor - ship God." For

no - ble boy Looks with a fear - less pride. The

peace on all its sun - - ny hills, On
grey old man, be - neath the tree, Tales

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

eve - ry mountain broods, And sleeps by all its
of his childhood tells; And sweet - ly in the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.
hush of morn Peal out the Sab - bath bells.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the notes.

And we ARE free—but is there not
 One blot upon our name?
 Is our proud record written fair
 Upon the scroll of fame?
 Our banner floateth by the shore,
 Our flag upon the sea;
 But when the fettered slave is loosed,
 We shall be truly free!

The Freed Slave.

Yet once again, once more again,
 My bark bounds o'er the wave;
 They know not, who ne'er clanked the
 chain,
 What 'tis to be a slave:
 To sit alone, beside the wood,
 And gaze upon the sky:
 This may, indeed, be solitude,
 But 'tis not slavery.

Fatigued with labor's noontide task,
 To sigh in vain for sleep;
 Or faintly smile, our griefs to mask,
 When 't would be joy to weep;
 To court the shade of leafy bower,
 Thirst for the freeborn wave,
 But to obtain denied the power—
 This is to be a slave!

Son of the sword! on honor's field
 'Tis thine to find a grave;
 Yet, when from life's worst ill 'twould
 shield,
 It comes not to the slave.
 The lightsome to the heavy heart,
 The laugh changed to the sigh;

To live from all we love apart—
 Oh! this is slavery.

The Flag of the Free.

By G. W. C.

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,
 Let it float at the mast-head high;
 And gather around, all hearts resolved,
 To sustain it there or die:
 An emblem of peace and hope to the
 world,
 Unstained let it ever be;
 And say to the world, where'er it waves,
 Our flag is the flag of the free!

That banner proclaims to the list'ning
 earth,
 That the reign of base tyrants is o'er,
 The galling chain of the cruel lord,
 Shall enslave mankind no more:
 An emblem of hope to the poor and
 crushed,
 O place it where all may see;
 And shout with glad voice as you raise it
 high,
 Our flag is the flag of the free!

Then on high, on high let that banner
 wave,
 And lead us the foe to meet,
 Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,
 Or be our winding sheet:
 And never, oh, never be it furled,
 'Till it wave o'er earth and sea;
 And all mankind shall swell the shout
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

G. W. C.

Air "Oft in the stillly night."

March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'March to the Battlefield'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics 'March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be-' are written below the grand staff.

fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And' are written below the grand staff.

heaven is smil - - ing o'er us The

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It features a final cadence in the treble staff. The lyrics 'heaven is smil - - ing o'er us The' are written below the grand staff.

woes and pains of slave - ry's chains, That

bind their mill-ions un - - der; In proud disdain we'll

burst in twain, And tear each link a - sun - - - der.

D. C.

Who for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader ?
 Who his base life to save
 Would traitor like degrade her ?
 Our hallowed cause—
 Our homes and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant hosts sustaining,
 We'll win a crown of bright renown,
 Or die, man's rights maintaining,
 March to the battlefield, &c.

Oft in the Chilly Night.

BY PIERPONT.

Oft in the chilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 When all her silvery light
 The moon is pouring round me,
 Beneath its ray I kneel and pray
 That God would give some token
 That slavery's chains on Southern plains,
 Shall all ere long be broken :
 Yes, in the chilly night,
 Though slavery's chain has bound me,
 Kneel I, and feel the might
 Of God's right arm around me.

When at the driver's call,
 In cold or sultry weather,
 We slaves, both great and small,
 Turn out to toil together,
 I feel like one from whom the sun
 Of hope has long departed ;
 And morning's light, and weary night,
 Still find me broken hearted :
 Thus, when the chilly breath
 Of night is sighing round me,
 Kneel I, and wish that death
 In his cold chain had bound me.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Parodied by G. W. C.

Tune, Lutzow's Wild Hunt.

From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef in 6/8 time. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and are in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What' are positioned below the middle staff.

shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and are in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds' are positioned below the middle staff.

back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and are in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And' are positioned below the middle staff.

loud through the air they are sound - ing: And if you

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

ask what those joyous strains? 'Tis the 'Tis the

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, including a flat and a sharp sign. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.

This system contains the final three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

And who through our nation is waging the fight ?
 What host from the battle is flying ?
 Our true hearted freemen maintain the right,
 And the monster oppression is dying,
 And the monster oppression is dying :
 And if you ask what you there behold ?
 'Tis the army of freemen, the true and the bold.

Too long have slave-holders triumphantly reigned.
 Too long in their chains have they bound us ;
 To freedom awaking, no longer enchained,
 The goddess of freedom has saved us,
 The goddess of freedom has saved us :
 And if you ask what has made us free ?
 'Tis the vote that gave us our liberty.

Holy Freedom.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main !
 The chains from their limbs they are flinging !
 They stand up as men !—never tyrant again,
 In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane !
 It is Liberty's song that is ringing !
 Hark ! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
 " Freedom ! Freedom ! Freedom, our joy is in thee !"

Alas ! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
 The groans of her slaves are resounding !
 On plains of the South their life-blood they pour !
 O, Freemen ! blest Freemen ! your help they implore !
 It is Slavery's wail that is sounding !
 Hark ! loud comes the cry on the Southern gale,
 " Freedom ! Freedom Freedom or death must prevail !"

O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,
 With courage and hope all abounding,
 With weapons of love be ye bold for the right !
 By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight !
 Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,
 Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out !
 " Freedom ! Freedom ! " 'ist all the world to the shout !

ARE YE TRULY FREE?

Words by J. R. Lowell.

Air, "Martyn."

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly

Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Men un-wor - thy

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

brave and free; } If ye do not feel the
free and brave? }

to be freed?

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

chain, When it works a broth-er's pain.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the second system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe God's bounteous air,
If ye hear without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with hand and heart to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with *two* or *three*.

That's my Country.

Does the land, in native might,
Pant for Liberty and Right?
Long to cast from human kind
Chains of body and of mind—
That's my country, that's the land
I can love with heart and hand,
O'er her miseries weep and sigh,
For her glory live and die.

Does the land her banner wave,
Most invitingly, to save;
Woing to her arms of love,
Strangers who would freemen prove?
That's the land to which I cling,
Of her glories I can sing,
On her altar nobly swear
Higher still her fame to rear.

Does the land no conquest make,
But the war for honor's sake—
Count the greatest triumph won,
That which most of good has done—
That's the land approved of God;
That's the land whose stainless sod
O'er my sleeping dust shall bloom,
Noblest land and noblest tomb!

YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

Words by Mrs. J. G. Carter.

Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top two staves are treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the other two staves.

myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature.

Unisons.

madness Break out in wails, in bitter cries, Break out in

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a 'Unisons' section where the melody and accompaniment are simplified for a single voice or instrument. The system consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature.

waits, in bitter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are joined by a brace on the left and form a grand staff with two treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics 'waits, in bitter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with' are positioned below the middle staff.

anguish, Yes, trembling slaves, in freedom's land En-

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the grand staff format from the first system. The key signature remains two sharps. The lyrics 'anguish, Yes, trembling slaves, in freedom's land En-' are positioned below the middle staff.

dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the grand staff format. The key signature remains two sharps. The lyrics 'dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must' are positioned below the middle staff.

na - ture 'neath the whip-cord lan - guish? Have

Unisons.

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics 'na - ture 'neath the whip-cord lan - guish? Have' are written below the piano part. The word 'Unisons.' is written above the middle staff.

Pi - ty on the slave, Take cour-age from God's

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Pi - ty on the slave, Take cour-age from God's' are written below the piano part.

word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The lyrics 'word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-' are written below the piano part.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics are: solved, These cap - - tives shall be free, Pray

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics are: on, Pray on, all hearts re-

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand and bass staves. The lyrics are: solved these cap - - tives shall be free.

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,
 Which God in mercy long delays;
 Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
 While whose plantations smoke and blaze!
 And we may now prevent the ruin,
 Ere lawless force with guilty stride
 Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—
 With untold crimes their hands embruing.
 Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

With luxury and wealth surrounded,
 The southern masters proudly dare,
 With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend God's light and air!
 To mete and vend God's light and air;
 Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,
 Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;
 While they in vain for right implore;
 And shall they longer still be goaded?
 Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved these captives shall be free.

O Liberty! can man e'er bind thee?
 Can overseers quench thy flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
 Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
 Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
 Too long the slave has groaned bewailing
 The power these heartless tyrants wield;
 Yet free them not by sword or shield,
 For with men's heart's they're unavailing.
 Have pity on the slave:
 Take courage from God's word;
Vote on! vote on! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.

Words by Mary H. Maxwell.

Music by G. W. C.

The storm-winds wildly blowing, The bursting billows
As, with their foam-crests glowing, They dash the sea-girt

This system contains the first two staves of music. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

mock, } A - mid the wild com - mo - tion, The
rock ; }

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

rev - - el of the sea, A voice is on the

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

o - - cean, Be free, O man, be free.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

Behold the sea-brine leaping
 High in the murky air;
 List to the tempest sweeping
 In chainless fury there.
 What moves the mighty torrent,
 And bids it flow abroad?
 Or turns the rapid current?
 What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit
 Less noble or less free?
 From whom does it inherit
 The doom of slavery?
 When man can bind the waters,
 That they no longer roll,
 Then let him forge the fetters
 To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
 From earth and sea, and sky,
 And to the soul revealing
 Its immortality.
 The swift wind chants the numbers
 Careering o'er the sea,
 And earth aroused from slumbers,
 Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

Arouse! Arouse!

Arouse, arouse, arouse!
 Ye beld New England men!
 No more with sullen brows,
 Remain as ye have been:

Your country's freedom calls,
 Once bought by patriots' blood
 Rouse, or that freedom falls
 Beneath the tyrant's rod!

Three million men in chains,
 Your friendly aid implore;
 Slight you the piteous strains
 That from their bosoms pour?
 Shall it be told in story,
 Or troll'd in burning song,
 New England's boasted glory
 Forgot the bondman's wrong?

Shall freeman's sons be taunted,
 That freedom's spirit's fled;
 That what the fathers vaunted,
 With sordid sons is dead?
 That they in grovelling gain
 Have lost their ancient fire,
 And 'neath the despot's chain,
 Let liberty expire?

Oh no, your father's bones
 Would cry out from the ground;
 Ay, e'en New England's stones
 Would echo on the sound:
 Rouse, then, New England men!
 Rally in freedom's name!
 In your bosoms once again
 Light up the sleeping flame!

THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Tune—"Cherokee Death-song."

Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-' are written below the staff.

joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju - bi - lant

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju - bi - lant' are written below the staff.

voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the' are written below the staff.

sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.' are written below the staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Let the islands be glad !
For their King in his might,
Who his glory hath clad
With a garment of light,
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

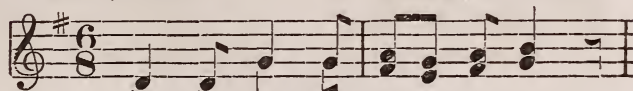
No more shall the deep,
Lend its awe-stricken waves,
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves ;
The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn !
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn :
The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the sea,
And day now illumines the land of the free.

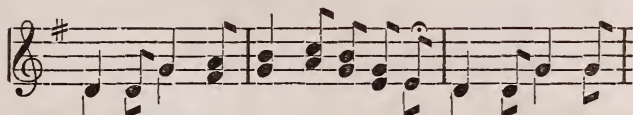
THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady.

Air— Morgiana in Ireland.



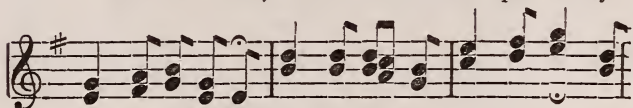
When bright morn - ing lights the hills,



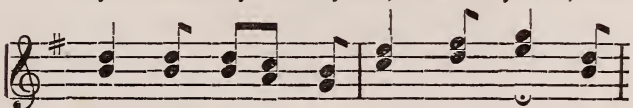
Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with



sor - row fills, While here I plod my



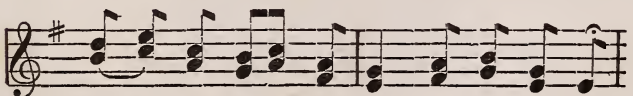
way so wea-ri-ly: Sad my face, more sad my heart, From



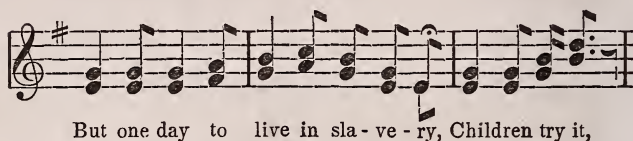
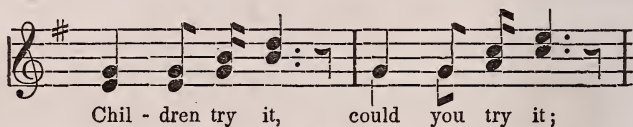
home, from all I had to part, A



lov - ing moth-er, my sis - ter, my brother, For



chains and lash in hope - less mis - e - ry,

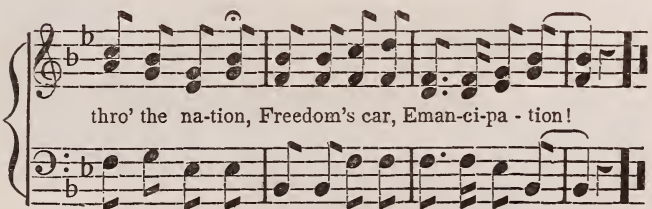
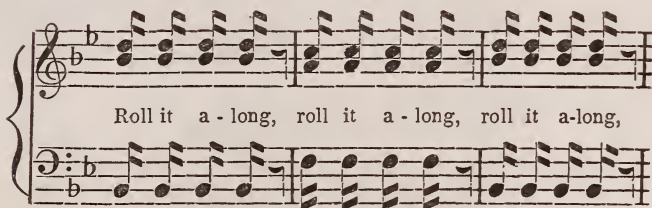
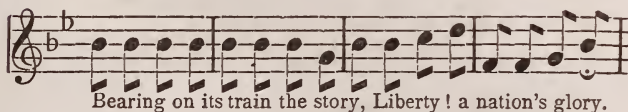


Ere I close my eyes to sleep,
 Thoughts of home keep coming over me;
 All alone I wake and weep—
 Yet mother hears not—no one pities me—
 Never smiling, sick, forlorn,
 Oh that I had ne'er been born!
 I should not sorrow to die to-morrow,
 Then mother earth would kindly shelter me;
 Children try it, could you try it!
 Give me freedom, yes, from misery!
 Children try it, try it, try it!
 Come, come, give me Liberty!

GET OFF THE TRACK.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Dan Tucker."



Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions;
 Merchants, editors, physicians,
 Lawyers, priests, and politicians.
 Get out of the way ! every station !
 Clear the track of 'mancipation !

Let the ministers and churches
 Leave behind sectarian lurches ;
 Jump on board the Car of Freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm ! Pulpits thunder !
 Ere too late you see your blunder !

Politicians gazed, astounded,
 When, at first, our bell resounded :
Freight trains are coming, tell these foxes,
 With our *votes* and *ballot boxes*.
 Jump for your lives ! politicians,
 From your dangerous, false positions.

Railroads to emancipation
 Cannot rest on false foundation.
 And the road of Hunkerdomation
 Leads direct to slave extension.
 Pull up the rails ! Emancipation
 Cannot rest on such foundation.

All true friends of Emancipation,
 Hasten to Freedom's railroad station ;
 Quick into the cars get seated,
 All is ready and completed.—
 Put on the steam ! all are crying,
 And the liberty flags are flying.

On, triumphant see them bearing,
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing ;
 The bell and whistle and the steaming,
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.
 Look out for the cars while the bell rings !
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us ;
 At the depôts thousands greet us ;
 All take seats with exultation,
 In the Car Emancipation.
 Huzza ! Huzza !! Emancipation
 Soon will bless our happy nation.
 Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !!!

FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY

Words from the "Bangor Gazette."

Air, "Crambambule."

Let wait-ing throngs now lift their voi-ces, As
While every gen - tle tongue re - - joices, And

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Free - dom's glo - rious day draws near, } The
each bold heart is filled with cheer, }

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with a closing brace at the end of the line.

slave has seen the Northern star, He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah !

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah !

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Though many still are writhing under
The cruel whips of "chevaliers,"
Who mothers from their children sunder,
And scourge them for their helpless tears—
Their safe deliv'rance is not far!
The day draws nigh!—hurrah, hurrah!

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest
Surrounds the earth as with a pall;
Dry up thy tears, O thou that weepst,
That on thy sight the rays may fall!
No doubt let now thy bosom mar:
Send up the shout—hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we distrust the God of Heaven?—
He every doubt and fear will quell;
By him the captive's chains are riven—
So let us loud the chorus swell!
Man shall be free from cruel law,—
Man shall be MAN!—hurrah, hurrah!

No more again shall it be granted
To southern overseers to rule—
No more will pilgrims' sons be taunted
With cringing low in slavery's school.
So clear the way for Freedom's car—
The free shall rule!—hurrah, hurrah!

Send up the shout Emancipation—
From heaven let the echoes bound—
Soon will it bless this franchised nation,
Come raise again the stirring sound?
Emancipation near and far—
Swell up the shout—hurrah! hurrah!

HARBINGER OF LIBERTY.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

See yon glo-rious star as - cend - ing, Brightly
Truth and peace on earth por- tending, Herald

o'er the Southern sea! } Hail it, Free-men! Hail it
of a ju - bi - lee! }

Free - men! 'Tis the star of Lib - er - ty.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features three systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves. The first system contains the first line of the verse. The second system contains the second line of the verse, with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The third system contains the third line of the verse. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal line, using chords and single notes.

Dim at first—but widely spreading,
 Soon 'twill burst supremely bright,
 Life and health and comfort shedding
 O'er the shades of moral night;
 Hail it, Bondmen!
 Slavery cannot bear its light.

Few its rays—'t is but the dawning
 Of the reign of truth and peace;
 Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning,
 To the tyrants of our race;
 Tremble, Tyrants!
 Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

Earth is brighten'd by the glory
 Of its mild and peaceful rays;
 Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,
 See its light, and sing its praise;
 Hail it, Christians!
 Harbinger of better days.

Light of Truth.

HARK! a voice from heaven proclaiming
 Comfort to the mourning slave;
 God has heard him long complaining,
 And extends his arm to save;
 Proud Oppression
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

See! the light of truth is breaking,
 Full and clear on ev'ry hand;
 And the voice of mercy, speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land;
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of Freedom stand!

Lo! the nation is arousing
 From its slumbers, long and deep;
 And the church of God is waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman,
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming,
 O'er our country's sin and shame;
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim,
 Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

BREAK EVERY YOKE.

Tune—"O no, we never mention her."

Break eve - ry yoke, the Gos - pel cries, And Of
Let eve - ry cap - tive taste the joys Of

Send thy good Spir - it from a - bove, And
Send sweet de - liv - 'rance to the slave, And

let th'op-pressed go free, } Lord, when shall man thy
peace and lib - er - ty. }

melt th'op - pres - sor's heart, } With free - dom's bless - ings
bid his woes de - part. }

voice o - - bey, And rend each i - ron chain, Oh

crown his day—O'er - flow his heart with love, Teach

when shall love its golden sway, O'er all the earth main-tain.

him that straight and nar-row way, Which leads to rest a - bove.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

She sings by her wheel at that low cot-tage

The first system of musical notation for 'The Yankee Girl'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle treble staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, with the lyrics 'She sings by her wheel at that low cot-tage' written below the middle staff. The middle and bass staves provide harmonic accompaniment.

door, Which the long evening sha- dow is stretching be-

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'door, Which the long evening sha- dow is stretching be-' are written below the middle staff.

fore ; With a mu - sic as sweet as the mu-sic which

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the phrase 'fore ; With a mu - sic as sweet as the mu-sic which'. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

seems Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a 19th-century style with various note values and rests.

dreams! How brilliant and mirth-ful the light of her

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music continues with various note values and rests.

eye, Like a star glancing out from the

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music continues with various note values and rests.

blue of the sky! And light - ly and

The first system of the musical score features three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'blue of the sky! And light - ly and' are positioned below the middle staff.

free - ly her dark tres - ses play O'er a

The second system of the musical score continues with three staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. The lyrics 'free - ly her dark tres - ses play O'er a' are positioned below the middle staff.

brow and a bo - som as love - ly as they!

The third system of the musical score concludes with three staves in the same key signature and clefs. The lyrics 'brow and a bo - som as love - ly as they!' are positioned below the middle staff.

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law.”

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

“Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold!
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with *them*, than in freedom with *thee*!”

THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

A Parody

Air, "Long, long ago."

Where are the friends that to me were so
Where are the hopes that my heart used to

I am de - gra - ded, for man was my

dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a -
cheer? Long, long a - go, long, long a -

foe, Long, long a - go, long, long a -

go! } Friends that I loved in the
go! }

go!
go!

grave are laid low, All hope of

Detailed description: The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes. There are repeat signs and first/second endings indicated by dots and brackets. The overall mood is somber and reflective, consistent with the title 'The Slave's Lamentation'.



Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 She was my angel, my love and my pride—
 Vainly to save her from torture I tried,
 Poor broken heart! She rejoiced as she died,
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!

Let me look back on the days of my youth—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Master withheld from me knowledge and truth—
 Long, long ago—long ago!
 Crushed all the hopes of my earliest day,
 Sent me from father and mother away—
 Forbade me to read, nor allowed me to pray—
 Long, long ago—long, long ago!

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Montgomery and Denison.

Tune, "Duane Street."

A poor way - far - ing man of grief, Hath

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'A poor way - far - ing man of grief, Hath' are written below the staff, with the word 'Hath' at the end of the first line.

of - ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'of - ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly' are written below the staff.

for re - lief, That I could nev - er an-swer nay; I

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'for re - lief, That I could nev - er an-swer nay; I' are written below the staff.

had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or' are written below the staff.

whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which

won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered—not a word he spake—
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again :
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof:
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof;
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
 I laid him on my couch to rest:
 Then made the ground my bed and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
 And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
 His sweat fell fast along the plains,
 Deep dyed from many a fearful gash:
 But I in bonds remembered him,
 And strove to free each fettered limb,
 As with my tears I washed his blood,
 Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

I saw him in the negro pew,
His head hung low upon his breast,
His locks were wet with drops of dew,
Gathered while he for entrance pressed
Within those aisles, whose courts are given
That black and white may reach one heaven;
And as I meekly sought his feet,
He smiled, and made a throne my seat.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn,
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

WE'RE FOR FREEDOM THOUGH THE LAND.

Words by J. E. Robinson.

Music arranged from the "Old Granite State."

We are com-ing, we are com-ing! free-dom's

bat - tle is be - gun! No hand shall furl her

ban - ner ere her vic - to - ry be won! Our

shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left and form a grand staff with two treble clefs and one bass clef. All staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the top treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics 'shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-' are positioned below the middle staff.

fore : Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a - del ! op-

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'fore : Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a - del ! op-' are positioned below the middle staff.

pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for

The third system of the musical score concludes the phrase. The lyrics 'pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for' are positioned below the middle staff.

The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

freedom, We will vote for freedom, We will

vote for freedom Throughout our na-tive land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;
 We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;
 We are coming, we are coming! and, "No league with tyrant man,"
 Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van!

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle brand;
 We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter in our hand;
 And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and ever more—
 Shall be heard as ocean's thunders, when they burst upon the shore!

We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 We will vote for freedom,
 Throughout our native land.

Be patient, O, be patient! ye suffering ones of earth!
Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth;
With fettered limbs and spirits, your battle shall be won!
O be patient—we are coming! suffer on, suffer on!

We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's wrath,
When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path;
But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon
The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.

We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
Throughout our native land.

O, be patient in your misery! be mute in your despair!
While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air!
Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,
We are coming! we are coming! bringing freedom to the bound!

We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
Throughout our native land.

NOTE.—Suggested by a song sung by George W. Clark, at a recent Convention held in Rochester, N. Y.

Raise a Shout for Liberty.

Air, "Old Granite State."

Come, all ye sons and daughters,
Raise a shout from freedom's quarters,
Like the voice of many waters,
Let it echo through the land ;
And let all the people,
And let all the people,
And let all the people,
Raise a shout for liberty !
We have long been benighted,
And the cause of freedom slighted ;
But we now are all united
To redeem our native land ;
And we mean to conquer, (*Repeat*)
With a shout for liberty !
Let us raise a song of gladness.
To subdue the tyrant's madness,
Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,
With the chorus of the free ;
And let all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty !
Let Liberty awaken,
And never be forsaken,
Till the enemy is taken,
And the victory is won :—
Then will all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty !
Come and join our holy mission,
Whatsoever your condition,
Let each honest politician,
Come and labor for the slave ;
We will bid you welcome, &c.
With a shout for liberty !
With the flag of freedom o'er us,
And the light of truth before us,
Let all freemen raise the chorus,
And the nation shall be free ;
Then with all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty !
Then spread the proclamation,
Throughout this guilty nation,
And let every habitation
Be a dwelling of the free !
And let all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty !

WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ONE PARENT.

Words from the Youth's Cabinet.

Music by L. Mason.

Sister, thou art worn and weary, Toiling for another's gain;

Thou must rise at dawn of light, And thy daily task pursue,

Life with thee is dark and dreary, Filled with wretchedness and pain.

Till the darkness of the night Hide thy labors from thy view.

Oft, alas! thou hast to bear
Sufferings more than tongue can tell;
Thy oppressor will not spare,
But delights thy griefs to swell;
Oft thy back the scourge has felt,
Then to God thou'st raised the cry
That the tyrant's heart he'd melt
Ere thou should'st in tortures die.

Injured sister, well we know
That thy lot in life is hard;
Sad thy state of toil and wo,
From all blessedness debarred.
While each sympathizing heart
Pities thy forlorn distress;
We would sweet relief impart,
And delight thy soul to bless.

And what lies within our power
We most cheerfully will do,
That will haste the blissful hour
Fraught with news of joy to you;
And when comes the happy day
That shall free our captive friend,
When Jehovah's mighty sway
Shall to slavery put an end:

Then, dear sister, we with thee
Will to heaven direct our voice;
Joyfully with voices free
We'll in lofty strains rejoice;
Gracious God! thy name we'll bless,
Hallelujah evermore,
Thou hast heard in righteousness,
And our sister's griefs are o'er.

FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Parody

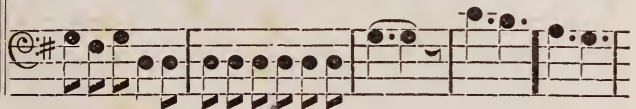
Music by Pax.



1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now thy power is o'er ; Long, long
 2. Thou, thou, brought'st me ever, Deep, deep sorrow and pain; But I
 3. Tyrant ! thou hast bereft me Home, friends, pleasures so sweet, Now,



have I obeyed thee, I'm not a slave any more—No, no—oh, no!
 have left thee forever, Nor will I serve thee again—No, no—oh, no!
 forever I've left thee, Thou and I never shall meet—No, no—oh, no!



I'm a *free man* ever - more!
 No, I'll not serve thee a - gain.
 Thou and I never shall meet.



IV.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
 Now, now, on me will pour,
 Hope, hope, on me is dawning.
I'm not a slave any more!
 No, no—oh, no,
 I'm a **FREE MAN** evermore!

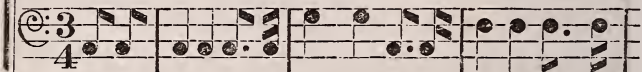
HELP! O HELP!

Tenderly.

G. W. C



1. Help! O help! thou God of Christians! Save a mother from des-
2. From my arms by force they're rended, Sailors drag them to the
- 3 There my son lies pale and bleeding; Fast with cords his hands are



4. See his little sister by him, Quaking, trembling, how she
5. Hear the little daughter begging—Take me, white men, for your



pair; Cru-el white men steal my children, God of
sea— Yonder ship at an-chor rid-ing, Swift will
bound; See the ty-rants, how they scourge him: See his



lies! Drops of blood her face be-sprinkle—Tears of
own; Spare! O spare my darl-ing brother! He's my



Christians! hear my prayer.
car-ry them a-way.
sides a reek-ing wound.



anguish fill her eyes.
mother's on-ly son.

VI.
Christians, who's the God you worship?
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
Does he take delight in mercy,
Or in spilling human blood?

VII.
“ Ah! my poor distracted mother!
Hear her scream upon the shore!”
Down the savage captain struck her
Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

VIII.
Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
To the ocean bent his way:
Headlong plunged the raving mother
From a rock into the sea.

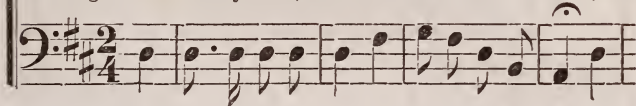
THE TREMBLING FUGITIVE.

Slow.

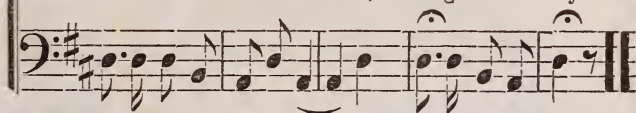
G. W. C.



1. To-night the bond-man, Lord, Is bleeding in his chains ; And
2. To-night is heard the shriek Of pain and anguish wild ; And
3. To-night, with stealthy tread, While doors and locks are barr'd, The



loud the falling lash is heard, On Car-o - li - na's plains !
 one by one her heart-strings break, As Rachel mourns her child !
 slave devours the crumb of bread, The dogs left in the yard !



4. To-night, in swamp or brake,
 The fugitive, Oh God !
 Hears baying blood-hounds on his track,
 Eager to drink his blood !
5. Oh, may no cloud arise
 To hide the pole-star's ray,
 Which smiles and beckons from the skies,
 To cheer him on his way.
6. Whilst he pursues his flight
 With bleeding heart and limb—
 Shall we petition Thee, to-night,
 And not remember him ?
7. O God ! do thou provide,
 And sure assistance give ;
 And in thy dark pavilion hide
 The trembling fugitive.

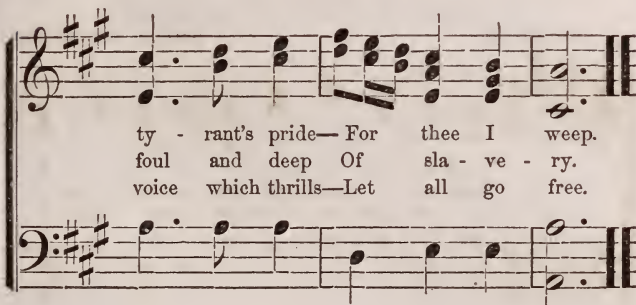
MY COUNTRY.

Tune—"God save the King," or "America."

1. My country, 'tis for thee, Dark land of slave - ry,
 2. My na - tive coun - try ! thee, Land of the no - ble free—
 3. From ev - ery mountain side, Upon the o - cean's tide,

For thee I weep ; Land where the slave has sighed,
 Of lib - er - ty— My na - tive coun - try, weep !
 They call on thee ; A - mid thy rocks and rills,

And where he toiled and died, To serve a
 A fast in sor - row keep ; The stain is
 Thy woods and temp - led hills, I hear a



4. Arise ! break every band,
And sound throughout this land,
Sweet freedom's song ;
No groans their song shall break,
But all that breathe partake,
And slaves their silence break—
The sound prolong.

5. Our fathers' God ! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we pray :
Soon may our land be pure,
Let freedom's light endure,
And liberty secure,
Beneath thy sway.

THE LIBERTY ARMY.

Our brother, lo ! we come !
But not with sounding drum
We come to thee.
No bloody flag we bear ;
No implements of war,
Nor carnage red shall mar
Our victory.

Our flag is spotless white,
Our watch-word, " Freedom's Right
To all be given."
Our emblem is the dove,
Our weapons, Truth and Love,
Our Captain, God above,
Who rules in heaven.

Behold ! Salvation's King
On the dark tempest's wing
In haste comes down.
Oppression's cheek is pale,
And despots blanch and quail ;
The parting clouds reveal
Jehovah's frown !

Exult ye valleys now !
Ye melting mountains flow
To meet your King !
Let Slavery's knell be rung !
Oppression's dirge be sung !
And every bondman's tongue
Of freedom sing !

SPIRIT OF FREEMEN, AWAKE !

Spirit of Freemen, wake ;
No truce with slavery make,
Thy deadly foe ;
In fair disguises dressed,
Too long hast thou caressed
The serpent in thy breast ;
Now lay him low.

Sons of the Free ! we call
On you, in field and hall,
To rise as one ;
Your heaven-born rights maintain,
Nor let oppression's chain
On human limbs remain ;
Speak, and 'tis done !

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

Bavaria—German Air.

1. { Loud he sang the 'psalm of Da - vid! He a
Sang of Is - rael's glo - rious vic - t'ry, Sang of
D. C. In a voice so sweet and clear That I

Fine.
ne - gro and en - slaved, }
Zi-on, bright and free, } In that hour, when night is
could not choose but hear.

D. C.
calm-est, Sang he from the He-brew Psalmist,

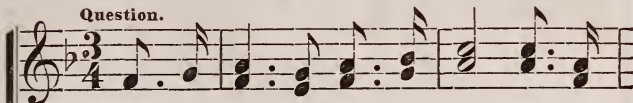
2.
Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.
And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion,
For its tones by turns are glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

3.
Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
But, alas, what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

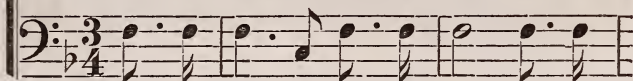
FREEMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.*

Tune—" Watchman, tell us of the night."

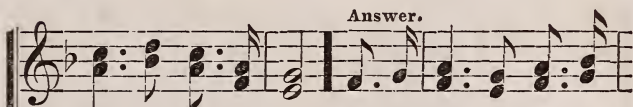
Question.



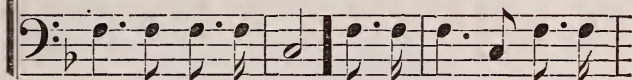
1. Free - man, tell us of the night, What its
2. Free - man, tell us of the night, Does its
3. Free - man, shall our fet - ter'd race Plead for



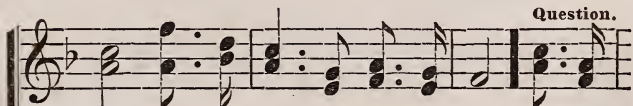
Answer.



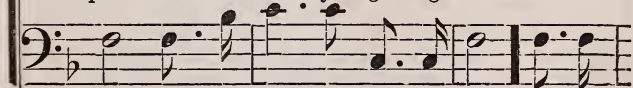
signs of promise are: Bondman—lo! Brit-tan - nia's
 star ap-proach our land? Bondman—mark yon dawning
 lib - er - ty in vain? Bondman—lo! the God of



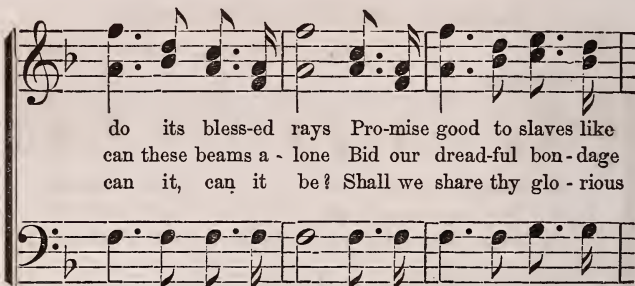
Question.



light! Free-dom's glo - ry beaming star! Free-man!
 light! Lo! the break-ing day's at hand; Free-man!
 peace Comes to break your gall-ing chain! Free-man!

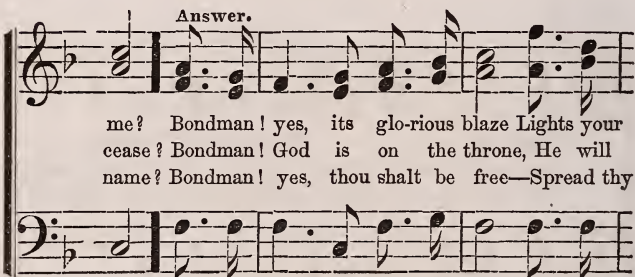


* To be sung, when practicable, responsively, or as a Dialogue.



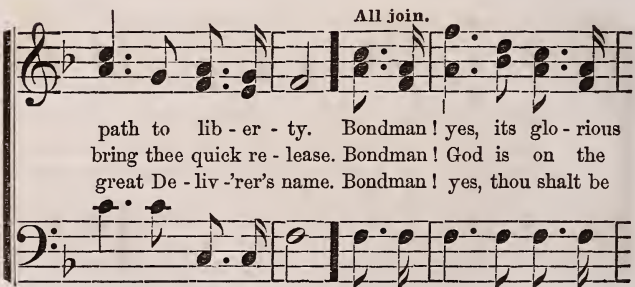
do its bless-ed rays Pro-mise good to slaves like
can these beams a - lone Bid our dread-ful bon - dage
can it, can it be? Shall we share thy glo - rious

Answer.

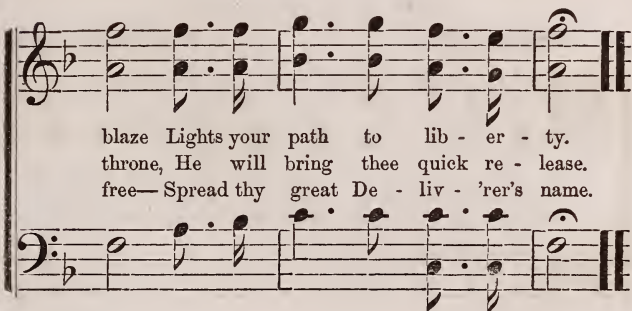


me? Bondman! yes, its glo-rious blaze Lights your
cease? Bondman! God is on the throne, He will
name? Bondman! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy

All join.



path to lib - er - ty. Bondman! yes, its glo - rious
bring thee quick re - lease. Bondman! God is on the
great De - liv - 'rer's name. Bondman! yes, thou shalt be

**APPEAL TO WOMAN.***AIR — Bavaria, page 196.*

1.

Sister ! were thy brother bleeding,
 Shedding slavery's scalding tear,
 If for him we now came pleading,
 Should we meet the cruel sneer ?
 Daughter ! were thy parent weeping,
 Clanking now the iron chain,
 Should we come and find thee sleeping,—
 Rouse thee, but to plead in vain ?

2.

Mother ! were thy nursling taken
 From thee by a ruffian hand,
 Should we find thee now unshaken,
 Hear thee say,—“Tis God's command !”
 Should thou see thy loved and chosen—
 Thy fond husband sold for gain,
 Thou wouldst deem that bosom frozen,
 That should heedless know thy pain.

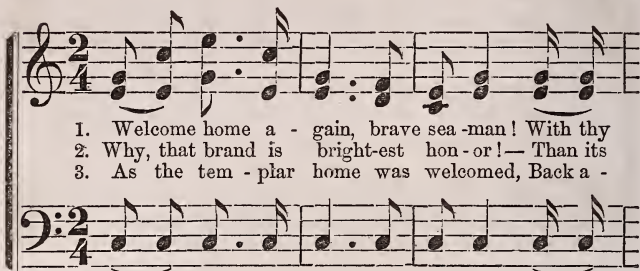
3.

Why then loiter, freedom's daughter !
 Hear ye not the plaintive tone
 Wafted from the field of slaughter ?
 'Tis a sister's dying moan !
 Sisters ! Mothers ! lift your voices,
 Join, the cursed chain to break ;
 Onward, till the slave rejoices,
 Freed from bondage : wake—oh ! wake.

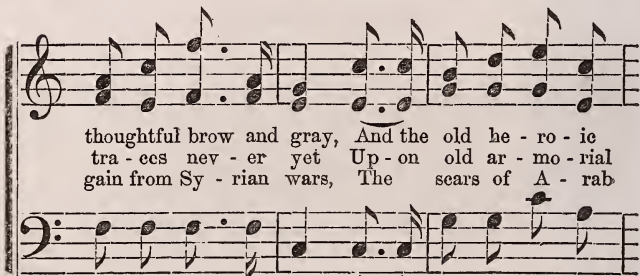
THE BRANDED HAND.*

Words by Whittier.

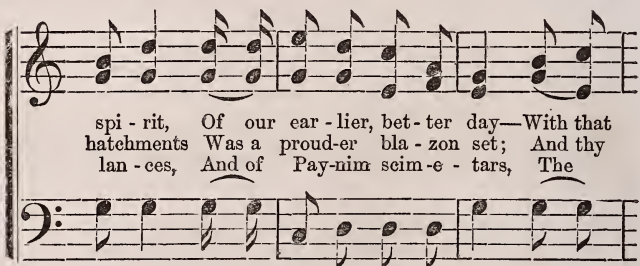
Music by G. W. C.



1. Welcome home a - gain, brave sea-man! With thy
 2. Why, that brand is bright-est hon-or!— Than its
 3. As the tem - plar home was welcomed, Back a -

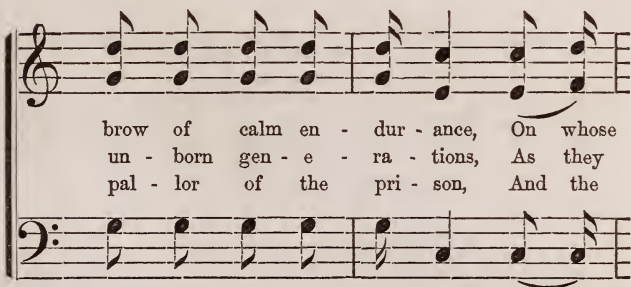


thoughtful brow and gray, And the old he - ro - ic
 tra - ces nev - er yet Up - on old ar - mo - rial
 gain from Sy - rian wars, The scars of A - rab

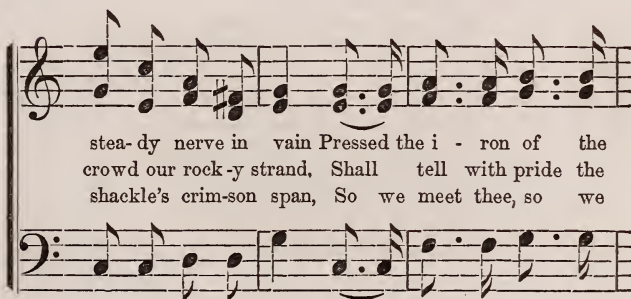


spi - rit, Of our ear - lier, bet - ter day—With that
 hatchments Was a proud-er bla - zon set; And thy
 lan - ces, And of Pay-nim scim-e - tars, The

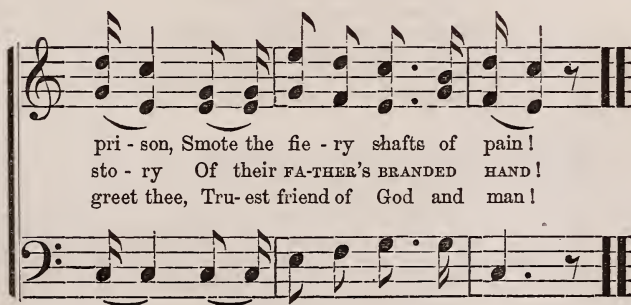
* JONATHAN WALKER, a citizen of Massachusetts, returning from Florida, on the high seas, took on board his ship, and befriended some poor fugitives escaping from the horrors of slavery. For this humane act he was imprisoned at Pensacola, Florida, made to pay a fine, put in the stocks, pelted with eggs, and at last the letters "S. S." branded into the living flesh of his right hand, with a hot iron. These lines were addressed to him by Whittier, on his return home.



brow of calm en - dur - ance, On whose
un - born gen - e - ra - tions, As they
pal - lor of the pri - son, And the



stea - dy nerve in vain Pressed the i - ron of the
crowd our rock - y strand, Shall tell with pride the
shackle's crim - son span, So we meet thee, so we



pri - son, Smote the fie - ry shafts of pain!
sto - ry Of their FA - THER'S BRANDED HAND!
greet thee, Tru - est friend of God and man!

4.

He suffered for the ransom
Of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence
In the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer
By the feet of angels trod;
Thou for the true Shechina,
The present home of God!

5.

In thy lone and long night watches,
Sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom
Then the babbling school men know;
God's stars and silence taught thee,
As his angels only can,
That the one sole, sacred thing
Beneath the cope of heaven is man!

6.

That he, who treads profanely
On the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depths of God's great goodness
May find mercy in his need:
But woe to him that crushes
The soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower nature,
The awful form of God!

7.

Then lift thy manly right hand,
Bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy
"Salvation to the slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
That whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
His sinews change to steel.

8.

Hold it up before our sunshine,
Up against our Northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts,
For the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—
Like Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye,
Let that hand be seen before!

"HOLY TIME."

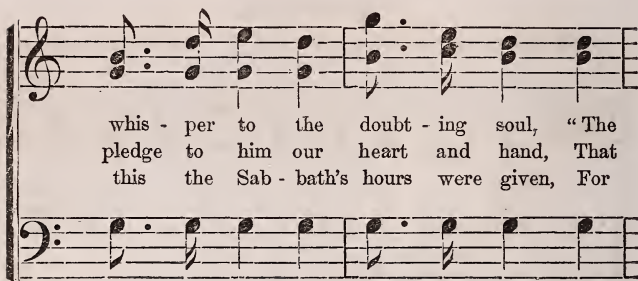
"The Sabbath was made for man."

Tune—"Somerville."

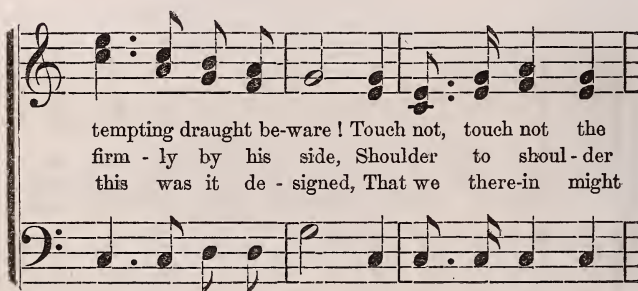
1. What's "ho - ly time?" what's "ho - ly time?" There
 2. To raise the bond - man from the dust, Where
 3. The light of home a - gain to shed O'er

is no time too pure To win the err - ing
 he hath suf - fer'd long, To bid him hope with
 many a drea - ry hearth; To raise once more the

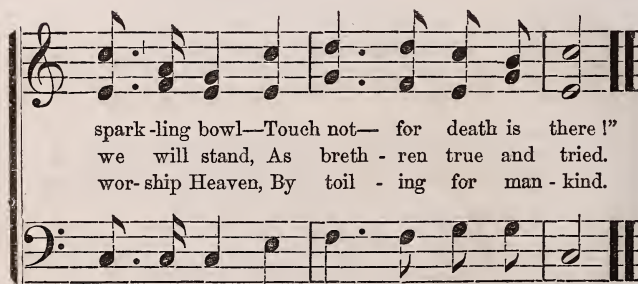
back from crime, The wav - 'ring to se - cure; To
 joy - ful trust, Take cour - age, and be strong; To
 tones long fled—The tones of joy and mirth, For



whis - per to the doubt - ing soul, "The
pledge to him our heart and hand, That
this the Sab - bath's hours were given, For



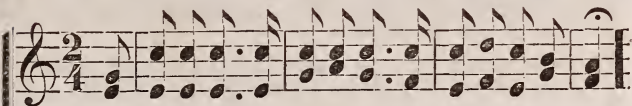
tempting draught be-ware ! Touch not, touch not the
firm - ly by his side, Shoulder to shoul - der
this was it de - signed, That we there-in might



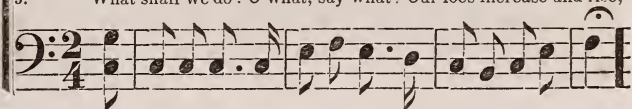
spark - ling bowl—Touch not— for death is there !"
we will stand, As breth - ren true and tried.
wor - ship Heaven, By toil - ing for man - kind.

SLAVEHOLDER'S LAMENT.

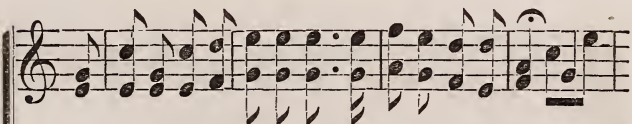
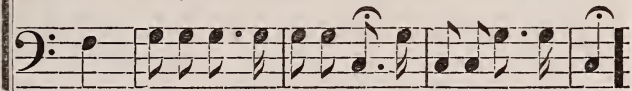
Words by L. P. Judson. Music arranged from "Lucy Neal," by G. W. C.



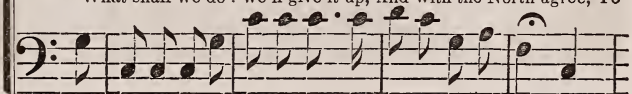
1. What shall we do? slaveholders cry, O'erwhelmed with dreadful grief,
2. We preach and print in every mood, And rob the "negro-pen,"
3. These are our fears, and this our dread, They're based on grounds too true,
4. We've work'd and toil'd, and rav'd and foam'd, And hop'd to keep them down,
5. What shall we do? O what, say what? Our foes increase and rise,

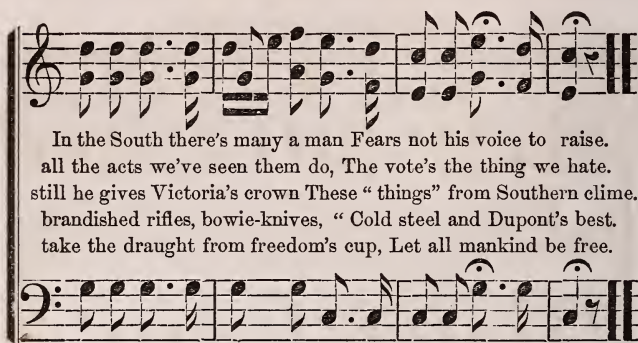


Slave - ry, we faer must quickly die, Un-less we find re - lief,
 Railroads and stages throng the wood, Take "things" and make them men;
 That slavery soon must yield its head, And vanish like the dew;
 By prayers to Congress snugly roomed, Unread, referred or known;
 Old slavery reels! the fever's hot, She pants, she gasps, she dies,



Fa - na-tics la-bor night and day, The North is in a blaze, While
 But worst of all, the Free soil crew Seem reckless of our fate, Of
 The old "North Star" we've voted down, and told him not to shine, But
 We've robbed the mail, And taken lives, And then to fright the rest, We've
 What shall we do? we'll give it up, And with the North agree, 'To



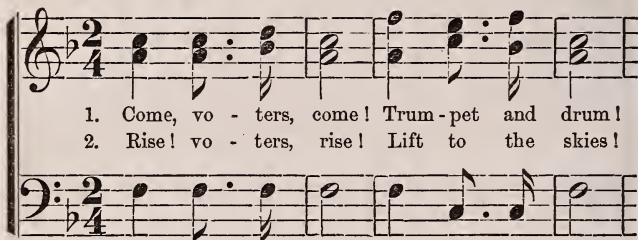


In the South there's many a man Fears not his voice to raise.
 all the acts we've seen them do, The vote's the thing we hate.
 still he gives Victoria's crown These "things" from Southern clime.
 brandished rifles, bowie-knives, "Cold steel and Dupont's best.
 take the draught from freedom's cup, Let all mankind be free.

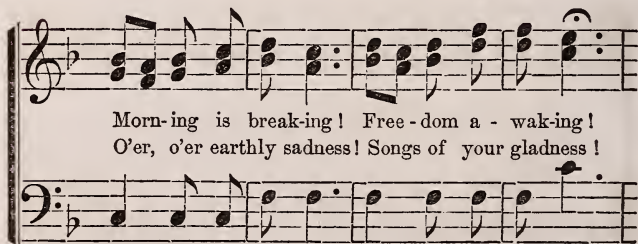
COME, VOTERS, COME.

Con Spirito.

G. W. C.



1. Come, vo - ters, come! Trum - pet and drum!
 2. Rise! vo - ters, rise! Lift to the skies!



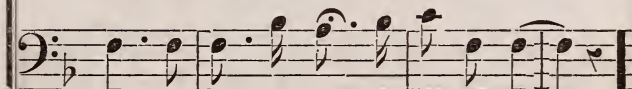
Morn-ing is break-ing! Free-dom a - wak-ing!
 O'er, o'er earthly sadness! Songs of your gladness!



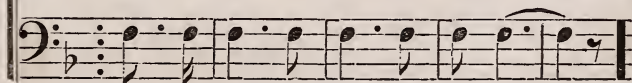
Hark! hark! the sound! Ech-oes a - round! Come, come a -
Then as they roll! Quick to the poll! Haste, haste a -



- - way, And give your vote for lib - er - ty.
- - way, And give your vote for lib - er - ty.

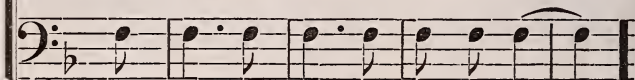


3. O'er the land the peal is ring - ing!
4. Young and old in one com - bin - ing!

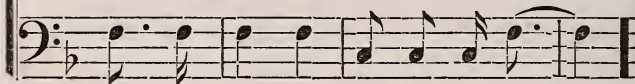




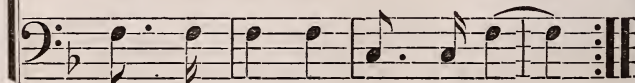
And hope is bright, and hearts are gay!
And fair or with-ered, sad or gay;



Ev - ery lip a wel - come sing - ing,
All as with one soul u - ni - ting—



Come, and help the cause to - day.
Come, and help the cause to - day.



I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE!

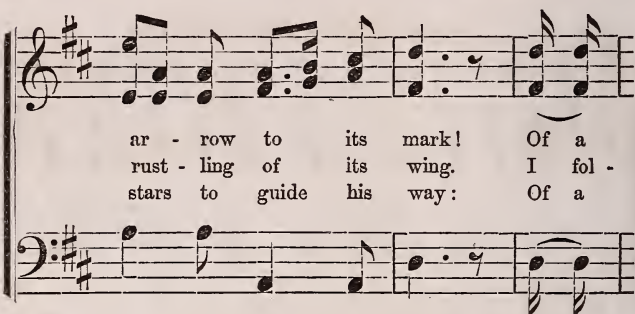
Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Music by G. W. C.

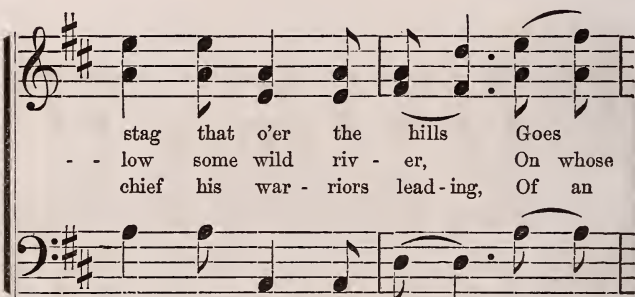
1. I dream of all things free!
 2. I dream of some proud bird,
 3. Of a hap - py for - est child,

Of a gal - lant, gal - lant bark, That
 A bright-eyed moun-tain king; In my
 With the fawns and flowers at play; Of an

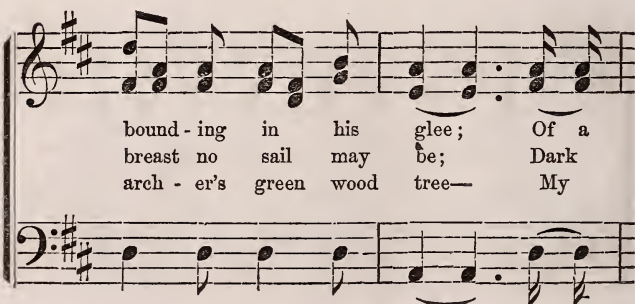
sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an
 vi - sions I have heard The
 In - dian 'midst the wild, With the



ar - row to its mark! Of a
 rust - ling of its wing. I fol -
 stars to guide his way: Of a



stag that o'er the hills Goes
 - - low some wild riv - er, On whose
 chief his war - riors lead - ing, Of an



bound - ing in his glee; Of a
 breast no sail may be; Dark
 arch - er's green wood tree— My

thou - sand flash - ing rills— . Of
woods a - round it shiv - er— I
heart in chains is bleed - ing, And I

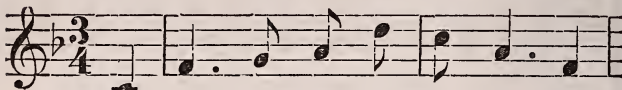
all things glad and free. Of
dream of all things free. I
dream of all things free, And I

all things glad and free. .
dream of all things free. .
dream of all things free. .

THE NEGRO FATHER'S LAMENT.*

SONG AND CHORUS.

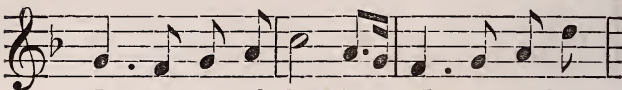
WURZEL.



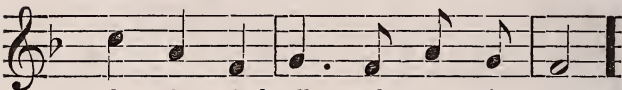
1. They've sold me down the ri - ver, And

2. My lit - tle ones are mourn-ing, I

3. But I will cease my mourn-ing, My



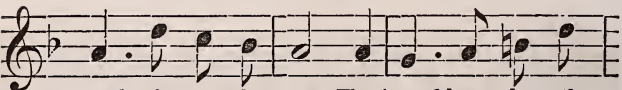
I must part-ed be, From all I loved most
 know 'tis for my sake, My poor lone wife is
 sor - rows meekly bear, For there is One a -



dear - ly, And all who care for me;
 weep - ing, As tho' her heart would break,
 - - bove us, Who lis - tens to our prayer;



My heart is filled with sor - row, There's
 O, Mas - sa, do not grieve them, When
 An eye that looks up - on us, And



naught for me but woe, They've sold me down the
 I am far from thee, But ev - er treat them
 when our toils are o'er, He'll take us up to



ri - ver, And I, a - las! must go!
 kind - ly, As thou hast treat - ed me.
 Hea - ven, To dwell for ev - er more.

* By permission of WM. HALL & SON.

CHORUS.

Fare - well! my peace-ful ca - bin, Be -

- - side the old oak tree, Fare - well, my wife and

chil - dren, And all that's dear to me.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Words by William Leggett.

Music by G. W. C.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be" are written below the piano staves, with the word "Be" positioned under the final measure of the system.

Second system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The lyrics "each a bliss-ful dwellingsphere, Where kindred spir - its" are written below the piano staves. The word "spir" is under a long note in the vocal line, and "its" is under the final measure of the system.

Third system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The lyrics "re - u - nite Whom death has torn a - sun - der here," are written below the piano staves. The word "re" is under a long note in the vocal line, and "here," is under the final measure of the system.

How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar!
Mix soul with soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this!

If there no more the ties should twine,
Which Death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shiae,
More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be—each hope and fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

The Poor Little Slave.

FROM "THE CHARTER OAK."

O pity the poor little slave,
Who labors hard through all the day—
And has no one,
When day is done,
To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—
No smiles from parents kind and dear;
No tears are shed
Around his bed,
When fevers rage, and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains
Are fastened to his tender limb;
No pitying eyes,
No sympathies,
No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

Yes I will pity the poor slave,
And pray that he may soon be free
That he at last,
When days are past,
In heaven may have his liberty.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

Air—from "Lincoln."

Free - dom's con-se - cra-ted dower, Cas - ket

Guard it, Free-men! guard it well, Spot - less

The first system of musical notation for 'The Ballot-Box'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

of a priceless gem! No-bler her-it-age of power,

as your maiden's fame! Never let your children tell

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Than im - pe-rial di - a - dem! Corner-stone, on which was

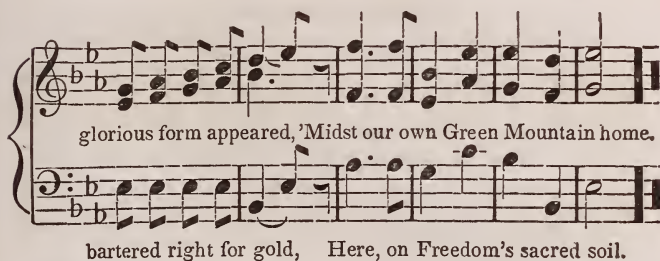
Of your weakness, of your shame; That their fathers basely

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

reared, Lib - er - ty's tri - um-phal dome, When her

sold. What was bought with blood and toil, That you

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.



Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
 Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
 Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
 From his lofty mountain height;
 While the stripes and stars shall wave
 O'er this treasure, pure and free—
 The land's Palladium, it shall save
 The home and shrine of liberty.

Christian Mother.

BY MISS C.

Christian mother, when thy prayer,
 Trembles on the twilight air,
 And thou askest God to keep
 In their waking and their sleep,
 Those, whose love is more to thee
 Than the wealth of land or sea—
 Think of those who wildly mourn
 For the loved ones from them torn.

Christian daughter, sister, wife,
 Ye who wear a guarded life,
 Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God,
 On a tyrant's word or nod,
 Will ye hear, with careless eye,
 Of the wild, despairing cry,
 Rising up from human hearts,
 As their latest bliss departs.

Blest ones, whom no hands on earth,
 Dare to wrench from home and hearth
 Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well
 By affection's holy spell;
 Oh, forget not those for whom
 Life is nought but changeless gloom!
 O'er whose days, so woe-begone,
 Hope may paint no brighter dawn.

SLAVE'S WRONGS.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Arranged from "Rose of Allandale"

With ach-ing brow and wea-ried limb, The

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Slave's Wrongs'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'With ach-ing brow and wea-ried limb, The' are written below the staff.

slave his toil pur-sued; And oft I saw the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'slave his toil pur-sued; And oft I saw the' are written below the staff.

cru-el scourge Deep in his blood im-

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'cru-el scourge Deep in his blood im-' are written below the staff.

brued; He tilled op-pres-sion's soil where men For

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'brued; He tilled op-pres-sion's soil where men For' are written below the staff.

lib - er - ty had bled, And the

ea - gle wing of Free - dom waved In

mock - - ery, o'er his head.

The earth was filled with the triumph shout
 Of men who had burst their chains;
 But his, the heaviest of them all,
 Still lay on his burning veins;
 In his master's hall there was luxury,
 And wealth, and mental light;
 But the very book of the Christian law,
 Was hidden from his sight.

In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,
 And songs for the newly free;
 But his own low cabin was desolate
 Of all but misery.

He felt it all—and to bitterness
His heart within him turned ;
While the panting wish for liberty,
Like a fire in his bosom burned.

The haunting thought of his wrongs grew **changed**
To a darker and fiercer hue,
Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore
At last familiar grew ;
There was darkness all within his heart,
And madness in his soul ;
And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,
Blazed up beyond control.

Then came a scene ! oh ! such a scene !
I would I might forget
The ringing sound of the midnight scream,
And the hearth-stone redly wet !
The mother slain while she shrieked in vain
For her infant's threatened life ;
And the flying form of the frightened child,
Struck down by the bloody knife.

There's many a heart that yet will start
From its troubled sleep, at night,
As the horrid form of the vengeful slave
Comes in dreams before the sight.
The slave was crushed, and his fetters' link
Drawn tighter than before ;
And the bloody earth again was drenched
With the streams of his flowing gore.

Ah ! know they not, that the tightest band
Must burst with the wildest power ?—
That the more the slave is oppressed and wronged,
Will be fiercer his rising hour ?
They may thrust him back with the arm of **might**,
They may drench the earth with his **blood**—
But the best and purest of their own,
Will blend with the sanguine flood.

I could tell thee more—but my strength is gone,
And my breath is wasting fast ;
Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,
Will my life from the earth have passed :
But this, the sum of all I have learned,
Ere I go I will tell to thee ;—
If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,
They must let the oppressed go free.

MY CHILD IS GONE.

Doloroso.

Music by G. W. C.

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe, The

wild At - lan - tic in its flow, Bears on its breast the

mur - mur low, My child is gone!

Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away;
And now I cry, by night by day—
My child is gone!

How many a free-born babe is press'd
With fondness to its mother's breast,
And rocked upon her arms to rest,
While mine is gone!

No longer now, at eve I see,
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
My baby cradled on my knee,
For he is gone!

And when I seek my cot at night,
There's not a thing that meets my sight,
But tells me that my soul's delight,
My child, is gone!

I sink to sleep, and then I seem
To hear again his parting scream
I start and wake—'tis but a dream—
My child is gone!

Gone—till my toils and griefs are o'er,
And I shall reach that happy shore,
Where negro mothers cry no more—
My child is gone!

THE BLIND SLAVE-BOY.

Words by M^{rs}. Dr. Bailey.

Music arranged from Sweet Afton.

First system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'Come back to me, moth-er! why lin-ger a-' are written below the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble staff, with a fermata over the final note. The lyrics 'way From thy poor lit-tle blind boy, the long wea-ry' are written below the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics 'day! I mark eve-ry foot-step, I list to each' are written below the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble staff, with a fermata over the final note. The lyrics 'tone, And won-der my moth-er should leave me a-' are written below the treble staff.

lone! There are voi - ces of sor - row, and

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides accompaniment with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B-flat3, and C4. The lyrics 'lone! There are voi - ces of sor - row, and' are positioned below the treble staff.

voi - ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to

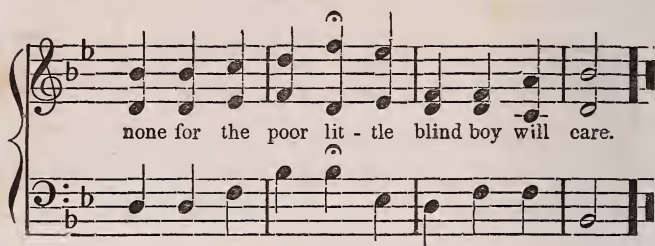
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody consists of quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff accompaniment consists of quarter notes D4, E4, F4, and G4. The lyrics 'voi - ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to' are positioned below the treble staff.

sor - - row with me; For each hath of

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody consists of quarter notes A5, B-flat5, and C6. The bass staff accompaniment consists of quarter notes A3, B-flat3, and C4. The lyrics 'sor - - row with me; For each hath of' are positioned below the treble staff.

pleas - ure and trou - ble his share, And

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody consists of quarter notes D6, E6, F6, and G6. The bass staff accompaniment consists of quarter notes D4, E4, F4, and G4. The lyrics 'pleas - ure and trou - ble his share, And' are positioned below the treble staff.



My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast
 Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed;
 Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
 And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak!
 O mother! I've no one to love me—no heart
 Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part,
 No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
 Oh! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
 No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
 For the slave-owner drives her, o'er mountain and wild,
 And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child!
 Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
 The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
 When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
 On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
 She hears in her anguish his piteous moan;
 As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,
 To catch the loved tones of his mother again!
 The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
 On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
 And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy!

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Elizur Wright, jr.

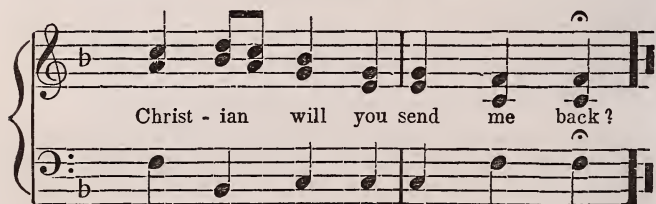
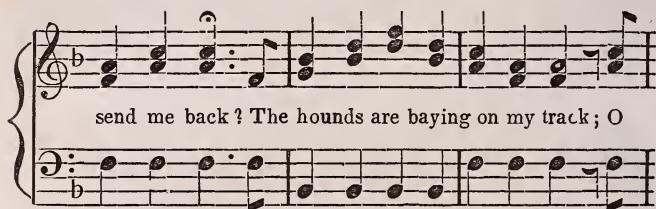
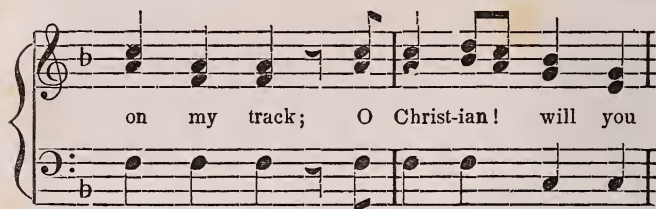
Music arranged from Cracovienne

The fet - ters galled my weary soul,— A

soul that seemed but thrown away ; I spurned the ty - rants

base con-trol, Re-solved at last the

Chorus.
man to play :— The hounds are bay - ing



I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
 Red, dripping with a father's gore;
 And, worst of all their lawless law,
 The insults that my mother bore!
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'errules Divine,
 Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
 My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—
 And where they suffer, who can tell?
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
 If such there be upon this earth,

To draw my kindred, if I can,
Around its free, though humble hearth.
The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian! will you send me back!

The Strength of Tyranny.

The tyrant's chains are only strong
While slaves submit to wear them;
And, who could bind them on the strong,
Determined not to wear them?
Then clank your chains, e'en though the links
Were light as fashion's feather:
The heart which rightly feels and thinks
Would cast them altogether.

The lords of earth are only great
While others clothe and feed them!
But what were all their pride and state
Should labor cease to heed them?
The swain is higher than a king:
Before the laws of nature,
The monarch were a useless thing,
The swain a useless creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,
Sustaining each his neighbor;
And who can hold a right divine
To rob us of our labor?
We rush to battle—bear our lot
In every ill and danger—
And who shall make the peaceful cot
To homely joy a stranger?

Perish all tyrants far and near,
Beneath the chains that bind us;
And perish too that servile fear
Which makes the slaves they find us:
One grand, or e universal claim—
One peal of moral thunder—
One glorious burst in Freedom's name,
And rend our bonds asunder!

O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator.

Air, Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary, Who
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-

You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the

sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast ; } O
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed. }

grief of that moth-er can nev - er be known.

who can im - a - gine her heart's deep e-motion, As she

thinks of her chil-dren a - bout to be sold ;

D. C.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
 That ever has bloomed in her path-way below ;
 It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
 And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe :
 Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression ;
 Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay ;
 No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave-mother, hope ! see—the nation is shaking !
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !
 The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking
 Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong !
 Rejoice, O rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing,
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
 Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

How long ! O ! how long !

How long will the friend of the slave plead in vain ?
 How long e'er the Christian will loosen the chain ?
 If he, by our efforts, more hardened should be,
 O Father, forgive him ! we trust but in thee.
 That 'we're all free and equal,' how senseless the cry,
 While millions in bondage are groaning so nigh !
 O where is our freedom ? equality where ?
 To this none can answer, but echo cries, where ?

O'er this stain on our country we'd fain draw a veil,
 But history's page will proclaim the sad tale,
 That Christians, unblushing, could shout 'we are free,'
 Whilst they the oppressors of millions could be.
 They can feel for themselves, for the Pole they can feel,
 Towards Afric's children their hearts are like steel ;
 They are deaf to their call, to their wrongs they are blind ;
 In error they slumber nor seek truth to find.

Though scorn and oppression on our pathway attend,
 Despised and reviled, we the slave will befriend ;
 Our Father, thy blessing ! we look but to thee,
 Nor cease from our labors till all shall be free.
 Should mobs in their fury with missiles assail,
 The cause it is righteous, the truth will prevail ;
 Then heed not their clamors, though loud they proclaim
 That freedom shall slumber, and slavery reign.

THE QUADROON MAIDEN.

Words by Longfellow.

Theme from the Indian Maid

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody.

The Sla - ver in the broad la - goon, Lay moored with

i - dle sail; He wait - ed for the ris - ing moon,

And for the eve - ning gale. The

Plan - ter un-der his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtful-

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

ly and slow ; The Slav-er's thumb was

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.

Before them, with her face up-
raised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

And on her lips there played a
smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights, in some cathedral aisle,
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, the farm is
old,"
The thoughtful Planter said,
Then looked upon the Slaver's
gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife,
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave
her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too
weak:
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maid-
en's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a far and distant land.

Domestic Bliss.

BY REV. JAMES GREGG.

Domestic bliss; thou fairest flower
That erst in Eden grew,
Dear relic of the happy bower,
Our first grand parents knew!

We hail thee in the rugged soil
Of this waste wilderness,
To cheer our way and cheat our
toil,
With gleams of happiness.

In thy mild light we travel on,
And smile at toil and pain;
And think no more of Eden gone,
For Eden won again.

Such, Emily, the bliss, the joy
By Heaven bestowed on you;
A husband kind, a lovely boy,
A father fond and true.

Religion adds her cheering beams,
And sanctifies these ties;
And sheds o'er all the brighter
gleams,
She borrows from the skies.

But ah! reflect; are *all* thus blest?
Hath home such charms for *all*?
Can such delights as these invest
Foul slavery's wretched thrall.

Can those be happy in these ties
Who wear her galling chain?
Or taste the blessed charities
That in the household reign?

Can those be blest, whose hope,
whose life,
Hang on a tyrant's nod;
To whom nor husband, child, nor
wife
Are known—yea, scarcely God?

Whose ties may all be rudely riven,
At avarice' fell behest;
Whose only hope of *home* is
heaven,
The grave their only rest.

Oh! think of those, the poor, th' op-
pressed,
In your full hour of bliss;
Nor e'er from prayer and effort
rest,
While ear.h bears woe like this.

BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

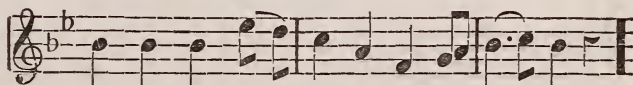
Solo.



1. Hea - vy and cold in his dun-geon hold, Is the

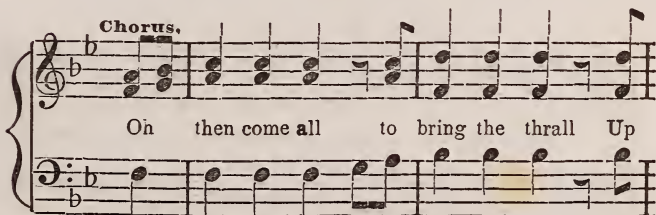


yoke of the op - pres - sor; Dark o'er the soul is the



fell con - trol Of the stern and dread transgres-sor.

Chorus.



Oh then come all to bring the thrall Up



from his deep de - spair - - ing, And

out of the jaw of the ban - dit's law, Re-

This system of music features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

take the prey he's tear - ing: O

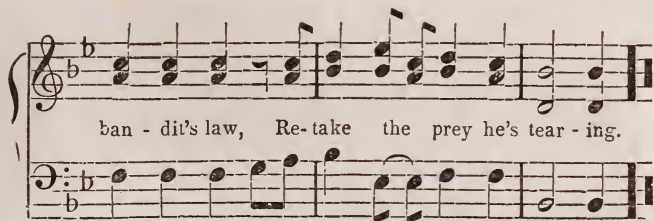
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a few rests, and the bass staff continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep de-

The third system shows the melody moving more actively in the treble staff with eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

spair - - ing, And out of the jaw of the

The final system on the page. The treble staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.



Brothers be brave for the pining slave,
 From his wife and children riven ;
 From every vale their bitter wail
 Goes sounding up to Heaven.
 Then for the life of that poor wife,
 And for those children pining;
 O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more
 Around their limbs are twining.

Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp,
 Where their meagre bands are wasting ;
 All worn and weak, in vain they seek
 For rest, to the cool shade hasting ;
 For drivers fell, like fiends from hell,
 Cease not their savage shouting ;
 And the scourge's crack, from quivering back,
 Sends up the red blood spouting.

Into the grave looks only the slave,
 For rest to his limbs aweary ;
 His spirit's light comes from that night,
 To us so dark and dreary.
 That soul shall nurse its heavy curse
 Against a day of terror,
 When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall stream
 Like fire, on the hosts of error.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn
 In the right hand of Jehovah ;
 To smite the strong red arm of wrong,
 And dash his temples over ;
 Then on a main to rend the chain,
 Ere bursts the vallied thunder ;
 Right onward speed till the slave is freed--
 His manacles to n asunder.

E. D.

HARK! I HEAR A SOUND OF ANGUISH.

Air, "Calvary."

Hark! I hear a sound of an - guish

The first system of music is in 2/2 time. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Hark! I hear a sound of an - guish' are written below the notes.

In my own, my na - tive land; Brethren,

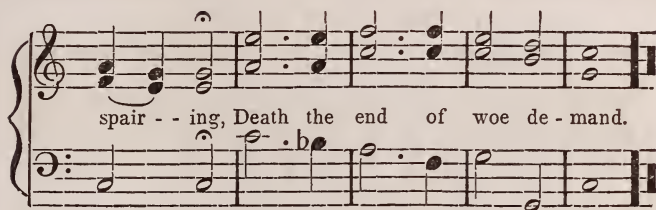
The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a sharp sign (F#) on the second staff line. The lyrics 'In my own, my na - tive land; Brethren,' are written below the notes.

doomed in chains to lan - guish, Lift to heaven the

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff features a sharp sign (F#) on the second staff line. The lyrics 'doomed in chains to lan - guish, Lift to heaven the' are written below the notes.

sup - pliant hand, And de - spair - - ing, And de -

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a sharp sign (F#) on the second staff line. The lyrics 'sup - pliant hand, And de - spair - - ing, And de -' are written below the notes.



Let us raise our supplication
 For the wretched suffering slave,
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave;
 God of mercy!
 From thy throne, O hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember
 As if we with them were bound;
 For each crushed, each suffering member
 Let our sympathies abound,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smiles of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken;
 "Slavery's cruel power must cease,
 From the bound the chain be broken,
 Captives hail the kind release,"
 While in splendor
 Comes to reign the Prince of Peace.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

Words by Miss Chandler.

"Emigrant's Lament," arranged by G. W. C.

Why did ye wake me from my sleep? It was a

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

dream of bliss, And ye have torn me from that land, to

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

pine again in this; Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, That

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

I was laid to rest, The turf, with all its

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on this page. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that I might die,

So from my swelling pulse I could forever cast them by !
And on, away, o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,
Till, 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,
As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day !
But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing bough,
Around the well-known threshold spread a freshening coolness now.

The birds whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the earth,
As if to greet me back again with their wild strains of mirth ;
My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laughed to lave
My burning lip, and cheek, and brow, in that delicious wave !

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hours,
And there we laid him to his sleep among the clustering flowers ;
Yet lo ! without my cottage-door he sported in his glee,
With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul ; when breathing out my name,
To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones came !
Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends ! the dear and lost ones all,
With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my thrall.

Forms long unseen were by my side ; and thrilling on my ear,
Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year ;
And on my cheeks fond lips were pressed, with true affection's kiss—
And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 'twas a dream of bliss !

I AM MONARCH OF NOUGHT I SURVEY.

A Parody.

Air "Old De-Fleury."

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top two staves are treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics "I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-" are placed below the staves.

I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It consists of three staves (two treble, one bass) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a - way, His" are placed below the staves.

pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a - way, His

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of three staves (two treble, one bass) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "whims or ca - pri - ces to suit. O slavery, where are the" are placed below the staves.

whims or ca - pri - ces to suit. O slavery, where are the

charms That "patriarchs" have seen in thy face; I

dwell in the midst of alarms, And serve in a horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 And must finish my life with a groan;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech
 That tells me my body's my own.
 Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon some,
 Are blessings I never can prove,
 If slavery's my portion to come.

Religion! what treasures untold,
 Reside in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But I am excluded the light
 That leads to this heavenly grace;
 The Bible is clos'd to my sight,
 Its beauties I never can trace.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this sorrowful land,
 Some cordial endearing report,
 Of freedom from tyranny's hand.

My friends, do they not often send,
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 A friend I am anxious to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight;
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of Victoria's domain,
 In a moment I seem to be there,
 But the fear of being taken again,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

The wood-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast has lain down in his lair;
 To me, there's no season of rest,
 Though I to my quarter repair.
 If mercy, O Lord, is in store,
 For those who in slavery pine;
 Grant me when life's troubles are o'er,
 A place in thy kingdom divine.

NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.*

Words by Cowper.

Arranged by G. W. C. from an old theme.

When av-a- rice en-slaves the mind, And selfish views a-

lone bear sway Man turns a sav - age to his kind, And

blood and ra - pine mark his way. A - las! for this poor

sim - ple toy, I sold the hap - less Ne - gro boy.

* An African prince having arrived in England, and having been asked what he had given for his watch, answered, "What I will never give again—I gave a fine boy for it."

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to the view
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew—
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the hapless Negro Boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind;
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave the weeping Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave
I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave!
A BEAST THAT CHRISTIANS BUY AND SELL!
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main
In hope to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain:
They never shall the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime.
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
And hurl the lightning through the sky,
In his own time will sure destroy
The oppressor of the Negro Boy.

OUR COUNTRYMEN

Words by C. W. Dennison.

Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Our country - men are dy - ing Beneath their cankering

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Our Countrymen'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Our country - men are dy - ing Beneath their cankering' are written below the staff.

chains, Full many a heart is sigh - ing, Where

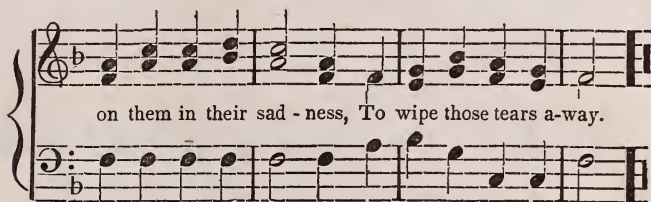
The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'chains, Full many a heart is sigh - ing, Where' are written below the staff.

nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and' are written below the staff.

glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall' are written below the staff.



Where proud Potomac dashes
 Along its northern strand,
 Where Rappahannock lashes
 Virginia's sparkling sand;
 Where Eutaw, famed in story,
 Flows swift to Santee's stream,
 There, there in grief and gory
 The pining slave is seen!

And shall New England's daughters,
 Descendants of the free,
 Beside whose far-famed waters
 Is heard sweet minstrelsy—
 Shall they, when hearts are breaking,
 And woman weeps in woe,
 Shall they, all listless waiting,
 No hearts of pity show?

No! let the shout for freedom
 Ring out a certain peal;
 Let sire and youthful maiden,
 All who have hearts to feel,
 Awake! and with the blessing
 Of Him who came to save,
 A holy, peaceful triumph,
 Shall greet the kneeling slave!

The Free Soller's Song.

We hoist fair Freedom's standard,
 On hill and dale it stands;
 From broad Atlantic's borders,
 To Oregon's far lands.
 Where'er the winds may wander,
 Where'er the waters roll,
 Its wide-spread folds extending,
 Shall spread from pole to pole.

Tho' slavery's frightened forces
 May sound their loud alarms,
 And call their flying squadrons
 To muster up their arms.
 Tho' Slavery's minions falter,
 And knees of Doughface shake,
 No freeman's soul shall tremble
 Nor for slave thunder quake.

Tho' Fillmoreites and Buckites
 May jibe, and jeer, and flout,
 With "freedom" on our banner,
 We'll whip the cravens out.
 "Free soil, free speech" for ever,
 Shall on our "free flag" fly,
 Till mountain and till valley
 Shall echo back the cry

THE NEGRO'S APPEAL.

Words by Cowper.

Tune—"Isle of Beauty."

Forced from home and all its pleasures, Af-ric's coast I
To in-cease a stranger's treasures, O'er the rag-ing

But though slave they have enrolled me, *Minds* are never

The first system of the musical score for 'The Negro's Appeal'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with many quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

1st time. FINE. 3d time.

left for-lorn; bil - lows borne. } Christian peo - ple

to be sold.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes a repeat sign with first, final, and third endings. The lyrics 'left for-lorn; bil - lows borne. } Christian peo - ple' and 'to be sold.' are placed below the staves. The final ending leads back to the beginning of the piece.

D.C.

bought and sold me, Paid my price in pal - try gold :

Is there, as ye sometimes tell me,
 Is there one who reigns on high ?
 Has he bid you buy and sell me,
 Speaking from his throne—the sky ?
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means that duty urges
 Agents of his will to use.

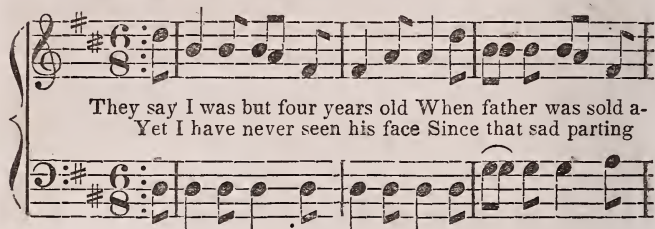
Hark ! he answers—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fixed their tyrant's habitations,
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No !

By our blood in Afric' wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain ;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main :
 By our sufferings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart,
 All sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart—

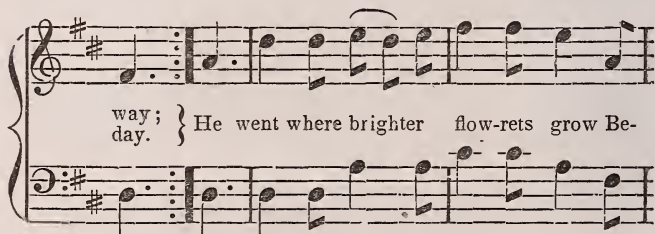
Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find,
 Worthier of regard and stronger
 Than the *color* of our kind.
 Slaves of gold ! whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers ;
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours.

SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.

Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.



They say I was but four years old When father was sold a-
Yet I have never seen his face Since that sad parting



way; } He went where brighter flow-ers grow Be-
day. }



neath the Southern skies; Oh who will show me



on the map Where that far coun-try lies?

I begged him, "father, do not go!
 For, since my mother died,
 I love no one so well as you;"
 And, clinging to his side,
 The tears came gushing down my cheeks
 Until my eyes were dim;
 Some were in sorrow for the dead,
 And some in love for him.

He knelt and prayed of God above,
 "My little daughter spare,
 And let us both here meet again,
 O keep her in thy care."
 He does not come!—I watch for him
 At evening twilight grey,
 Till every shadow wears his shape,
 Along the grassy way.

I muse and listen all alone,
 When stormy winds are high,
 And think I hear his tender tone,
 And call, but no reply;
 And so I've done these four long years,
 Without a friend or home,
 Yet every dream of hope is vain,—
 Why don't my father come?

Father—dear father, are you sick,
 Upon a stranger shore?
 The people say it must be so—
 O send to me once more,
 And let your little daughter come,
 To soothe your restless bed,
 And hold the cordial to your lips,
 And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear me he is dead!—
 Who will my trouble share?
 Or tell me where his form is laid,
 And let me travel there?
 By mother's tomb I love to sit,
 Where the green branches wave;
 Good people! help a friendless child
 To find her father's grave.

The Slave and her Babe.

WORDS BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child?"

Air—"Slave Girl mourning her Father."

O, massa, let me stay, to catch
 My baby's sobbing breath;

His little glassy eye to watch,
 And smooth his limbs in death,
 And cover him with grass and leaf,
 Beneath the plantain tree!
 It is not sullenness, but grief—
 O, massa, pity me!

God gave me babe—a precious boon,
 To cheer my lonely heart,
 But massa called to work too soon,
 And I must needs depart.
 The morn was chill—I spoke no word,
 But feared my babe might die,
 And heard all day, or thought I heard,
 My little baby cry.

At noon—O, how I ran! and took
 My baby to my breast!
 I lingered—and the long lash broke
 My sleeping infant's rest.
 I worked till night—till darkest night,
 In torture and disgrace;
 Went home, and watched till morning
 light,
 To see my baby's face.

The fulness from its cheek was gone,
 The sparkle from its eye;
 Now hot, like fire, now cold, like stone,
 I *knew* my babe must die.
 I worked upon plantation ground,
 Though faint with woe and dread,
 Then ran, or flew, and here I found—
 See massa, almost dead.

Then give me but one little hour—
 O! do not lash me so!
 One little hour—one little hour—
 And gratefully I'll go.
 Ah me! the whip has cut my boy,
 I heard his feeble scream;
 No more—farewell my only joy,
 My life's first gladsome dream!

I lay thee on the lonely sod,
 The heaven is bright above;
 These Christians boast they have a God,
 And say his name is Love:
 O gentle, loving God, look down!
 My dying baby see;
 The mercy that from earth is flown,
 Perhaps may dwell with **THEE**!

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Music by G. W. C.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, and a left-hand staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "Ye've gone from me, my gen - tle" are written below the piano accompaniment staves.

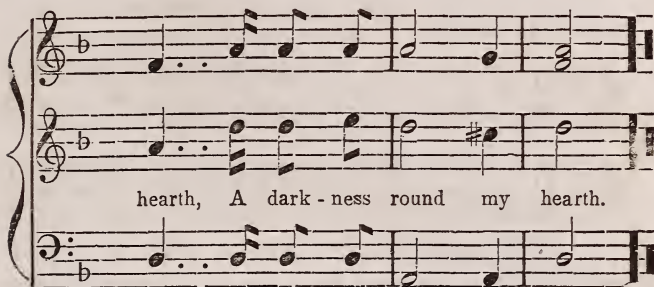
Ye've gone from me, my gen - tle

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, and a left-hand staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si - lence" are written below the piano accompaniment staves.

ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si - lence

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, and a left-hand staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "is with - in my walls, A dark-ness round my" are written below the piano accompaniment staves.

is with - in my walls, A dark-ness round my



hearth, A dark - ness round my hearth.

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
The mother's anguish'd shriek!
And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good!
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
To meet me in your glee;
And when the evening shadows fall,
Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear,
And all things wear a thought of you,
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing and my pride!
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!

Woe for your lot, ye doom'd ones! woe
A seal is on your fate!
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await!

WHAT MEANS THAT SAD AND DISMAL LOOK?

Words by Geo. Russell.

Arranged from "Near the Lake," by G. W. C.

1. What means that sad and dis - mal look, And

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

why those fall - ing tears? No voice is heard, no

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes.

word is spoke, Yet nought but grief ap - pears.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The music concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.

Ah! Mother, hast thou ever known
The pain of parting ties?
Was ever infant from thee torn
And sold before thine eyes?

Say, would not grief *thy* bosom
swell?
Thy tears like rivers flow?
Should some rude ruffian seize and
sell
The child thou lovest so?

There's feeling in a *Mother's*
breast,
Though *colored* be her skin!
And though at Slavery's foul be-
hest,
She must not weep for kin.

I had a lovely, smiling child,
It sat upon my knee;
And oft a tedious hour beguiled,
With merry heart of glee.

That child was from my bosom
torn,
And sold before my eyes;
With outstretched arms, and looks
forlorn,
It uttered piteous cries.

Mother! dear Mother!—take, O
take

Thy helpless little one!

Ah! then I thought my heart
would break;
My child—my child was gone.

Long, long ago, my child they
stole,
But yet my grief remains;
These tears flow freely—and my
soul
In bitterness complains.

Then ask not why “my dismal
look,”
Nor why my “falling tears,”
Such wrongs, what human heart
can brook?
No hope for me appears.

The Slave Boy's Wish.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

I wish I was that little bird,
Up in the bright blue sky;
That sings and flies just where he
will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook,
That runs so swift along;
Through pretty flowers and shin-
ing stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was that butterfly,
Without a thought or care;
Sporting my pretty, brilliant wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
I saw the other day;
Who swifter than an arrow flew,
Through the forest far away.

I wish I was that little cloud,
By the gentle south wind driven;
Floating along, so free and bright
Far, far up into heaven.

I'd rather be a cunning fox,
And hide me in a cave;
I'd rather be a savage wolf,
Than what I am—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done,
That I should be a slave.

I saw my little sister sold,
So will they do to me;
My Heavenly Father, let me die,
For then I shall be free.

GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. Clark.

1. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

2. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the

lone, There no moth - er's eye is near them, There no

noi-some in - sect stings, Where the fe - ver de - mon

mother's ear can hear them; Never when the torturing

strews Poi - son with the fall - ing dew's, Where the

lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick - ly sunbeams glare Through the hot and mis - ty

mother's kindness bless them, Or a mother's arms caress

air,— Gone, gone— sold and gone, To the

them. Gone, gone— sold and gone, To the

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and

wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
 From the fields at night they go,
 Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
 To their cheerless homes again—
 There no brother's voice shall greet them—
 There no father's welcome meet them.—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From the tree whose shadow lay
 On their childhood's place of play—
 From the cool spring where they drank—
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
 From the solemn house of prayer,
 And the holy counsels there.—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 Toiling through the weary day,
 And at night the Spoiler's prey;
 Oh, that they had earlier died,
 Sleeping calmly, side by side,
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
 And the fetter galls no more!—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 By the holy love He beareth—
 By the bruised reed He spareth—
 Oh, may He, to whom alone
 All their cruel wrongs are known,
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than mother's love.—*Gone, &c.*

JOHNNY BULL TO BROTHER JONATHAN, ON THE SPLIT.

United States, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Why, who are we? Almost alone,
With you, upon this earth,
We bow before no tyrant's throne.
Believe us, aught but mirth
Your noble commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong,
On union strength depends.
So that your State may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By priest and soldier's twofold ways,
The old world groans, opprest.
We, and you only, far away,
With liberty are blest.
And may we still example give,
And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkey's echoing voice
Take up their master's tale.
"Free institutions will not do,"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days.
The world at least will not despair,
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the free,
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of slavery.

That, that is all you have to dread:
Get rid of that, and go ahead.—*Punch.*

FREEDOM'S GATHERING.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

A voice has gone forth, and the land is awake! Our

free-men shall gather from o - cean to lake, Our

cause is as pure as the earth ev-er saw, And our

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has three staves: a vocal staff (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment staves. The first system ends with a fermata on the vocal staff. The second system ends with a fermata on the vocal staff. The third system ends with a fermata on the vocal staff.

faith we will pledge in the thrill-ing huz - za.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

Then huz - za, then huz - za, Truth's

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

glittering fal - chi-on for free-dom we draw.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

Let them blacken our names and pursue us with ill,
Our hearts shall be faithful to liberty still;
Then rally! then rally! come one and come all,
With harness well girded, and echo the call.

Thy hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,
And the prairie and far distant south shall reply;
It shall roll o'er the land till the farthestmost glen
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,
And read on its wall the handwriting of God;
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder,
Till Slavery's fetters are riven asunder,
And freedom her rights has triumphantly won,
And our country her garments of beauty put on.
Then huzza, then huzza,
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Let them blacken our names, and pursue us with ill,
We bow at thy altar, sweet liberty still!
As the breeze from the mountain sweeps over the river,
So, chainless and free, shall our thoughts be, for ever.

Then on to the conflict for freedom and truth;
Come Matron, come Maiden, come Manhood and youth,
Come gather! come gather! come one and come all,
And soon shall the altars of Slavery fall.

The forests shall know it, and lift up their voice,
To bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice;
And the "Father of Waters" join Mexico's sea,
In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

Then huzza! then huzza!
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Be kind to each other.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps

Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

THE LIBERTY BALL.

G. W. C.

Air, "Rosin the Bow."

First system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's' are written below the middle staff.

Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's

Second system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'call; Come aid in your Country's sal - va - tion. And' are written below the middle staff.

call; Come aid in your Country's sal - va - tion. And

Third system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib-er - ty' are written below the middle staff.

roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib-er - ty

ball—And roll on the liberty ball, Come aid
in your country's sal

va - tion, and roll on the lib - er - ty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing—
For freedom to *all* they declare ;
The down-trodden millions are sighing—
Come, break up our gloom of despair.
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,
And aid on the liberty cause,
And millions will rise up and bless you
With heart-cheering songs of applause,
With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Fogies quit Slavery's minions,
And boldly renounce your old pranks ;
We care not for party opinions,
But invite you all into our ranks—
And invite you all into our ranks.

And when we have formed the blest union
We'll firmly march on, one and all—
We'll sing when we meet in communion,
And *roll on the liberty ball*,
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

How can you stand halting while virtue
Is sweetly appealing to all ;
Then haste to the standard of duty,
And roll on the liberty ball ;
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The question of test is now turning,
And freedom or slavery must fall,
While hope in the bosom is burning,
We'll roll on the liberty ball ;
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

Ye freemen attend to your voting,
Your ballots will answer the call ;
And while others attend to *log-rolling*,
We'll roll on the liberty ball—
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The Home of the Free.

HARK! hark! to the TRUMPET of FREE-
DOM!
Her rallying signal she blows :

Come, gather around her broad banner,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes.

Our forefathers plighted their honor,
Their lives and their property, too,
To maintain in defiance of Britain,
Their principles, righteous and true.

We'll show to the world we are worthy
The blessings our ancestors won,
And finish the temple of Freedom,
That HANCOCK and FRANKLIN begun.

Hurra, for the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free!
We ever will boldly maintain it,
Nor care who the tyrant may be.

When Poland was fighting for freedom,
Our voices went over the sea,
To bid her God-speed in the contest—
That Poland, like us, might be free.

When down-trodden Greece had up-risen,
And baffled the Mahomet crew;
We rejoiced in the glorious issue,
That Greece had her liberty, too.

Repeal, do we also delight in—
Three cheers for the "gem of the sea!"
And soon may the bright day be dawning,
When Ireland, like us, shall be free.

Like us, who are foes to oppression;
But not like America now.

With shame do we blush to confess it,
Too many to slavery bow.

We're foes unto wrong and oppression,
No matter which side of the sea;
And ever intend to oppose them,
Till all of God's image are free.

Some tell us because men are colored,
They should not our sympathy share;
We ask not the form or complexion—
The seal of our Maker is there!

Success to the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free!
And down with the power of the despot
Wherever his strongholds may be

We're proud of the name of a freeman
And proud of the character, too;
And never will do any action,
Save such as a freeman may do.

We'll finish the Temple of Freedom,
And make it capacious within,
That all who seek shelter may find it,
Whatever the hue of their skin.

For thus the Almighty designed it,
And gave to our fathers the plan;
Intending that liberty's blessings,
Should rest upon every man.

Then up with the cap-stone and cornice,
With columns encircle its wall,
Throw open its gateway, and make it
A HOME AND A REFUGE FOR ALL!

WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

Parody by G. W. C

Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

First system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff begins with a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free, Like the
True sons of brave fathers who battled of yore, When

Second system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps. The time signature is 6/8. The melody continues with a repeat sign at the end of the phrase. The lyrics are written below the staves.

winds of the des - ert, the waves of the sea ! } We're
England's proud li - on ran wild on our shore ! }

Third system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps. The time signature is 6/8. The melody continues. The lyrics are written below the staves.

com-ing, we're com-ing, from mountain and glen, With

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps. The time signature is 6/8. The melody continues. The lyrics are written below the staves.

hearts to do bat - tle for free - dom a - gain; The

The musical score is written for a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

slave power is trem-bling as trem - bled be - fore, The

Slav - ery which fled from our fa - thers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
 Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world;
 Our watchword is LIBERTY—tyrants beware!
For the Liberty army will bring you despair!
 We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
 Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
 With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
 A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
 The man-stealing army we'll surely put down;
 They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,
 For *freemen* have *risen* and taken the field.
 Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free,
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,
Resound with a liberty triumph or ce more.

THE CLARION OF FREEDOM.

Words from the Emancipator.

Music "The Chariot."

The clar - ion— the clar - ion of Free-dom now

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

sounds, From the east to the west In-de-

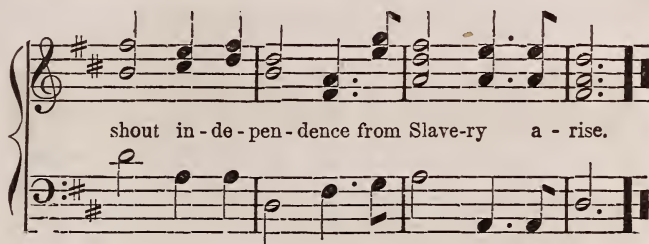
The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

pen-dence re - sounds ; From the hills, and the

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

streams, and the far dis - tant skies, Let the

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.



The army—the army have taken the field,
 And the hosts of Freemen never, never will yield;
 By free principles strengthened, each bosom now glows.
 And with ardor immortal the struggle they close.

The armor, the armor that girds every breast,
 Is the hope of deliverance for millions oppressed;
 O'er the tears, and the sighs, and the wrongs of the slave,
 See the white flag of freedom triumphantly wave.

The conflict—the conflict will shortly be o'er,
 And the demon of slavery shall rule us no more;
 And the laurels of victory shall surely reward
 The heroes immortal who've conquered for God.

WAKE, WAKE, YE FREEMEN ALL!

Air, "Lucy Long."

Wake, wake, ye freemen all, 'Tis past the breaking

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, an eighth note A, a quarter note B, and an eighth note C. The bass staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, an eighth note F, a quarter note E, and an eighth note D. The lyrics 'Wake, wake, ye freemen all, 'Tis past the breaking' are written below the staves.

dawn; Rouse ye at freedom's call; Up

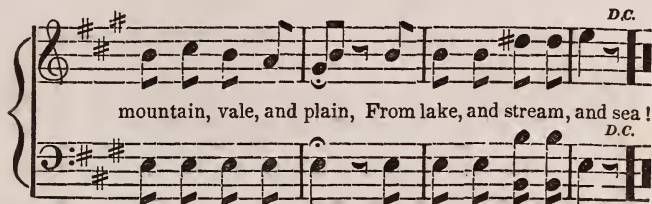
The second system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note A, a quarter note B, and an eighth note C. The bass staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note F, a quarter note E, and an eighth note D. The lyrics 'dawn; Rouse ye at freedom's call; Up' are written below the staves.

with the ris - en morn; Come on, come on a-

The third system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note A, a quarter note B, and an eighth note C. The bass staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note F, a quarter note E, and an eighth note D. The lyrics 'with the ris - en morn; Come on, come on a-' are written below the staves.

main, Ye stout hearts and ye free, From

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note A, a quarter note B, and an eighth note C. The bass staff has a quarter rest, a quarter note G, an eighth note F, a quarter note E, and an eighth note D. The lyrics 'main, Ye stout hearts and ye free, From' are written below the staves.



mountain, vale, and plain, From lake, and stream, and sea !

Redeem, redeem the land,
 Accurs'd with slavery's chain ;
 Be strong in his right hand,
 Whose strength is never vain.
 Grasp, grasp with all your might,
 The freeman's holy sword,
 And let its blade of light,
 Leap forth at freedom's word.

Down, down, that banner black,
 Polluting freedom's air,
 And drive the minions back,
 Who come to plant it here !
 Lift, lift the ensign white,
 In heaven's broad canopy,
 And spread its folds of light,
 To flash from sea to sea !

Strike, strike your manhood blow ;
 Strike sure, and strike it home !
 Nor let earth's darkest foe,
 Up from the grave-dust come.
 Shout, shout the victory !
 Earth's joyous realms around ;
 Till the loud pealing cry,
 Back from the skies resound !

THE VOTER'S SONG.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Air, from "Niel Gow's Farewel'."

The first system of musical notation for 'The Voter's Song'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a' are written below the staff.

The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'hum- bler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We' are written below the staff.

hum- bler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We

Chorus.

The third system of musical notation, which begins the chorus. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple' are written below the staff.

tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'by our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With' are written below the staff.

by our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With

The musical score is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Wash - ing - ton we here a - gree, The
 vote's the wea - - pon of the free.

We'll scatter not the precious power
 On parties that to slavery cower;
 But make it one against the wrong,
 Till down it comes, a million strong.
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

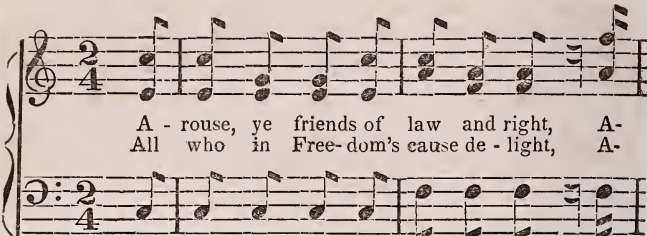
We'll bake the dough-face with our vote,
 Who stood the scorching when we wrote;
 An though they spurned our earnest prayers,
 The ballot bids them now, beware.
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,
 Who in the Southern harness draw;
 So well contented to be slaves,
 They fain would prove their fathers knaves!
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll not provoke our wives to use
 A power that we through fear abuse;
 His mother shall not blush to own
 One voter of us for a son.
 The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,
 We'll loosen from our brother's throat;
 With Washington we here agree,
 Whose MOTHER taught him to be free!

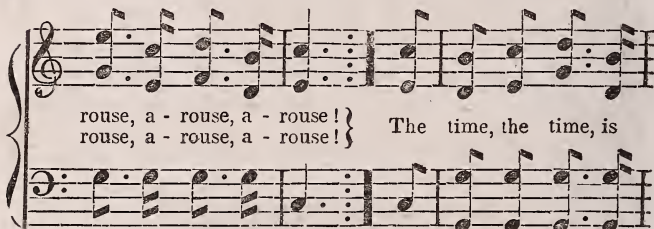
LIBERTY BATTLE-SONG.

Air—"Our Warrior's Heart."



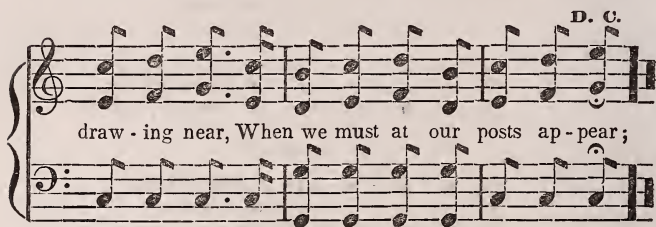
A - rouse, ye friends of law and right, A-
All who in Free-dom's cause de - light, A-

Then clear the decks for ac - tion, clear! A-



rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! } The time, the time, is
rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! }

rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse!



draw - ing near, When we must at our posts ap - pear;

D. C.

Awake, and couch Truth's fatal
dart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Bid error to the shades depart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Prepare to deal the deadly blow,
To lay the power of Slavery low,
A ballot, lads, is our veto;
Awake! awake! awake!

Arise! ye sons of honest toil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Ye freeborn tillers of the soil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Come from your workshops and
the field,
We've sworn to conquer ere we'll
yield;
The ballot-box is Freedom's shield,
Arise! arise! arise!

Unite and strike for equal laws, Unite! unite! unite!	And echoes bound from pole to pole, Hurrah, &c.
For equal justice! that's our cause, Unite! unite! unite!	All parties are rallying to the test, From the north and east and glo-
Shall the vile slavites win the day? Shall men of whips and blood bear sway?	rious west, Hurrah, &c.
Unite, and dash their chains away! Unite! unite! unite!	We pledge to freedom the eastern States, Hurrah, &c.
March on! and vote the hirelings down, March on! march on! march on!	And the west will go for our can- didates, Hurrah, &c.
Our blighted land with blessings crown, March on! march on! march on!	Whigs, democrats, and nativites, Will yet unite—for our cause is right, Hurrah, &c.
Shall Manhood ever wear the chain? Shall Freedom look to us in vain? Up to the struggle! Strike again!	The good time, boys, is coming near, Hurrah, &c.
March on! march on! march on!	And myriad hearts shall bless this year, Hurrah, &c.
'Tis a glorious Year.	The orator's tongue and poet's pen All tell us where, and how, and when, Hurrah, &c.
Words by Jesse Hutchinson, jr.	
'Tis a glorious year in which we live, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!	Then let us give three cheers once more, Hurrah, &c.
And now three hearty cheers we'll give, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!	With a voice as loud as " <i>Niagara's</i> <i>roar</i> ," Hurrah, &c.
From all the honest sons of toil, The cry is heard—"free soil! free soil!"	This shall inspire us as we toil; <i>Free men, free speech, and God's free</i> <i>soil,</i>
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!	Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Hurrah, &c.
On every breeze glad tidings roll, Hurrah, &c.	

PARTY OF THE WHOLE.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Tune—" 'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing."

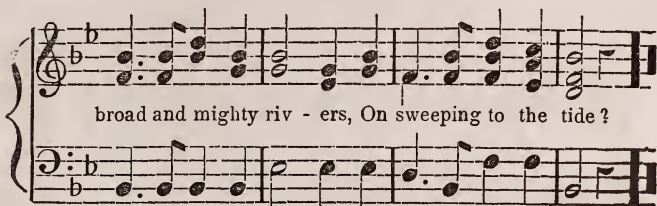
1. Will ye de-spise the a - corn, Just thrusting out its

2. Wilt thou des-pise the cres-cent, That trembles, newly
shoot, Ye gi - ants of the for - est, That

born, Thou bright and peer - less plan - et, Whose
strike the deep - est root? Will ye des - pise the

reign shall reach the morn? Time now his scythe is
stream - lets Up - on the moun-tain side; Ye

whet - ting, Ye gi - ant oaks, for yor : Ye



broad and mighty riv - ers, On sweeping to the tide ?

floods, the sea is thirst - ing, To drink you like the dew.

That crescent, faint and trembling,
 Her lamp shall nightly trim,
 Till thou, imperious planet,
 Shall in her light grow dim :
 And so shall wax the Party,
 Now feeble at its birth,
 Till Liberty shall cover
 This tyrant trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,
 The Party of the Whole—
 Has for its firm foundation,
 The substance of the soul ;
 It groweth out of Reason,
 The strongest soil below ;
 The smaller is its budding,
 The more its room to grow !

Then rally to its banners,
 Supported by the true—
 The weakest are the waning,
 The many are the few :
 Of what is small, but living,
 God makes himself the nurse ;
 While " Onward " cry the voices
 Of all his universe.

Our plant is of the cedar,
 That knoweth not decay :
 Its growth shall bless the mountains,
 Till mountains pass away.
 God speed the infant party,
 The party of the whole—
 And surely he will do it,
 While reason is its soul.

SONG FOR THE ELECTION.

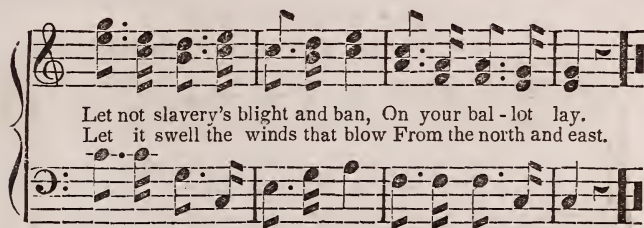
Air, "Scots wha hae."

Ye who know and do the right, Ye who che-rish
Boasts your vote no high - er aim, Than between two

hon - or bright, Ye who wor - ship love and light.
blots of shame That would stain our coun - try's fame.

Choose your side to - day. Suc - cor free - dom
Just to choose the least? Let it stern - ly

now you can, Vot - ing for an hon - est man;
an - swer no! Let it straight for Free - dom go;



Blot!—the smaller—is a curse,
Blighting conscience, honor, purse;
Give us any, give the worse,
'Twill be less endured.

Freemen, is it God who wills
You to choose, of foulest ills,
That which only latest kills?
No; he wills it cured.

Do your duty, He will aid;
Dare to vote as you have prayed;
Who e'er conquered, while his
blade

Served his open foes?
Right established would you see?
Feel that you yourselves are free;
Strike for that which ought to be—
God will bless the blows.

Children of the Glorious Dead.

MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled,
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory!

Not for stern ambition's prize,
Do our hopes and wishes rise;
Lo, our leader from the skies,
Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—
We no earthly weapons wield;
Light and love, our sword and
shield,

Truth our panoply.
This is proud oppression's hour;
Storms are round us; shall we
cower,
While beneath a despot's power
Groans the suffering slave?

While on every southern gale,
Comes the helpless captive's tale,
And the voice of woman's wail,
And of man's despair?
While our homes and rights are
dear,
Guarded still with watchful fear,
Shall we coldly turn our ear
From the suppliant's prayer?

Never! by our Country's shame—
Never! by a Saviour's claim,
To the men of every name,
Whom he died to save.
Onward, then, ye fearless band—
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand—
Or the martyr's grave.

SALT RIVER CHORUS.

Air, "Cheer up, my lively Lads." Arranged by G. W. C.

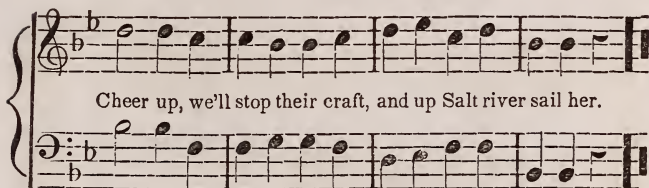
Con Spirito.

We've all turn'd out this glo - rious day, To
The bea - con lights of Lib - er - ty, Are

join the con - vo - ca - tion—To cheer the friends of
spreading thro' the na - tion, North, east and west are

li - ber - ty, And stop the slave ex - ten - sion. Then,
all on fire, In one great con - fla - gra - tion. Then,

cheer up, my live - ly lads, in spite of Slavery's power,



Our Southern friends are coming on—
 Fraternity's our motto;
 We welcome them with all our heart,
 As every freeman ought to.
 Then cheer up my lively lads,
 In spite of Slavery's power;
 Cheer up, we'll stop their craft,
 And up Salt River sail her.

We'll sing "free speech," "free men," my boys,
 Nor sing for Buck and Fillmore;
 For Hunker rhymes are growing stale,
 And Hindoo songs grow staler.
 Then, cheer up, &c.

Now Slavery's craft is floating by,
 Containing Buck and Fillmore—
 Aboard, my boys, and seize the helm,
 And up Salt River sail her.
 Then, cheer up, &c.

For conscience and your Country's sake,
 Come every true reformer—
 Here join to stay proud Slavery's curse,
 And from free soil to spurn her.
 Then, cheer up, &c.

Our flag is floating on the breeze,
 Though not for the Pirate Slaver—
 'Tis for Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men,
 And to the MAST we'll nail her.
 Then, cheer up, &c.

RIGHT ONWARD WE GO!

Allegretto.

G. W. C.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the composer is 'G. W. C.'. The lyrics are: 'We're a - float! we're a - float! on a fierce roll - ing'.

We're a - float! we're a - float! on a fierce roll - ing

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'The storm gath-ers round us, the thun - der is tide, Free - dom is our bark and the Truth is our'.

The storm gath-ers round us, the thun - der is tide, Free - dom is our bark and the Truth is our

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'heard; What mat - ter? our bark ri - deth on like a guide; No rest for the slug-gard, no peace for the'.

heard; What mat - ter? our bark ri - deth on like a guide; No rest for the slug-gard, no peace for the

The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests. The lyrics are: "foe, But thro' all op - po - si - tion right onward we go. men, She has brav'd it before, and will brave it a - gain."

foe, But thro' all op - po - si - tion right onward we go.

men, She has brav'd it before, and will brave it a - gain.

Far above the dark storm-cloud the clear sunbeams rest,
 And the bright bow of promise gleams forth on its breast;
 Before us a future of labor and love—
 Free brethren around us—a just God above.

A future of labor, brave, honest and free—
 No monarch, no slaves, but a brotherhood we;
 A future of love, when the just and the true
 Shall rule in the place of the strong and the few.

Throw out the broad canvass to catch the free wind—
 Leave old party issues, like rubbish, behind;
 With Justice and Love to lead on our van,
 Live and die we, for Freedom, for Truth, and for **Man**.

FREE STATE SONGS.

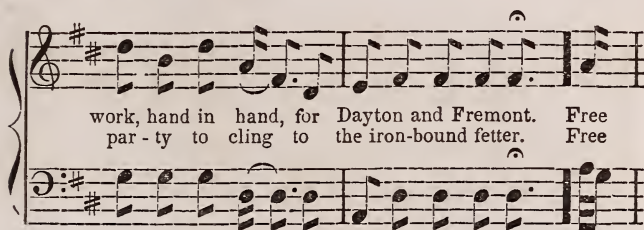
HURRAH! FOR OUR CAUSE.

Air—The Campbells are coming.

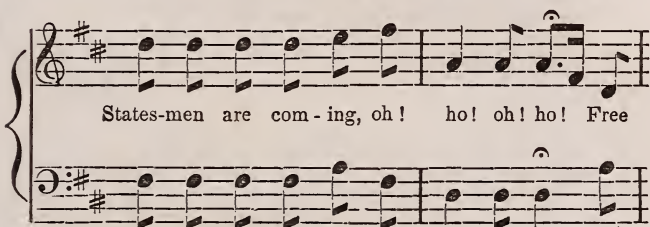
1. Hur-rah! for our cause: we now bid you all welcome,
 2. The North and the South shall no longer be kneeling, For

Come join in the song we are singing for freedom; The
 chang'd are the purpose, the will, and the feeling; The

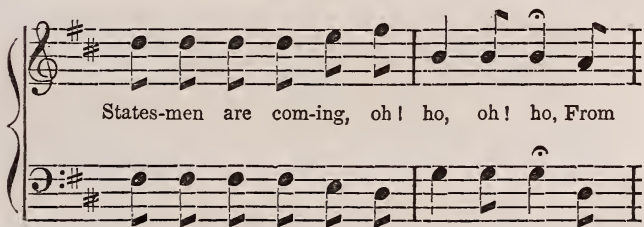
Right is our motto—its success we are sure on't And we
 path we have cho-sen is wis - er and better, Than with



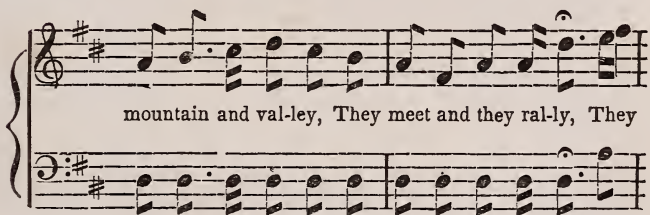
work, hand in hand, for Dayton and Fremont. Free
par - ty to cling to the iron-bound fetter. Free



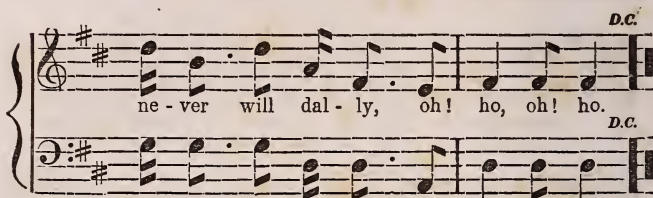
States-men are com - ing, oh! ho! oh! ho! Free



States-men are com-ing, oh! ho, oh! ho, From



mountain and val-ley, They meet and they ral-ly, They



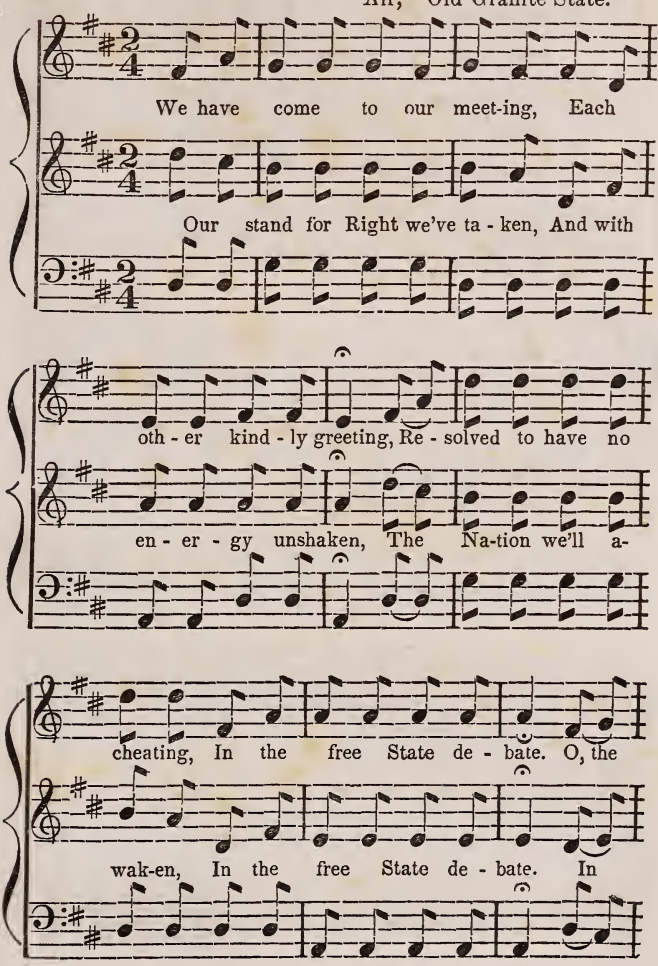
Free States we will have—work without melancholy,
 For Toil to the Freeman is pleasant and holy;
 We'll bow to no power but the Spirit who gave us
 Such hearts—that Tyrants shall never enslave us.
Chorus. Free Statesmen are coming, &c.

One effort, my brother—one pull all together,
 And the balance of party is light as a feather;
 One party is trembling—hurrah! for our thunder,
 And the other—believe me—goes tumbling under.
Chorus. Free Statesmen are coming, &c.

Then Freedom and Labor shall hold sweet communion;
 The Rich and the Poor find a brotherly union;
 The record of Time tell of Liberty's story,
 And "Our Country" again be the watchword of glory.
Chorus. Free Statesmen are coming, &c.

THE FREE STATE DEBATE.

Air, "Old Granite State."



We have come to our meet-ing, Each

Our stand for Right we've ta - ken, And with

oth - er kind - ly greet-ing, Re - solved to have no

en - er - gy unshaken, The Na-tion we'll a-

cheating, In the free State de - bate. O, the

wak-en, In the free State de - bate. In

mischief is a brewing, For Slavery's ut - ter
spite of all those gra-ces, The Hunkers make wry

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff.

ruin, For the folks are up and do - ing, In the
faces, When they see us take our pla - ces, In the

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff.

free State de - bate. Then hur - rah for
free State de - bate. Then hurrah for
Then hur - rah for

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff, the second line under the middle staff, and the third line under the bottom staff.

freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-

Then hur-rah for freedom, Throughout our native land.
 rah for freedom Throughout our native land.

O, the Slavocrats are quaking, at the move we are making,
 They make a dreadful shaking, at the free State debate;
 By the men whom they have cheated, they are sure to be defeated,
 Measure for measure meted, in the free State debate:
Chorus—Then hurrah for Freedom, Then hurrah for Freedom,
 Then hurrah for freedom, Throughout our native land.

We'll have in our delegation honest men of every station,
 Who're resolved to save the nation, in the Congress at hand;
 For our faith we have plighted, that Dough faces shall be righted,
 And we'll all be united as a true brother band.
Chorus—Then hurrah for freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
 Then hurrah for freedom, Throughout our native land.

The Free Soil Voter's Song.

BY A. WARREN STEARNS.

Air, "Old Granite State."

Hark! the sound is swelling louder,
 Hear it booming o'er the plain,
 Like the rush of mighty waters—
 Hark! the echo rings again!
 Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
 By the river-side and sea,
 From Penobscot's farthest fountain,
 And from every northern lea.

Chorus—We are all for freedom, We are all for freedom,
 We are all for freedom, And we'll sound it thro' the land.

List, again! the sound approaches,
 Nearer yet, and nearer still—
 Lo, they come! the marshalled forces,
 Streaming over yonder hill!
 'Tis the mighty hosts of freemen,
 And the hardy sons of toil,
 They are girding on their armor,
 And their cry is heard—"FREE SOIL!"

Chorus—We are all

Freemen, up! let's join the chorus,
 Let us swell the increasing throng;
 All around us, and before us,
 See the tide that rolls along;
 They rally from the northern lake,
 And from the eastern hill,
 While from their western prairie homes,
 Behold them, coming still!

Chorus—We are all

Who would tarry now, or linger?
 Coward! let him stay behind!
 Freedom's cause must not be periled,
 We a better man can find!
 On, with speed! our eagle soaring,
 Waves his pinions once again,
 Slavery's chains shall break asunder,
 Ere it reach the western main.

Chorus—We are all

Sing aloud the songs that gladden
 Every freeman's swelling heart;
 Foes are spreading, hopes may wither,
 One more cheer and then we part.
 Huzza! huzza! for freedom's cause,
 Nor yield it but with life—
 We 've enlisted for the battle,
 We are ready for the strife.

Chorus—We are all

BRIGHT IS THE DAYBREAK.

Air, "Rory O'More," Arranged by G. W. C.

Moderato.

Oh, bright is the daybreak, and thrilling the sight of A-
Rhode Island is lit - tle, but goeth it strong; And Con-

mer - i - ca's ral - ly for free - dom and right; Her
nec - ti - cut too, who don't 'cal - cu - late' wrong; New

sons and her daughters she calls from a - far, To
York! no mis - take, she will take up the Van; When New

hail the bright ad - vent of Li - ber - ty's star. Old
Jer - sey a - ris - es, beat her if you can. Pennsylv.

Maine stand-eth firm with breast to the floods; Her
vania is rea - dy, the old State of Penn—How

sons' hearts as high as their tall pi-ny woods; And
can she do oth - er than succor free men? And

should-er to shoulder, New Hampshire is there, With
Del - aware, too, with old Ma - ry-land yet; For free

lots of brave freemen, enough and to spare! Ver-
soil and free-men will a pre - ce - dent set! Illi-

mont, who shall count all her Green mountain boys? When
nois, In - di - an - a, I - o - wa, and all, With O-

Li - ber - ty rais-eth her cla - ri - on voice; Massa-
hi - o for freedom will stand or will fall; And

chu - setts, God bless her! When freedom's at stake, Every
soon thro' the length and the breadth of our land; Not a

soul of her children are up and a - wake!
heart shall be cold, not a re - cre - ant hand!

CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner! thy name shall long recorded be
 Among the champions of Liberty!
 And hoary sires, their grandsons on their knee,
 Shall teach the debt of love they owe to thee.
 God shield thy consecrated head from harm,
 Restore thy health, invigorate thine arm,
 Raise up his servant, Freedom's cause to plead,
 And her triumphant hosts to victory lead!
 Yes, Liberty SHALL triumph, God hath said
 The proud oppressor captive shall be led,
 The slave shall yet exult that he is free,
 And, Sumner, then he'll cherish thoughts of thee

DO YOUR BEST.

THE times are hard, an' fortune shy,
 Has lang been ilka grummler story,
 But work aye on, an' aim aye high,
 The harder work—the greater glory.
 The honest mind, the sterling man,
 The chains o' poortith canna fetter;
 So strive, an' do the best ye can,
 An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

Although ye toil for little gear—
 Tho' wiles you labor may be slichted,
 The darkest sky is sure to clear,
 An' virtue's wrangs wi' aye be richted.
 Ne'er deem yoursel' an ill-used man,
 Nor ca' the world a heartless debtor,
 But strive, and do the best ye can,
 An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

Oh, sweet is freedom's caller air,
 An' sweet is bread o' aine's ain winning!
 To work, and win, be aye your care,
 Great things hae aft a sma' beginning.
 Let naught e'er ding ye frae your plan;
 Stick to your creed in ilka letter;
 But strive to do the best ye can,
 An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

[James Ballantyne.]

FREE SOIL CHORUS.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

Con Spirito.

All hail! ye friends of li - ber - ty, Ye
We wage no blood - y war - fare here, But
Nor care we aught for par - ty names, We

hon - est sons of toil, Come, let us raise a
glad - ly would we toil, To show the South the
ask not for the spoils; But what we'll have is

shout to - day, For free - dom and free soil.
match - less worth Of free - dom and free soil.
li - ber - ty, For free - men and free soil.

Chorus.

For free - dom and free soil, my boys, For

The musical score is written for a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

free - dom and free soil; Ring out the shout to
all a - bout, For free - dom and free soil.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife,
'Tis time to pour in oil;
So here's a dose for Uncle Sam,
Of freedom and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

Our southern neighbors feel our power,
And gladly would recoil;
But 'tis "too late," the cry's gone forth,
For freemen and free soil.
For freemen, &c.

Then let opponents do their best
Our spirits to embroil;
No feuds shall e'er divide our ranks
Till victory crowns free soil.
For freemen, &c.

They've called us *Sisslers* long enough,
We now begin to *boil*,
And ere November shall come round,
We'll *cook them up* free soil.
For freedom, &c.

Then let us sing *God bless the free*,
The noble sons of toil;
And let the shout ring all about,
Of freedom and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

SWANEE RIVER.

Tune—" *Old Folks at Home.*"

Way down upon de Swanee River, far, far away,
Thar's whar my heart is turning ever,
Thar's whar de loved ones stay ;—
All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de loved ones at home.

All de world am sad and dreary
Every where I roam,
When will de day of Mancipation
Bring all de darkies home ?

All round de little farm I wandered when I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brother, happy was I,
But when dey sold me down de River,
Den seemed my heart would die.

Chorus—All de world, &c.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove ;—
When shall I hear de bees a humming all round de comb ?
When shall I hear de sound of Freedom
Down in my dear old home ?

All de world am sad and dreary
Every where I roam,
When will de day of Mancipation
Bring all de darkies home ?

OH, CARRY ME BACK !

Tune—" *Carry me back to Old Virginny.*"

The burning sun from day to day,
Looks down on toil and pain,
Where drivers hold their heartless sway
With whip and clanking chain ;
With cracking whip and clanking chain,
Our woes will soon be o'er—
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore !

Where broad Potomac rolls away,
 A snow-white cabin gleams,
 A mother with her child at play—
 Oh, God, they mock my dreams.
 The cracking whip and clanking chain,
 In dreams are heard no more.
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
 To old Virginia's shore.

They coin our very heart for gold.
 Our sweat makes rich their soil,
 Where cotton fields are wide unrolled
 We drop and die in toil;
 The cracking whip and clanking chain
 In death are heard no more.
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
 To old Virginia's shore.

THEY WORKED ME ALL THE DAY WITHOUT A BIT OF PAY.

Tune—" *Dearest May.*"

Come, freemen, listen to my song, a story I'll relate,
 It happened in the valley of the old Carlina State.
 They marched me to the cotton field at early dawn of day,
 And worked me there from morn till night without a bit of pay.

Chorus—They worked me all the day without a bit of pay,
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night
 When the moon am gone away.

Old massa give me a holler day and say he'd give me more,
 I thank'd him very kindly, and shoved my boat from shore:
 I drifted down the river, my heart was light and free,
 I had my eye on the bright North star, and thought of liberty.

Chorus—They worked me all the day, &c.

I jumped out of my good old boat, and pushed it from the shore
 And travelled faster on that night than ever I'd done before;
 I came up to a farmer's house just at the break of day,
 And saw a white man standing there—says he, You're a runaway
 Yes, but they worked me all the day, &c.

I told him I had left the whips, and the baying of the hound,
 To find a place where *man* is *man*, if such there could be found
 That I had heard in Canada that all mankind were free,
 That I was going northward now in search of liberty;—
 For they worked me all the day, &c.

SLAVE'S ADDRESS TO THE EAGLE.

Tune—" *Carrier Dove*."

Fly away from thy native hills, proud bird,
Thou emblem of the free ;
For a deep-drawn sigh in the land is heard,
It crosses the waves of the sea ;
'Tis the sigh of the slave who pines in his chain,
As he bends 'neath the despot's yoke,
Where the scorn, and the lash, and the tyrant's rein,
Have his spirit subdued and broke.

As he goes to his toil at early morn,
The bloodhounds are watching his track
And the pay for his work when his labor is done,
Can be known by the scars on his back !
His wife, she is torn from his bosom away,
No more shall her form greet his sight,
And, helpless, he no word can say
'Gainst this power that tramples on right.

The children that played round his cabin door,
To gladden his heart by their glee,
Are torn from his arms, and he no more
Their cherished forms shall see ;
He himself hath no home or abiding place,
Like a beast he is forced by the rod
To the auction-block, oh ! deep disgrace,
To be endured by the image of God !

Oh, fly from this land, from scenes like these,
As dark and as drear as the grave !
Where the songs of the free, as they float on the breeze,
Are drowned by the cry of the slave !
Go to the haughty tyrant's throne ;
Leave this, thy native land,
Where the rulers may buy, or sell, or own,
The life of a brother man.

THE POOR VOTER'S SONG.

Air—" *Lucy Long*."

They knew that I was poor,
And they thought I was base ;
They thought that I'd endure
To be covered with disgrace ;

They thought me of their tribe,
 Who on filthy lucre doat,
 So they offered me a bribe
 For my vote, boys! my vote!
 O shame upon my betters,
 Who would my conscience buy!
 But I'll not wear their fetters,
 Not I, indeed, not I!

My vote? It is not mine
 To do with as I will;
 To cast, like pearls, to swine,
 To these wallowers in ill.
 It is my country's due,
 And I'll give it, while I can,
 To the honest and the true,
 Like a man, like a man!
 O shame, &c.

No no, I'll hold my vote,
 As a treasure and a trust,
 My dishonor none shall quote,
 When I'm mingled with the dust;
 And my children, when I'm gone,
 Shall be strengthened by the thought,
 That their father was not one
 To be bought, to be bought!
 O shame, &c.

MANHOOD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Tune—" *Our Warriors' Hearts.*"

Is there for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor, for a' that;
 For a' that and a' that;
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;

The honest man tho' e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world all o'er,
Shall brother's be, for a' that.

Terms explained :—*Gowd*—gold. *Hodden*—homespun, or mean.
Gree—honor, or victory.

THE BALLOT.

BY J. E. DOW.

Air—" *Bonnie Doon.*"

And shall the safeguard of the free,
By valor won on gory plains,
Become a solemn mockery
While freemen breathe and virtue reigns ?
Shall liberty be bought and sold
By guilty creatures clothed with power ?
Is HONOR but a name for GOLD,
And PRINCIPLE a WITHERED FLOWER ?

The parricide's accursed steel
Has pierced thy sacred sovereignty ;
And all who think and all who feel,
Must act or never more be free.
No party chains shall bind us here ;
No mighty name shall turn the blow ;
Then, wounded sovereignty, appear,
And lay the base apostates low.

The wretch, with hands by murder red,
May hope for mercy at the last ;
And he who steals a nation's bread,
May have oblivion's statute passed.
But he who steals a sacred right,
And brings his native land to scorn,
Shall die a traitor in her sight,
With none to pity or to mourn.

HAIL THE DAY!

Tune—" *Wreath the Bowl*," or " *Yankee Doodle*."

Hail the day
Whose joyful ray
Speaks of emancipation!
The day that broke
Oppression's yoke—
The birth-day of a nation!
When England's might
Put forth for right,
Achieved a fame more glorious
Than armies tried,
Or navies' pride,
O'er land and sea victorious!
Soon may we gain
An equal name
In honor's estimation!
And righteousness
Exalt and bless
Our glorious happy nation!
Brave hearts shall lend
Strong hands to rend
Foul slavery's bonds asunder,
And liberty
Her jubilee
Proclaim, in tones of thunder.
We hail afar
Fair freedom's star,
Her day-star brightly glancing;
We hear the tramp
From Freedom's camp,
Assembling and advancing!
Come join your hands
With freedom's bands,
New England's sons and daughters!
Speak your decree—
Man shall be free—
As mountains, winds, and waters!
And haste the day
Whose coming ray
Speaks our emancipation!
Whose glorious light,
Enthroning right,
Shall bless and save the nation!

FOR THE ELECTION.

Tune—" *Scots wha hae with Wallace bled.*"

Ye who know and do the right,
Ye who cherish honor bright,
Ye who worship love and light,
 Choose your side to-day,
Succor Freedom, now you can,
Voting for an honest man;
Let not slavery's blight and ban,
 On your ballot lay.

Boasts your vote no higher aim,
Than between two blots of shame
That would stain our country's fame,
.. Just to choose the least?
Let it sternly answer no!
Let it straight for Freedom go;
Let it swell the winds that blow
 From the north and east.

Blot!—the smaller—is a curse,
Blighting conscience, honor, purse;
Give us any, give the worse,
 'Twill be less endured.
Freemen, is it God who wills
You to choose, of foulest ills,
That which only latest kills?
 No; he wills it cured.

Do your duty, He will aid;
Dare to vote as you have prayed;
Who e'er conquered while his blade
 Served his open foes?
Right established would you see?
Feel that you yourselves are free?
Strike for that which ought to be—
 God will bless the blows.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMS.

Tune—" *Be free, Oh, man, be free.*"

The spirit of the Pilgrims
 Is spreading o'er the earth,
And millions now point to the land
 Where freedom had her birth:

Hark! Hear ye not the earnest cry
 That peals o'er every wave?
 'God above,
 In thy love,
 O liberate the slave!"

Ye heard of trampled Poland,
 And of her sons in chains,
 And noble thoughts flashed through your minds,
 And fire flowed through your veins.
 Then wherefore hear ye not the cry
 That breaks o'er land and sea?—
 " On each plain,
 Rend the chain,
 And set the captive free!"

Oh, think ye that our fathers,
 (That noble patriot band,)
 Could now look down with kindling joy,
 And smile upon the land?
 Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,
 And ring from shore to shore;—
 " All who stand,
 In this land,
 Shall be free for evermore!"

Great God, inspire thy children,
 And make thy creatures just,
 That every galling chain may fall,
 And crumble into dust:
 That not one soul throughout the land
 Our fathers died to save,
 May again,
 By fellow-men,
 Be branded as a Slave!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

(*Air on page 101.*)

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His Father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp hung behind him:—
 "Land of song," said the warrior bard—
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee;
 One sword at least thy right shall guard—
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder,
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou son of love and bravery,
 Thy songs were made for the *pure and free*,
 They shall never sound in SLAVERY!"

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S PRAYER.

BY B. C.—WITH CHORUS BY G. W. C.

Tune—"Dandy Jim," with variation. (See page 33.)

These slaves I now possess are mine,
 Sanction'd by laws of earth and heaven;
 I thank thee, oh! thou Great Divine,
 That unto me this boon is given!

Chorus—My old master tells me so!
 'Tis a blessed system O,
 It came from heaven, this I know,
 For my old master tells me so.

In Scripture thou hast bade us make
 Slaves of the heathen and the stranger;
 And if we heathen "niggers" take,
 There is no harm nor any danger.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Sure in thy wisdom thou made us
 The instruments to show thy power;
 And thus fulfil on them the curse
 Of "Cain,"—nay, "Ham," until this hour.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

What care we for the Northern fools,
 Who talk about the rights of "niggers?"
 We know that we were made to rule,
 And they ordained to be the diggers.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Besides, it can be seen at sight,
 Our slaves, if freed, would turn out lazy;
 And if the fanatics are right,
 The Bible's wrong and we are crazy.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Then hold on, brethren of the South—
 They tell me agitation's dying;
 This cry's in almost every mouth,
 Unless you think the rascal's lying.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Whether or not this "corner-stone"
 Of our republic shall e'er crumble,
 Our laws and niggers are our own,
 So let the poor fanatics grumble.
Chorus—My old master, &c.

RAISE A SHOUT FOR LIBERTY.

Air—"Old Granite State."

Come all ye sons and daughters,
 Raise a shout for freedom's quarters,
 Like the voice of many waters,
 Let it echo through the land :
 And let all the people,
 And let all the people,
 And let all the people,
 Raise a shout for liberty.

We have long been benighted,
 And the cause of freedom slighted,
 But we now are all united
 To reform our native land :
 And we mean to conquer, (*Repeat*)
 With a shout for liberty !

Let us raise a song of gladness,
 To subdue the tyrant's madness,
 Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,
 With the chorus of the free ;
 And let all the people, &c.
 Raise a shout for liberty !

Let Liberty awaken,
 And never be forsaken,
 Till the enemy is taken,
 And the victory is won :—
 Then will all the people, &c.
 Raise a shout for liberty !

Come and join our holy mission,
 Whatsoever your condition,
 Let each honest politician
 Come and labor for the slave.
 We will bid you welcome, &c.
 With a shout for liberty !

With the flag of freedom o'er us,
 And the light of truth before us,
 Let all freemen raise the chorus,
 And the nation shall be free,
 Then will all the people, &c.
 Raise a shout for liberty !

Then spread the proclamation,
 Throughout this guilty nation,
 And let every habitation
 Be a dwelling of the free !
 And let all the people, &c.
 Raise a SHOUT FOR LIBERTY.

WE'VE HAD A CORDIAL GREETING.*

Air—" *Old Granite State.*"

Here we've had a cordial greeting,
 And we've had a thrilling meeting,
 And our labor here completing
 We'll seek the next town,
 From town to town we'll battle,
 From town to town we'll battle,
 From town to town we'll battle,
 Until slavery's beat down.

But we leave here faithful legions,
 To defend these conquer'd regions,
 And to keep the battle raging,
 In all the towns about,
 Here you'll guard the fortress, &c.
 And put the foe to rout.

Now the churches must awaken,
 The State must now be shaken,
 And a mighty stride be taken,
 Towards the truth and the light ;
 And all must fear and tremble, &c.
 Who refuse to do the right.

Now we'll give the foe no quarter,
 At the ballot-box or altar,—
 She is Babylon's foul daughter,
 And our work, it must not pause,
 And we'll fight for freedom, &c.
 True religion and just laws.

* To be sung at the close of anti-slavery meetings and conventions.

MARCH ON! MARCH ON!

Tune—" *The Pirate's Glee.*"

March on! march on, ye friends of freedom for all,
 For truth and right contend;
 Be ever ready at humanity's call,
 Till tyrants' power shall end.
 The proud slaveholders rule the nation,
 The people's groans are loud and long;
 Arouse, ye men, in every station,
 And join to crush the power of wrong.
 March on! march on, &c.

Fight on! fight on, ye brave, till victory's won
 And justice shall prevail;
 Till all shall feel the rays of liberty's sun,
 Streaming o'er hill and dale.
 The tyrants know their guilt and tremble,
 The glowing light of truth they fear;
 Then let them all their hosts assemble,
 And slavery's dreadful sentence hear.
 Fight on! fight on, &c.

Roll on! roll on, ye brave, the liberty car,
 Our country's name to save;
 Soon shall our land be known to nations afar,
 As the home of the free and brave.
 The voice of free men loud hath spoken,
 A brighter day we soon shall see;
 When Slavery's chains shall all be broken,
 And all the captive millions free.
 Roll on! roll on, &c

THE EMBLEM OF THE FREE.

Air—" 'Tis dawn, the lark is singing," page

Our emblem is the Cedar,
 That knoweth not decay;
 Its growth shall bless the mountains
 Till mountains pass away.

Its top shall greet the sunshine—
 Its leaves shall drink the rain;
 And on its lower branches,
 The slave shall hang his chain.

God bless the people's party—
 The party of the free,
 And give it faith and courage
 To strike for Liberty.

This party—we will name it
 THE PARTY OF THE WHOLE!—
 Hath for its firm foundation,
 The substance of the Soul.

It groweth out of reason,
 The strongest soil on earth;
 How glorious is the promise
 Of Him who gave it birth!

Of what is true and living
 God makes himself the nurse;
 While "ONWARD!" cry the voices
 Of all His Universe.

ECHO FROM THE ROCKS OF MAINE.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne," page

Hurrah to the note that rising swells
 From lake to rolling sea!
 Of truth and victory it tells—

'Tis the watchword of the Free

That watchword comes o'er hill and plain,
 From western lands afar;
 Our ocean waves repeat the strain—
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The star our fathers watched of yore,
 To guide their steps aright,
 Though long bedimm'd, displays once more
 Its rays of peerless light.

It shines on many a hill and plain
 Of Western lands afar;
 It gleams upon the rocks of Maine—
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

And sunnier climes the anthem spread
 O'er their time-honored graves,
 To tell us Freedom's light is shed,
 E'en on a land of slaves.

The free notes from fair Kansas' plain,
 Where sinks the evening star,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hail to the tillers of the land,
 Whose brave hearts beating free,
 Disdain with fettered slaves to stand,
 And bend the suppliant knee.
 Their watchword from fair Kansas' plain,
 Borne on the breeze afar,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

We vow by all the rights of toil,
 And by our fathers' graves,
 The air that floats o'er Freedom's soil,
 Shall not be breathed by slaves !
 Our free note from fair Kansas' plain,
 Where sets the western star,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

YE SONS OF THE SOIL !

Air—" *Campbells are coming,*" page

Ye sons of the soil, where for freedom your sires
 Struck the sparks from the flint to enkindle its fires,
 Shall the demon of Slavery now rule with a rod,
 The soil that was wet with your forefathers' blood ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic e'en to the far West,
 Where'er beats a heart in a true freeman's breast,
 From hill-top and mountain to valley below,
 Let the answer be echoed in thunder-tones—" No !"

Then, freemen, arouse and go forth in your might,
 United and firm for the truth and the right ;
 With the right on our side and the power in our hand,
 Shall oppression be suffered to stalk through the land ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

In the conflict with slavery, shall freedom succumb,
 And the priests of her altar be silent and dumb ?
 Shall the sons of the pilgrim bow down with dismay,
 And cravenly cower beneath slaveholding sway ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

Huzza for Free Soil ! Free Soil evermore,
 Till its boundaries embrace on our land every shore ;
 And should traitors essay the foul curse to extend,
 Shall it any less speedily come to its end ?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

UP, LAGGARDS OF FREEDOM.

BY WHITTIER.

Tune—" *Campbells are Coming,*"

Whoso loves not his kind, and fears not the Lord,
Let him join that foe's service, accurs'd and abhorr'd !
Let him do his base will, as the slave only can—
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put off the Man !

Let him go where the cold blood that creeps in his veins
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on his chains—
Where the black slave shall laugh in his bonds, to behold
The white slave beside him, self-fettered and sold !

But ye, who still boast of hearts beating and warm,
Rise, from lake, shore, and ocean, like waves in a storm !
Come, throng round our banner in Liberty's name,
Like winds from your mountains, like prairies a-flame !

Our foe, hidden long in his ambush of night,
Now, forced from his covert, stands black in the light.
Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to God,
Smite him down to the earth, that is curs'd where he trod !

For deeper than thunder of Summer's loud shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour !
Shall we falter before what we've prayed for so long,
When the Wrong is so weak, and the Right is so strong ?

Come forth, altogether !—come old and come young—
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her song on each tongue ;
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood in mail—
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right cannot fail !

Like leaves of the Summer once numbered the foe,
But the hoar-frost is falling, the Northern winds blow ;
Like leaves of November, ere long shall they fall,
For Earth wearies of them, and God's over all !

THE GATHERING.

Tune—" *Hunter's Chorus.*"

From hill and from valley
They eagerly sally,
Like billows of Ocean,
The Mass is in motion—
The lines are extending
O'er mountain and plain ;

Like torrents descending,
 They hurry amain.
 The Gathering ! The Gathering !
 We'll be there ! we'll be there !
 The Gathering ! The Gathering !
 We'll be there ! we'll be there !
 There ! there ! there !

Each eye flashes brightly,
 Each bosom beats lightly—
 The banners are glancing,
 And merrily dancing,
 While proudly the standard
 Of Liberty floats,
 And the music is swelling
 Inspiring notes.
 The Victory ! The Victory !
 That we'll gain ! that we'll gain !
 The Victory ! The Victory !
 That we'll gain ! that we'll gain !
 Gain ! gain ! gain !

Again we assemble—
 The traitor shall tremble !
 For strong as the ocean,
 A people in motion !
 THE IDES OF NOVEMBER,
 The day of his doom,
 He long shall remember
 In silence and gloom.
 He long shall remember
 In silence and gloom.
 The Traitor ! The Traitor !
 He shall fall ! he shall fall !
 The Traitor ! The Traitor !
 He shall fall ! he shall fall !
 Fall ! FALL ! FALL !

THE NEB-RASCALITY.

Sung to the air of "*Dandy Jim*."*

1. Kind friends, with your permission, I
 Will sing a few short stanzas,
 About this new "Nebraska Bill,"
 Including also Kansas ;

* This may be sung to the air as indicated, or to the tune of Yankee Doodle throughout.

All how they had it "cut and dried,"
 To rush it through the Senate
 Before the people rallied, and
 Before they'd time to mend it.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

2. Iniquity so very great,
 Of justice so defiant,
 Of course could only emanate
 From brain of mighty giant
 This giant now is very small,
 As all of you do know, sirs,
 But then there is no doubt at all
 That he expects to grow, sirs.

3. There's one thing more I ought to say,
 And that will make us even;
 It is to mention by the way,
 The giant's name is—Stephen.
- GIANT'S
BASS SOLO. { "Fe, fi, fo, fe, fi, fum,
 I smell the blood of free-dom;
 Fe, fi, fo fe, fi, fum,
 Dead or alive, I'll have some."

4. Oh, terribly the giant swore,
 With awful oaths and curses,
 And language such as I cannot
 Engraft into my verses.
 There was a giant once before,
 And with a sling they slew him;
 That Stephen could be slued with one,
 No one would say who knew him.

Air—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

5. 'Twas at the dead of night they met,
 (So I'm informed the case is,)
 Stephen in person leading on
 The army of "dough-faces."
 They voted, at the dead of night,
 While all the land lay sleeping,
 That all our sacred, blood-bought rights,
 Were not worth the keeping.

Air—"Yankee Doodle, Double Quick Time."

6. Oh! bless those old forefathers, in
 Their Continental "trowsers,"
 Who in their wisdom looked so far,
 And organized two houses—

So let them shout, their time is short,
 They'll very soon be stiller ;
 For in the house they'll find a boy
 Called " Jack the Giant Killer."

Air—" *Scott's wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled.*"
 And now, kind friends, for once and all,
 Let's swear upon the altar
 Of plighted faith and sacred truth,
 To fight and never falter—
 That Liberty and Human Rights
 Shall be a bright reality,
 And we'll resist with all our might
 This monstrous Neb-rascality!

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM AND FOR RIGHT.

Tune—" *Dan Tucker*"—slow and grave.
 From the bloody plains of Kansas,
 From the Senate's guilty floor,
 From the smoking wreck of Lawrence,
 From our Sumner's wounds and gore,
 Comes our country's dying call—
 Rise for Freedom, or we fall ! [*Repeat.*]

Hear ye not succeeding ages
 From their cloudy distance cry ?
 See ye not the hands of nations
 Lifted toward the threatening sky ?
Now, or never, rise and gain
 Freedom for this fair domain !

We have vanquished foreign tyrants—
 Now the battle draws a-near ;
 Let not Despots have this boasting,
 That a Freeman knows to fear.
 By your Father's patriot graves,
 Rise ! nor be forever slaves !

Speak, ye Orators of Freedom—
 Let your thunder shake these plains ;
 Write, ye Editors of Freedom—
 Let your lightning rive their chains.
 Up ! ye sons of Pilgrims, rise !
 Strike for Freedom, or she dies !

Give this land to future ages
Free, as God has made it free;
 Swear, that not another acre
 Shall be cursed with Slavery;
 Strike for freedom and for right—
 God himself is Freedom's might.

“THE DAY BREAKETH.”

Tune—“*Bavaria*.”—Page 200.

On the earth the day is dawning;
 Lovely beams a rising star;
 Prisoner, greet a glorious morning—
 Hail the day-spring from afar!
 Tyrants now are seized with trembling,
 While they madly urge the war;
 Dark and serried hosts assembling,
 Blindly drag their bloody car.
 'Tis their last, their fated hour,
 For their reign of blood shall cease;
 Sinks and dies their waving power—
 Soon shall reign the King of peace.
 Ho! ye royal hosts of Freedom—
 Strong of heart, and truly brave;
 See your brethren, chained and bleeding—
 Fly on lightning's wing to save!
 Grasp the bolt of slavery's thunder—
 Hurl them back along the sky:
 Break their bars and bolts asunder—
 Boldly do, or bravely die!
 On the earth the light is dawning;
 Lovely beams the rising sun;
 Prisoner, greet the glorious morning—
 Soon we'll shout, “The day is won!”

Aspinwall, June 13, 1855.

HORATIO.

WE LONG TO SEE THAT HAPPY TIME.

Tune—“*Hebron*.”

We long to see that happy time,
 That dear, expected, blissful day,
 When countless myriads of our race
 The glorious gospel shall obey.

The prophecies must be fulfilled,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose:
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

Afric's emancipated sons
 Shall shout to Asia's rapturing song—
 Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
 And western climes the notes prolong.

From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
 And every man, in every face,
 SHALL MEET A BROTHER AND A FRIEND!

PRAISE TO GOD WHO EVER REIGNS.

Tune—"Pleyel."

Praise to God who ever reigns—
 Praise to Him who burst our chains;
 For the priceless blessing giv'n,
 Thanks, our grateful thanks, to Heaven!

Here no more the bloody scourge
 Afric's fainting sons shall urge;
 Here no more shall galling chains
 Wear our flesh with fest'ring pains.

Here no more the frantic slave
 Fly for refuge to the grave:
 Freedom comes to banish fear—
 Hallelujah! God is here

Long and loud with praises fill
 Deepest glen and highest hill;
 Mountain peak and sea-girt shore
 Echo slavery's reign is o'er.

Kindred—country now we claim,
 Praise to God's beloved name;
 Father, for this jubilee,
 Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee!

THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

Tune—" *Auld Lang Syne.*"

BY C. D. STUART.

Who are the Nobles of the earth—
 The true Aristocrats,—
 Who need not bow their heads to Lords,
 Nor doff to Kings their hats ?
 Who are they but the Men of Toil,
 The mighty and the free,
 Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
 And compass all the sea !

Who are they but the Men of Toil
 Who cleave the forests down,
 And plant amid the wilderness
 The hamlet and the town ?
 Who fight the battles, bear the scars,
 And give the world its crown
 Of name, and fame, and history,
 And pomp of old renown !

These claim no gaud of heraldry,
 And scorn the knighting rod ;
 Their coats of arms are noble deeds ;
 Their peerage is from God !
 They take not from ancestral graves
 The glory of their name,
 But win, as erst their fathers won,
 The laurel wreath of Fame.

SLAVERY IS A HARD FOE TO BATTLE.

BY JUDSON HUTCHINSON.

Tune—" *Jordan is a hard road to travel.*"

I looked to the South, and I looked to the West,
 And I saw old Slavery a coming,
 With four Northern doughfaces hitched up in front,
 Driving freedom to the other side of Jordan.
 Then take off your coats and roll up your sleeves,
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe.

Slavery and Freedom they both had a fight,
 And the whole North came up behind 'em ;
 Hit Slavery a few knocks with a free ballot-box,
 Sent it staggering to the other side of Jordan.
 Then rouse up the North, the sword unsheath,
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe

If I was the Legislature of these United States,
 I'd settle this great question accordin';
 I'd let every Slave go free over land, and on the sea,
 And let them have a little hope this side of Jordan.
 Then rouse up the free, the sword unsheath,
 Freedom is the best road to travel I believe.

The South have their school where the masters learn to rule,
 And they lord it o'er the free states accordin';
 But sure they'd better quit e'er they raise the Yankee grit,
 And we tumble 'em over 'tother side of Jordan.
 Then wake up the North, the sword unsheath,
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe.

But the day is drawing nigh that Slavery must die,
 And every one must do his part accordin';
 Then let us all unite to give every man his right, (*woman too!*)
 And we'll get our pay the other side of Jordan.
 Then wake up the North, the sword unsheath,
 Freedom is the best road to travel I believe.

DOWN WITH SLAVERY'S MINIONS.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

Air—" *Old Dan Tucker*," page 169.

Rouse ye, freemen, from your slumbers;
 Seize your arms and count your numbers;
 Now's the time for deeds of bravery,
 Freedom grapples now with Slavery.

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce and Shannon,
 Down with Slavery and Buchanan!
 Freedom's traitors—sing their dirges,
 Long and loud as ocean surges.

In the halls of Congress pleading,
 On the fields of Kansas bleeding,
 Brothers true as steel implore us—
 "Join the fight and join the chorus!"

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

Mark the flag of Slavery's minions—
 "Bludgeons versus Free Opinions!"
 "Rule or Ruin!" "Compacts broken!"
 "Choke Free Words, before they're spoken!"
Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

Are we cowards now to falter ?
 Have we naught for Freedom's altar ?
 Shall our forces, by division,
 Reap defeat and bold derision ?
 Never ! never ! all are ready !
 Every column marching steady :
 True as were our sires before us,
 Marching steady to the chorus !
Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

TO THE RESCUE !

Music and Chorus, pp. 289, or "*Rory O'More.*"

They come from the mountain, they come from the glen,
 Their motto—"Free Labor, Free Soil, and Free Men ;"
 They sweep to the rally like clouds to the storm,
 From hill-top and valley they gather and form.
 They cry, "To the rescue !" their march is begun,
 Their number is legion—their hearts are but one ;
 Their cause is their country, they war for the right,
 And the minions of slavery turn pale at the sight.

At the voice of Jehovah the ocean waves stayed—
 Its billows rolled back, and the mandate obeyed ;
 Thus the tyrant is checked—he beholds with surprise
 The slave power recoil when stern freemen arise.
 They speak—and that voice shall awaken mankind
 From the sleep that has rested so long on the mind ;
 "No party shall bind us—we are free from this hour ;
 We bow not in meekness to slaveholding power."

AFRICA'S CHILDREN, AWAKE FROM YOUR SADNESS !

Africa's children, awake from your sadness !
 Awake ! for your foes shall oppress you no more ;
 Bright o'er the hills dawns the day star of gladness ;
 Arise ! for your sorrow it soon shall be o'er.

Strong are your foes, but an arm shall subdue them,
 And scatter their legions, that's mightier far ;
 They fly like the chaff from the scourge that pursues them,
 Vain are their steeds and their chariots of war.

Africa's children, the power that will save you,
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe he'll destroy that enslaves you,
 The oppressor he'll vanquish, your children he'll free.

"O LORD, WHOSE FORMING HAND." (L. M.)

O Lord ! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave !

Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
And freedom to their bodies give ;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

Oh, kindle in our hearts a flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do ;
And bid each child who loves thy name,
To love his bleeding brother too.

Through all thy temples, let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee ;
And hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children, worship thee.

WHAT MEAN YE ?

Air—"Ortonville."

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind
My people ? saith the Lord,
And starve your craving brother's mind,
Who asks to hear my word ?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears ?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart ?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part ?

What mean ye when God's bounteous hand,
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land,
Ye keep both earth and heaven ?

When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother ? say,
What mean ye to the Judge of all
To answer on that day ?

WHO ARE THE FREE? (L. M.)

Who are the free? The sons of God,
That hate oppression, strife, and blood;
Who are the slaves? The men that sell
God's image for the gains of hell!

They scourge the frame, the sinews bind;
They trample on th' immortal mind:
Earth can endure the guilt no more,
And God rolls on th' avenging hour.

Proclaim his truth, spread forth his laws;
Strike at the sin his soul abhors:
Break every yoke, the slave release,
Let chains, and stripes, and bondage cease.

Thus shall the world resemble heaven;
Oppression back to hell be driven;
And Love shall bind, in sweet accord,
ALL NATIONS, RANSOMED OF THE LORD!

A SOUND TO ARMS.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

A sound of arms, and of war's alarms,
Each breath from the South is bringing;
'Tis the charging van of oppression's clan,
To the breeze their dark flag flinging
Chorus.—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call,
Beat back our fierce assaulters,
And strike with might, for God and the right,
And the fires of freedom's altars!

Our brothers bold in the prairies cold,
In bloody shrouds are lying,
And their wives on high send the piercing cry,
And from burning homes are flying.
Chorus.—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

A noble hero is bleeding now,
In the halls of the nation falling;
And his crimson gore as it stains the floor,
Is for vengeance loudly calling.
Chorus.—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

Then on let us go to meet the foe,
Though above us the thunder rattles,
We stake our life, in the holy strife,
With our trust in the God of battles.
Chorus.—Then rise, one and all, &c.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Air—" *Miss Lucy Long.*"

BY W. S. ABBOTT.

While we are happy here,
 In joy and peace and love,
 We'll raise our hearts with holy fear
 To thee, great God, above.

God of our infant hours !
 The music of our tongues,
 The worship of our nobler powers,
 To thee, to thee belongs.

The little trembling slave
 Shall feel our sympathy ;
 O God ! arise with might to save
 And set the captive free.

No parent's holy care
 Provides for him repose,
 But oft the hot and briny tear,
 In sorrow freely flows.

The God of Abraham praise ;
 The curse he will remove ;
 The slave shall welcome happy days,
 With liberty and love.

Pray without ceasing, pray,
 Ye saints of God Most High,
 That all who hail this glorious day,
 May have their liberty.

RALLYING SONG.

Tune—*The Marseilles Hymn.* (page 158.)

Behold ! the furious storm is rolling,
 Which Border-Fiends, confederates, raise !
 The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo ! our infant cities blaze !
 And shall we calmly view the ruin,
 While lawless Force, with giant stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 In guiltless blood his hands imbruing ?
 Arise, arise, ye brave !
 And let our war-cry be,
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 A glorious Victory !

Oh! Liberty! can he resign thee,
 Who once has felt thy generous flame?
 Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee,—
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 No! by the heavens bright bending o'er us!
 We've called our Captain to the van—
 Behold the hour—behold the man!
 Oh, wise and valiant, go before us!
 Then let the shout again
 Ring out from sea to sea,
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 Our country shall be free.

Hurrah! hurrah! from hill and valley,
 Hurrah! from prairie wide and free!
 Around our glorious Chieftain rally,
 For KANSAS and for LIBERTY!
 Let him, who first her wilds exploring,
 Her virgin beauty gave to fame,
 Nor save her from the curse and shame
 Which Slavery o'er her soil is pouring.
 Arise, arise, ye brave!
 And let our war-cry be,
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 A glorious Victory!

WE'RE FREE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tune—"Lucy Neal," page 212.

The robber o'er the prairie stalks,
 And calls the land his own;
 And they who talk as Slavery talks,
 Are free to talk alone.
Chorus—But tell the knaves we are not slaves,
 And slaves we ne'er will be;
 Come weal or woe, the world shall know,
 We're free, we're free, we're free!

Oh, watcher on the outer wall,
 How wears the night away?
 "I hear the birds of morning call,
 I see the break of day!"
Chorus—Rise, tell the knaves we are not slaves,
 And slaves we ne'er will be, &c.

The hands that hold the sword and purse
 Ere long shall lose their prey;
 And they who blindly wrought the curse,
 The curse shall sweep away.

Chorus—Then tell the knaves we are not slaves,
 And slaves we ne'er will be &c.

The land again in peace shall rest,
 With blood no longer stained:
 The virgin beauty of the West,
 Shall be no more profaned.

Chorus—We'll teach the knaves we are not slaves, &c.

Then let the idlers stand apart,
 And cowards shun the fight,
 We'll band together, heart to heart,
 Forget, forgive, unite.

Chorus—And tell the knaves we are not slaves, &c.

FREEDOM.

BY BRYANT.

Free soil, free men,
 Free speech, free pen,
 Freedom from slavery's thrall;
 Free North, free East,
 Free South, free West,
 Freedom for one and all!
 Free ports, free seas,
 Free ships, free breeze,
 Free homesteads for the people;
 Free bells on every steeple,
 Free pulpits and free preachers;
 (Three cheers for all the BEECHERS:
 Freedom from Southern rooks;
 Freedom from Southern "Brooks;"
 Free schools, free books;
 Freedom to worship God.
 Freedom to read His Word;
 Freedom's star-spangled banners
 Waving o'er gallant Kansas;
 Freedom from Border Smugglers,
 (Three Groans for Pierce and Douglas!)
 Freemen to bear the battle-brunt,
 And, rushing to the battle-front,
 The hords of Slavery to confront,
 For Freedom and for Union shout.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

NATURE—JUSTICE—THE BIBLE—THE TESTAMENT—THE COMMON LAW—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES—The greatest PHILOSOPHERS—The greatest JUDGES—The greatest DIVINES—and the greatest STATESMEN of the World, Against Slavery.

Let these great, Eternal, and Fundamental principles of *Liberty, Equality* and *Law*, be carefully read and pondered by us, and faithfully inculcated in the minds of our children. Nothing will tend more surely to the overthrow of Slavery, and the establishment of Freedom on a firm basis, and the recognition and enactment of just and righteous laws for the government of the Nation, and the protection of the *rights* of the people.

"It is neither for the *good*, nor is it *just*, seeing all men are by nature alike, and *Equal*, that one should be *Lord* and *Master over others*."—ARISTOTLE.

"Slavery is contrary to the fundamental principles of *all Societies*."—MONTESQUEN.

"By the grand Laws of *Nature*, *all men are born free*, and this law is universally binding upon all men."—"Eternal *justice* is the basis of all human laws."—"Those who have made pernicious and unjust decrees, have made anything rather than *Laws*."—CICERO.

"Slavery is a System of the most complete injustice."—PLATO.

"All men are by nature *free born*."—LOUIS 10th.

"Even the earth itself, which teems with profusion under the cultivating hand of the free born laborer, shrinks into barrenness from the contaminating sweat of a Slave."—MONTESQUEN.

"Nothing puts one nearer the condition of a brute than always to see free-men and not be free."—MONTESQUEN.

"Slavery is a system of outrage and robbery."—SOCRATES.

"To *fight*, in order not to be made a slave, is *noble*."—CYRUS.

The great Tacitus declared, after the introduction of slavery into Rome—"The whole state of our affairs was turned upside down—nothing of the ancient integrity of our Fathers was left amongst us; all men cast away that former equality which had been observed."

"None but unprincipled and beastly men in Society assume the mastery over their fellows, as is among Bulls, Bears, and Cocks."—PLATO.

"*Law*, is not something wrought out by man's ingenuity, nor is it a decree of the people, but it is something *eternal*, governing the world by the wisdom of its commands and prohibitions."—CICERO.

"Any act of Parliament made against *natural equity*, is VOID, for the *Law of Nature* is immutable."—JUDGE HOBERT.

"What the Parliament doth, shall be holden for *naught*, whenever it shall enact that which is *contrary to the rights of Nature*."—LORD COKE.

"The essence of all LAW is JUSTICE. What is *not* just is *not* law; and what is not law, ought not to be obeyed."—HAMPDEN.

"The precepts of law are, to live honestly, to hurt no one, to give to every one HIS DUE."—JUSTINIAN AND BLACKSTONE.

"*Justice* is the *basis of all Societies*."—VATTEL.

"No law but that of *justice* should either be proclaimed as a law, or enforced as a law."—QUINTUS.

"All men naturally, are *equal*; for though nature with a noble variety has made different features and lineaments of men, yet as to freedom, she has made every one alike, and given them the same desires."—HARRINGTON.

"Though the earth, and all inferior creatures be common to all men, yet every man has a property in his *own person*; this, NOBODY has any right to *but himself*."—LOCKE.

"To secure to the citizens the benefits of an honest and happy life, is the grand object of all political associations."—CICERO.

"*Justice* is the end of Government. It is the end of civil Society."—FEDERALIST.

"Whatever is *just* is also the *true Law*, nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactments."—CICERO.

"The law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe, in all countries, and at all times. *No human laws have any validity, if contrary to this*, and such of them as are valid, *derive all their force*, mediately or immediately from this original."—FORTESCUE.

"Of law, nothing less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in Heaven and earth do her homage; the least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."—HOOKER.

"That is just which doth destroy tyrannical government; that is unjust which would abolish just government."—CHANCELLOR SOMERS.

"The *reasonableness* of law is the *soul* of law."—NOYES.

"Human laws must be made according to the general laws of nature." "No human laws are binding, if contrary to the laws of nature."—HOOKER.

"To establish *justice*, must forever be one of the greatest ends of every wise government; it lies at the very basis of all institutions."—STORY.

"Statutes against fundamental morality are void."—JUDGE MCLEAN.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

"He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."—MOSES.

"Thou shalt not *wrest judgment*; thou shalt not respect persons."—*Deut.* 16: 19.

"Execute judgment (i. e. justice) between a man and his neighbor."—*Jeremiah* 7: 5.

"Execute JUDGMENT in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor."—21: 12.

"That which is ALTOGETHER JUST shalt thou follow."—*Deut.* 16: 20.

"And they (the judges) shall judge the people with JUST JUDGMENT."—*Deut.* 16: 18.

"Hear the causes between your brethren, and JUDGE RIGHTEOUSLY between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him."—*Deut.* 1: 16.

"If there be a controversy between men and they come into judgment that the judges may judge them, then they shall justify the righteous, and condemn the wicked."—*Deut.* 25: 1.

"In RIGHTEOUSNESS shalt thou judge thy neighbor."—*Lev.* 19: 15.

"Ye shall not oppress one another."—*Lev.* 25: 17

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land unto all the inhabitants thereof."—*Ib.*

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—"All ye are *brethren*"—"call no man *master*, neither be ye called *masters*." "Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the gentiles exercise *lordship over them*; and their *great ones* exercise authority over them; but so it *should not be among you*." "Be not like the Scribes and Pharisees." "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, while they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." "They make long prayers"---"Devour widows houses"---"are full of extortions and excesses"---"whited sepulchres, beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."---"Be kindly affectioned one towards another, in brotherly love, preferring one another."---"Do *good to all* men as ye have opportunity." "Let your light *so shine* before men, that they may see your *good works* and glorify your Father which is in heaven."---"Do all to the glory of God whatever you do."---"If thou mayest be *free*, use it rather,"---"Not now as a *servant*, but above a servant, a *brother beloved*."---"The law was made for man stealers."

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"Render to *every* MAN THAT which is *just*."

"Not only does the Christian religion, but nature herself cry out against the state of Slavery."---LEO X.

"As all men are by nature *free born*, and as this kingdom is called the kingdom of Franks, (freemen) it shall be so in *reality*. *It is therefore* decreed that enfranchisement shall be granted throughout the whole kingdom upon just and reasonable terms."---LOUIS X.

"Every man is born with a right to FREEDOM, which no other man has a power over."---LOCKE.

"The law of all nations forbids one man to pursue his advantage at the expense of another."---CICERO.

"Those are not *Societies*, whose supreme law is not *justice*, they are only *magna latrocinia*, great confederacies of thieves or robbers. Society *cannot consist without justice*."---AUGUSTINE.

"You, man of a day, expect from your slave obedience. Is he less a man than you? By birth he is your *equal*. He is endowed with the same organs, the same reasoning soul---the same hopes, subject to the same laws of life in this, and in the world to come. Impious master! Pitiless despot! You spare neither whips nor blows, nor privations: you chastise with hunger and thirst, you load with chains; you incarcerate him within black walls; miserable man! While you thus maintain your despotism over a man, you are not willing to recognize the Master and Lord of all men."---ST. CYPRIAN.

"Both religion and humanity make it a duty for us to work for the deliverance of the captive. It is Christ himself whom we ought to consider in our captive brothers."---ST. CYPRIAN.

The great Ecclesiastical Council held at Westminster 1102, forbid the "*Selling of men like cattle*."

In the same century, 1172, slavery was solemnly denounced by the great Irish Synod as "*Contrary to the rights of Christian Freedom*."

"It is *justice* which the free owe to those in bondage. *Justice* teaches men to know God and to love men, to love and assist one another, being *all equally the children of God*."---LACTANTIUS.

CESARIUS, in the 6th century, stripped the church of its sacred vessels and all its silver ornaments, for the freedom of slaves---saying---"Our Lord celebrated his last supper in mean earthen dishes, not in *plate*, and we need not scruple to part with his vessels to ransom those he has redeemed with his life."

"In temporal things, nothing is right or lawful, but that the people have derived to themselves out of the *law eternal*."---ST. AUGUSTINE.

"The Oriental Christians declared themselves opposed to the whole relation of slavery as repugnant to the dignity of the image of God in all men."---NEANDER.

The Christians of Asia Minor denounced slaveholding "as a sin---a violation of the laws of nature and religion. They gave fugitive slaves asylum, and openly offered them protection."---FLETCHER.

"Unjust violence is, by no means, the ordinance of God, and therefore can bind no one in conscience and right, to obey, whether the command comes from Pope, Emperor, King or master."---MARTIN LUTHER.

"Do not employ those beings created in the image of God, as slaves."---STUDITA.

"Let the gate of your palace be open to all, that every one may have recourse to you for *justice*. Employ your great resources in redeeming slaves."---REMIGIUS.

Augustine, Constantine, Ignatius, Polycarp, Maximius, denounced slavery and manumitted slaves.

Men-buyers are exactly on a level with *men-stealers*."---JOHN WESLEY.

"Those are men-stealers who abduct, *keep*, sell or buy slaves or freemen."---GROTIUS.

"To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be, *every day guilty* of robbing him of his liberty, or, of *man-stealing*."---PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created Equal—with certain inalienable rights—['*Inalienable*,' i. e. cannot be *alienated*; cannot, legally, be taken away]—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"We, the people of the United States: in order to form a more perfect Union, establish *justice*, ensure *domestic tranquillity*, and provide for the common defence, promote the *general welfare* and secure the blessings of *liberty* to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." * * * "No person shall be deprived of life, *liberty* or property without *due process of law*," *ib*—"Shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury," *ib*—"The right of the people to be *secure* in their *persons* and *property*, shall not be violated." *ib*—"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, *ib*—"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended in time of peace,"—*ib*. [This writ, according to Blackstone, was designed to carry out, more perfectly, the provision of Magna Charta, that no man should be deprived of liberty "unless it be by legal indictment, or the process of common law," which includes trial by jury.] "No bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, shall be passed," *ib*—"The judicial power shall extend to *all cases in law and equity*," *ib*—"The United States SHALL guarantee to *every State* in the Union a REPUBLICAN FORM of Government."---CONS. U. S.

"The foundation of republican government is the right of *every citizen*, in his person and property, and in their management."---JEFFERSON.

"It is *essential* to a republican government that it be derived from the great body of society, *not* from an inconsiderable proportion, OR a *favoured class of it*."---MADISON, in No. 39 of the *Federalist*.

In the Virginia Convention that ratified the Constitution, Patrick Henry, a member of the Federal Convention, said that Congress, by the Constitution, had "power to pronounce all slaves free." "There is," said he, "no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. *The paper speaks to the point. They have the*

power in clear and unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it."

Gov. Randolph said: "They insist that the abolition of slavery will result from this Constitution. I hope there is *no one here* who will advance an objection so dishonorable to Virginia. I hope that at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, an objection will not be started that those unfortunate men now held in bondage BY THE OPERATION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, may be made FREE."

With this "understanding," the Constitution was ratified by Virginia.

Gen. Wilson, another member of the Federal Convention, from Pennsylvania, assured the people of that State that the Constitution "laid a foundation for banishing slavery out of this country."

The Constitution repudiates the revolting idea of "*property in man.*"

"The reserved rights of the State" include no such right as that of holding property in man, as no such "right" can exist. Mr. Madison tells us that the Federal Convention would not permit the Constitution to recognize any such right.---*Vide Madison Papers.*

"The way, I hope, is preparing under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation."---JEFFERSON.

"It is among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."---WASHINGTON.

"Slavery is a most blighting curse upon the Old Dominion; and I know of but one way of getting rid of it---that is, by Legislative authority; and so far as my vote shall go for that purpose, it shall never be wanting."---WASHINGTON.

"There must, doubtless, be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From the cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. * * * * *

The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, of *Old Virginia.*"

"We should transmit to posterity our abhorrence of slavery."---PATRICK HENRY.

"Slavery is repugnant to the principles of Christianity; it prostrates every benevolent and just principle of action in the human heart."---RICHARD BUSH.

"No man can lay his head in safety upon his pillow in the midst of slavery."---JEFFERSON.

"Slavery is a dark spot on the face of the nation."---LAFAYETTE.

"We should march up to the very verge of the Constitution to destroy the traffic in human flesh."---FRANKLIN.

THE JEFFERSONIAN ORDINANCE, PASSED 1787.

We quote the prohibitory section : (1)

"Sec. 8. *Be it further enacted*, That in all that Territory *ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana*, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, SLAVERY AND INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, otherwise than as the punishment of crimes, SHALL BE AND IS HEREBY FOREVER PROHIBITED."

"Wherever there is a foot of land to be stayed back from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery."---WEBSTER.

"And no earthly power ever will make me vote to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist."---CLAY.

Alas! how has Slavery degraded and depraved the South. She has now come to advocate the monstrous doctrine that "*Slavery is RIGHT*," not only, but "*natural and NECESSARY*;" and, "*that it does not depend upon difference of complexion*." That the "*laws of the slave States justify the holding of white men, as well as black men, in bondage*." See *Richmond Examiner*, *Charleston Mercury*, and other Southern prints.

"Vice is a monster of so hateful mein,
That, to be hated, need but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn---the heathen's mirth---
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood:
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from heaven!--WHITTIER.

CONTENTS.



Acres and Hands—T. Wood.....	17
Am I not a Man and Brother?—Bride's Farewell.....	97
Am I not a Sister?.....“.....“.....	98
Are ye truly Free?—“Martyn.”.....	156
Arouse! Arouse!—“Be Free, O Man, be Free!”—G. W. C.....	164
Appeal to Woman—“Bavaria.”.....	199
Afric's Children Awake from Your Sadness—Hymn.....	317
A Sound of Arms—“Sparkling and Bright.”.....	319
A Hymn for Children—“While we are happy here”—“Lucy Long.”.....	320
Bright is the Day Break—“Rory O'Moore.”.....	289
Better Times are Coming, Friends—Dumbleton.....	27
Be Free, O Man, be Free!—G. W. C.....	163
Break Every Yoke—“O no, we never mention her.”.....	175
Bully Brooks—“Cork Leg.”.....	64
Brothers, be Brave—“Sparkling and Bright.”.....	233
Be Kind to Each Other—G. W. C.....	260
Come Join the Friends of Liberty—“When I can read my title clear.”.....	131
Comfort the Bondman—“Indian Philosopher.”.....	143
Come and See the Works of God—“Indian Philosopher.”.....	144
Comfort in Affliction—If yon Bright Stars—G. W. C.....	214
Come, Voters, Come—G. W. C.....	206
Children of the Glorious Dead!—“Scots wha ha.”.....	277
Come all ye Sons and Daughters—“Old Granite State.”.....	304
Day is Breaking—T. Wood.....	24
Do Good, do Good—G. W. C.....	78
Domestic Bliss—“Indian Maid.”.....	232
Down with Slavery's Minions—“Old Dan Tucker.”.....	316
Echo from the Rocks of Maine—“Auld Lang Syne.”.....	307
Freedom's Glorious Day—“Crambambule.”.....	171
“Freedom, Honor and Native Land.”.....	51
Free Kansas—G. W. C.....	53
Fourth of July—G. W. C.....	125
Friend of the Friendless—“The Mercy Seat.”—G. W. C.....	138
Fugitive's Triumph—Pax.....	191
Freemen! Tell us of the Night—“Watchman,” &c.....	197

Free Soil Chorus—"Auld Lang Syne."	293
Freedom's Gathering—G. W. C.	258
For the Election—"Scots wha ha," &c.	301
"Freedom"—Bryant.	324
God Speed the Right.	44
Get off the Track—"Dan Tucker."	169
Gone—Sold and Gone—G. W. C.	254
Hurrah! for our Cause—"Campbells are Coming."	282
Help, O help, Thou God of Christians—G. W. C.	192
Harbinger of Liberty—G. W. C.	173
Hail, Columbia—"Hail, Columbia."	36
Happy Days are Coming—"Few Days."	39
Ho! for Kansas!—"Nelly Bly."	59
Heard ye that Cry?—"Wind of the Winter Night."	86
Hark! a Voice from Heaven—"Zion."	145
Holy Freedom—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt."	155
How long, O how long?—"Araby's Daughter."	66
Hark! I hear a Sound of Anguish—"Calvary."	236
Hail the Day—"Wreath the Bowl"—"Yankee Doodle."	300
I Would not Live Alway—"I would not live alway."	100
I Am Monarch of Naught I Survey—"Old De-Fleury."	240
I Dream of All Things Free—G. W. C.	209
Light of Truth—G. W. C.	174
Liberty Battle Song—"Our Warriors' Heart."	272
My Old Master Tells Me So.—Dandy Jim.	33
March to the Battle Field—"Oft in the stilly night."	150
Myron Holly—Hastings.	120
My Country—"God, save the King."	194
My Child is Gone—G. W. C.	221
Manhood—"A Man's a Man for a' that."	298
March On! March On!—"Pirate's Glee."	306
Never Give Up!—G. W. C.	92
Negro Boy Sold for a Watch—"Old air."	242
O Lord, whose Forming Hand—Hymn.	318
O Carry Me Back—"Old Virginny."	295
O! When we go Back Dar—"Old Carlina State."	54
One Hundred Years Hence—G. W. C.	31
Our Countrymen in Chains—Hastings.	119
Our Pilgrim Fathers—"Minstrel Boy."	101
Oft in the Chilly Night—"Oft in the stilly night."	152
O Pitty the Slave Mother—"Araby's Daughter."	228
Our Countrymen are Dying—"Greenland's Icy Mountains."	244
O Charity.	136
Pilgrim Song—"Troubadour."	123

Prayer for the Slave—"Hamburg."	90
Party of the Whole—Webb.	274
Praise to God Who Ever Reigns—"Pleyel."	314
Rallying Song—"Marseilles."	320
Rouse, Brothers, Rouse—"The flag of our Union for ever."	83
Rouse up, New England—G. W. C.	111
Remember God is just—"Hamburg."	91
Rise, Freeman, Rise—G. W. C.	114
Remember Me—G. W. C.	114
Raise a Shout for Liberty—"Old Granite State."	189
Right Onward we Go—G. W. C.	280
Slavery is a Hard Foe to Battle—"Jordan."	315
Salt River Chorus—"Cheer up my lively lads."	278
Sleep on, My Child—"Wind of the winter's night."	87
Stanzas for The Times—G. W. C.	104
Sing Me a Triumph Song—"My faith looks up to Thee."	128
Song of The Free—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt."	153
Spirit of Freeman. Awake—"God save the King."	195
Slaveholder's Lament—"Lucy Neal."	205
Slave's Wrongs—"Rose of Allendale."	218
Slave Girl Mourning her Father—Old Air.	248
Slave's Wail—"Over the Mountain, over the Moor."	107
"Star Spangled Banner"—Robert Treat Paine.	41
Swanee River—"Old folks at Home."	295
Slave's Address to the Eagle—"Carrier Dove."	297
Strike for Freedom and for Right—"Familiar Air."	312
To One as Well as Another—G. W. C.	75
The Stolen Boy—Lover.	69
The Poor Unhappy Slave—Griffin.	66
The Breaking Dawn—Traver.	9
The Day Spring Bright—"Sparkling and Bright."	13
The Day of Promise Comes---Hutchinsons.	14
Till the Last Chain is Broken---"Last link is broken."	20
This World is Not All Cheerless---G. W. C.	26
There's Room Enough for All---G. W. C.	46
The Joys of Freedom---"Polly Hopkins"---arranged and harmonized by G. W. C.	57
There's a Good Time Coming---Hutchinsons.	72
The Flag of Our Union For Ever---Wallace.	80
The Bereaved Mother---"Kathleen O'Moore."	84
The Fugitive---Bonny Doon.	95
To Those I Love---Old Air.	109
The Man for Me---"The Rose that all are praising."	121
The Bondman---"Troubadour."	124
The Law of Love---G. W. C.	135
The Mercy Seat---G. W. C.	137

The Pleasant Land we Love—"Carrier Dove."	147
The Freed Slave....."....."	149
The Flag of the Free....."....."	149
That's My Country—Martyn.....	157
The Last Night of Slavery—"Cherokee Death Song."	165
The Little Slave Girl—"Morgianainin Ireland."	167
The Yankee Girl—G. W. C.....	177
The Slave's Lamentation—"Long, long ago."	180
The Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.....	182
The Trembling Fugitive—G. W. C.....	193
The Liberty Army—"God save the King"	195
The Slave Singing at Midnight---German Air.....	196
The Branded Hand---G. W. C.....	200
The Negro Father's Lament---Wurzel.....	212
The Poor Little Slave---G. W. C.....	215
The Ballot Box---"Lincoln".....	216
The Blind Slave Boy---"Sweet Afton".....	222
The Strength of Tyranny---"Crackovienne".....	227
The Fugitive to the Christian....."....."	225
The Quadroon Maiden---"Indian Maid".....	230
The Voter's Song---"Niel Gow's farewell".....	270
The Afric's Dream---"Emigrant's Lament".....	238
The Negro's Appeal---"Isle of beauty".....	246
The Slave and Her Babe---"How can I sleep while angels sing?"	251
The Bereaved Father---G. W. C.....	250
The Slave Boy's Wish---"Near the Lake".....	253
Tis a Glorious Year---Our Warriors' heart".....	273
The Clarion of Freedom---"The Chariot".....	266
The Liberty Ball---"Rosin the bow".....	261
The Free Soil Voter's Song---"Old Granite State".....	288
The Free State Debate....."....."....."	285
The Ballot---"Bonny Doon".....	299
The Poor Voter's Song---"Lucy Long".....	297
The Spirit of the Pilgrims---"Be free, O man, be free".....	301
They Worked Me all Day Without a Bit of Pay---"Dearest May."	296
The Minstrel Boy---"The Minstrel Boy".....	302
The Slaveholder's Prayer---"Dandy Jim".....	303
The Emblem of the Free---"Tis dawn, the lark," &c.....	306
The Gathering---"Hunter's Chorus".....	309
The Nebrascality---"Yankee Doodle".....	310
The Day Breaketh---"Bavaria".....	313
The True Aristocrats---"Auld Lang Syne".....	315
To the Rescue---"Rory O'Moore".....	317
The Free Soiler's Song---"From Greenland's Icy Mountains"...	245
The Home of the Free---"Rosin the bow".....	262
Uncle Tom's Religion---Howard.....	62
Up, Laggards of Freedom---"Campbells are coming".....	309

Voice of New England---G. W. C.....	117
While 'tis Daytime, Let us Work---T. Wood,.....	49
We're Free!---Whittier---"Lucy Neal.".....	321
We've had a Cordial Greeting---"Old Granite State.".....	305
We Long to See that Happy Day---"Hebron.".....	313
Who are The Free?---L. M.....	119
We're Coming---Kinloch.".....	264
Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims---"McGregor's Gathering.".....	129
We are Come, All Come---Old Air.".....	134
Wake, ye Numbers!---"Strike the Cymbals,".....	139
We're for Freedom Thro' the Land---"Old Granite State.".....	185
We're Children of One Parent---Mason.....	190
Wake ye Freemen All---"Lucy Long.".....	268
What Means that Sad and Dismal Look?---"Near the Lake."...	252
What's Holy Time---"Somerville.".....	203
What Mean Ye?---Hastings.....	318
Ye Spirits of the Free---"My Faith looks up," &c.....	127
Ye Heralds of Freedom---Kingsly.....	99
Ye Sons of Freemen.....	158
Ye Sons of the Soil---"Campbells are Coming.".....	308
Zaza---The Female Slave---G. W. C.....	88

Appendix, page 323 to 329.

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